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THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

BY DAVID L. COHN

I have heard that hysterical women say
They are sick of the palette and the fiddle-bow,
Of poets that are always gay,
For everybody knows or else should know
That if nothing drastic can be done
Aeroplane and Zeppelin will come out,
Pitch like King Billy bomb-balls in
Until the town lie beaten flat.

— W. B. YEATS, 1938

ONE afternoon in November 1937, I walked into the gallery of a London art dealer with Edward Wolfe, the well-known South African painter. A drooping tall man stood there looking at Wolfe's paintings. My friend introduced me to his friend, and without further ado I asked him: 'When do you think war will begin in Europe?' This naïve query enraged the tall man, and he shouted at me with the exquisite modulation of tone achieved only by public-school Englishmen when, on rare occasion, they are moved to shout: 'Only Americans think there will be war in Europe.' In the sudden silence, amid the genteel hush that seems perpetually to brood in dealers' galleries and funeral homes, I could hear the parenthetical phrase my new-found acquaintance had politely omitted from his reply — 'and fools.'

That man was Mr. J. M. Keynes. He,

perhaps more clearly than any other person, had foreseen the consequences of the treaties that concluded the World War. His vision was buttressed by an incomparable knowledge of world economics; he had been for years economic adviser to Britain, and latterly, it was rumored, to Washington. I felt, therefore, that the man whose foresight had been so prophetic in 1919 could not fail after twenty years' experience of post-war Europe to note that the forces were heading toward war, and my confusion was the greater because I had just come from America, where freshmen as well as veteran observers had long predicted a new European war. I retired to bind up my wounds before a portrait of a Russian lady, and reflect upon my two-sentence conversation with Mr. Keynes.

If, I said to myself, Mr. Keynes should prove a poor prophet, that is of no importance to anyone save perhaps

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himself. But what if his point of view should be the expression not of private prophecy but of British opinion? Then it might have consequences tragic for the world. In July 1937, he had written: 'Our capacity for cunctation is one of our most powerful and characteristic weapons' (*New Statesman and Nation*). So it is, I told myself, and the little gallery seemed suddenly filled with ghostly 'Amens' from the throats of the World War dead. Britain had employed this capacity — formerly called 'muddling through' — throughout the dangerous summer of 1914, until half the world was at war and sad-eyed Sir Edward Grey, looking down into the street from his chancellery windows, noted that the lights were going out all over Europe and concluded they would not come on again in his time. Yet there are those — and they do not speak entirely without authority, although they address themselves to one of the maddening 'ifs' of history — who say that if Britain had plainly told Germany she would fight if Belgium or France were invaded there might have been no war.

I remembered that Britain, under George III, had used her weapon of cunctation until His Majesty's North American Colonies were lost to the Empire. And more than a century later — such are the ribald vagaries of history — the Lost Colonies (by now no strangers themselves to cunctation) fought victoriously in a European war which, if it did nothing else, preserved the British Empire. But what if America had continued to debate beyond that desperate April of 1917 when England was within two weeks of starvation? Would Mr. Keynes have then in 1937 been looking at pictures in London, a free subject of his King? Or might he have become a vassal of Kaiser Wilhelm II?

Where has cunctation led Britain during the past decade? From the Japanese invasion of Manchuria in 1931 until September 1939, when she was again at war with Germany, it has led her from

diplomatic humiliation to diplomatic humiliation, from loss of prestige to greater loss of prestige, and finally into conflict on a gigantic scale. The time came when Japanese could machine-gun a British Ambassador with the impunity of an Iowa farm boy potting a robin; when British guarantees to little countries ('An Englishman's word is his bond') were not only valueless but actually the seal of death; when the Prime Minister who had been bullied in Munich was applauded in London; when 'peace in our time' was briefly enjoyed along with the strange concomitants of colossal arms budgets and an unparalleled conscription in the absence of war. At the rainbow's end of ten years of evasion, hesitation, and concession there is the pot of dynamite in the North Sea.

II

All this belongs to history. But merely to parade the diplomatic mistakes of Britain — mistakes for which men are dying and women are weeping — would be cheap and without point unless the errors that have been made can be employed to prevent greater errors. Americans must remember — we who send up barrages of words behind our remote battlements — that for several years we have sneered at Britain's refusal to fight under circumstances of extreme provocation, or to say firmly under what conditions she would fight. Some of us have even descended to the abysmal vulgarity of calling the European struggle a 'phony war.' We have recently been reminded, however, by Jean Giraudoux in Paris, that the Allies, even though we may cry for madder music and stronger wine at their expense, have no intention of shedding their blood merely for the amusement of an audience three thousand miles away.

But while we have been busy pointing out what we take to be the mistakes and stupidities of British foreign policy, every American has now become a volun-

teer Paul Revere galloping up and down the countryside warning his neighbors against the dangerous subtleties of British propaganda. Thus the British are at once far more stupid than we and far more intelligent. Deriving from our rustic suspicion of the international city slicker is the legend that, whenever an American diplomat sits at the council table with a British diplomat, the American rises without his shirt. In our theology a Past Grand Commander of the Knights of Pythias, representing the United States at the Court of St. James's, is inevitably of a lower mental order than a British diplomat whose boiled shirt is emblazoned with the Garter. But since we have for several years also believed that the Briton lost *his* shirt whenever he sat down with a German, Italian, or Japanese, we can only conclude by our own definition that we rank at the bottom of the list in intelligence. It would seem to follow, therefore, that we ought to retire our entire diplomatic corps to a home for the feeble-minded or concentrate them in Haiti among a people given to both fantasy and tolerance.

What meaning has the European war for us in 1940? Compare 1914-1917 with the period 1939-1940. Now, as then, most of the world is at war. Again we are neutral; again our neutrality is tilted to favor one side; again we contemplate the consequences to ourselves if that side should lose. What are some of those consequences? President Roosevelt pointed them out to the nation in his recent annual message to Congress: —

We must look ahead and see the possibilities for our children if the rest of the world comes to be dominated by concentrated force alone — even though today we are a very great and a very powerful nation.

We must look ahead and see the effect on our own future if all the small nations throughout the world have their independence snatched from them or become mere appendages to relatively vast and powerful military systems.

We must look ahead and see the kind of lives our children would have to lead if a

large part of the rest of the world were compelled to worship the god imposed by a military ruler, or were forbidden to worship God at all; if the rest of the world were forbidden to read and hear facts — the daily news of their own and other nations — if they were deprived of the truth which makes men free.

We must look ahead and see the effect on our future generations if world trade is controlled by any nation or group of nations which sets up that control through military force.

In other words, we must look ahead to the time when Britain and France may be crushed, and a large part of the world may fall under the dominance of Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia. Looking ahead, we conclude that no matter what may happen in Europe, and eventually perhaps to ourselves, we will not raise effective hands to affect our destiny. Ninety-six per cent of the American people, according to a recent Gallup poll, are opposed to our entrance into the European struggle.

Note how closely both in attitude and in unanimity we are following the demonstrably bankrupt British policy of cunctation. We will not, we say, fight unless our vital interests are attacked. It follows, therefore, that the possible disappearance of Britain and France, along with their empires, is not a vital interest of America. Remember how Britain acted from 1931 to the end of 1939. Manchuria was no vital interest of hers. It was in distant Asia, and Japan would be reasonable. Ethiopia, Spain, Austria, Czechoslovakia, were not vital interests of Britain. The destruction by Hitler of the treaties of Locarno and Versailles, and the march into the Rhineland, were merely the whimsies of an unpredictable and dangerous man who might do unpredictable and dangerous things if he were asked — or compelled — to conform to the canons of Western civilization, one of which is a decent respect for the opinion of mankind. Such a policy — or lack of it — is, as we now know, suicidal. In a close-knit, inter-

dependent world it is the equivalent of saying that if my neighbor is being murdered I must refrain both from helping him and from calling the police. After all, the homicide is private to the murderer and the dead man's family, and any intervention on my part means the abandonment of an 'objective attitude' whose preservation is more important than the preservation of life or the law or even, eventually, my own safety.

Transfer the argument to the larger sphere of American foreign policy, and the results become passing strange. Deeply embedded in that policy is the doctrine of non-recognition of territories acquired by force. Asserted by Hoover in Asia, it has been reaffirmed by Roosevelt both in Asia and in Europe. Thus we do not recognize Manchukuo. The dead sovereignties of Poland and Czechoslovakia are still accredited to Washington, where flesh-and-blood ministers represent ghostly countries and continue to live in the legations of nations which exist only as memories of the past, symbols of the present, or hopes for the future. But what is at the bottom of the doctrine of non-recognition? Evangelistic though we may be, is our objection to the acquisition of territories by force merely moral? Not at all. It is because we believe that seizures of territories by force bring war; that war, wherever it begins, may spread until it finally threatens the peace and welfare of the United States. The doctrine is therefore an aspect of self-interest, and as such it makes sense.

The Manchurian invasion by Japan in 1931 which Britain — but not the United States — looked upon as a 'localized war' has become the years-long Sino-Japanese war whose ramifications face us in 1940 with grave issues vis-à-vis Japan, not excluding the possibility of war. And the conquest of Manchuria, which signalized the death of the League of Nations and gave notice to bold dictators that they might seize whatever they

pleased without fear of the so-called strong nations, led to Ethiopia ('Just a lot of niggers'); to Austria ('Well, they oughta belong to Germany'); to Czechoslovakia ('Yeh, that was Wilson's boner'); to Poland ('Those guys don't know nothing about fighting'); to the present European war ('It's none of our business').

III

Let's watch the American mind and diplomacy at work in Asia. There we pursue our own policy of cunctation and hamstringing our own doctrine of non-recognition. For forty years we have been telling Japan she must not close the Open Door in China; for forty years she has been closing it. Oh, we have protested often enough. We send notes. Japan hisses politely through her teeth; files away the notes; gives us more promises which she breaks, or returns an enigmatic reply to our protests. (These notes, let those remember who regard our letter-writing propensity as harmless, are not altogether innocuous. They constitute a diplomatic background for war.) Occasionally we do more. We frustrated Japan's notorious Twenty-One Demands upon China during the World War. We provided the world with the spectacle of a strange anabasis during that same war when Kansas and Nebraska boys floundered through the snows of Siberian winter, ostensibly to assist Czechs retreating out of Russia, but actually to prevent Japan from seizing large areas of Siberia. In general, we do just enough to irritate Japan without deterring her from her larger purposes. Is it likely that a people who performed the unparalleled miracle of transforming a hermit kingdom into a world power within eighty-five years, and who only thirty years after their emergence had already embarked upon a career of conquest and empire, are to be deterred by verbal slaps on the wrist? A people, moreover, whose philosophy is such that it was held up by General

Ludendorff to the Germans as an admirable model to follow?

Since the start of the Sino-Japanese war and our refusal to recognize its first fruits in the form of Manchukuo, we have been denouncing Japan and at the same time supplying her with indispensable war materials. An efficient, time-saving people, we have worked out a system whereby a note of diplomatic protest accompanies each cargo of scrap iron to Japan, so that when the iron is hurled at the Chinese our protest automatically pops up. This does not hamper Japan, and it keeps the Associated Junk Dealers of America happy. In fact, no one is harmed but the Chinese, and they understand us, since we are their friends. Have not our missionaries long taught them, 'Better are the wounds of a friend than the kisses of an enemy'?

It is important that we understand the implications of our actions in Asia because they affect our position not only on that continent but throughout the world. Thus, while the American people approve of the relatively unimportant surface aspect of the non-recognition doctrine, — after all, Japan has managed to struggle along without our formal approval of her Manchurian conquest, — the same people reject the essential basis on which the doctrine rests. For to approve of it would be to do precisely what we do not wish to do: that is, face the stark reality of the world in which we live and recognize without blinking that war anywhere on earth and by whomever waged is a potential danger to our own peace. (That this is true is not only the lesson of history, but is attested by our present novel — even revolutionary — methods to escape participation in the European war.) If we go this far, we must go further and assume the burden, in company with other nations, not of winning wars in which we engage or helping others to win wars in which we do not engage, but of that effort which is at once an expression of self-preservation and the highest, noblest use of diplo-

macy and power — *preventing wars from starting.*

The fact is, however, that we will not face the music of our own logic, and we therefore content ourselves with the iteration of a doctrine whose reason for being we reject by our failure to pursue that doctrine to its inexorable conclusion. We find ourselves, consequently, in the uncomfortable (not to say absurd) position of applying non-recognition to our own policy of non-recognition. But now at long last, logic or no logic, policy or no policy, half-hearted action or dilatory cunctation, we face a showdown with Japan.

At home we note a strange phenomenon. While we protest that the European war is no business of ours, it seems to be our sole business. Our emotional and intellectual capacities appear to be almost absorbed by it. Domestic issues over which we fought bitterly a year ago seem trivial today. Yet we still have a grave agricultural and unemployment problem; debts mount and taxes rise; the business structure sways in the winds; even the anticipated war boom that was to save us has not materialized. (It is a measure of our appalling lack of faith and direction that we, the world's richest country, should expect to be saved by the death throes of Europe.) But who, save Senator Taft, loses sleep now over the unbalanced federal budget? We are building costly battleships, and if they must float in seas of red ink, where is the man to say that the hand of the naval architect shall be stayed? We are filling our skies with airplanes; the midnight meditations of cattle on the Western ranges are disturbed by the thunderings of our military machines overhead. Who desires to singe their wings? What has become of the WPA jokes? What has dissipated our once passionate interest in share-croppers? A nation hard-pressed at home is absorbed in the struggle overseas. It is evidently, therefore, of vital interest to us. But while it may be a struggle between two diametrically op-

posed conceptions of life and international order, and while we devoutly desire the victory of one side, seeing something of our own ease and security in the victory of that side, we extend it only our good wishes and our willingness to sell goods for cash.

IV

Consider specific events of the European war. Finland is invaded by Russia. We are struck with horror. Individuals give cash. Planes are diverted from our military services for Finland. Washington lends money to the beleaguered country. Its Minister to the United States is greeted with acclaim wherever he appears. Why? Is it merely that this nation's individuals, who live largely on the installment plan, are filled with sporting admiration for a nation that meets its ~~installments to us so~~ promptly? Or do we aid the Finns because we believe they are a people much like ourselves and respond to the same impulses that move us? Is it that they personify values we cherish and are being attacked by a brutish giant whom we abhor? Beyond Finland lie the Scandinavian states — truly democratic, admirably governed, the objects of our esteem and affection. Are they doomed to disappearance if Finland should disappear? we ask ourselves uncertainly.

Consider the British-German naval action off Uruguay in which the *Graf Spee* was scuttled. Our newspapers played it up exultantly as if it were an American victory. But when H.M.S. *Royal Oak* was torpedoed at Scapa Flow, men in little Southern villages discussed it sadly with lowered voices as if this were a personal tragedy that had happened in their midst, or an important American defeat. Why? The French Army is behind the Maginot Line, Gibraltar's guns brood over Africa and Mediterranean Europe, French colonials keep watch over Syria, Scottish Highlanders patrol where once the doleful procession marched up Calvary Hill, merchant

ships of the Allies dot the seas, gold lies in yellow mounds in the Banks of England and France. But these forces are impotent in the absence of the one value that gives them life. That value is the British Navy, and we all know it.

Reversing the process of physical evolution moving from simplicity to complexity, we see how the intricacies of the modern political-industrial world, functioning in war, have brought about a situation in which the movement is from complexity to simplicity. The whole vast structure of the British and French empires, and with them a certain concept of life and living, rest ultimately upon seventy or eighty shining cylinders of metal called naval rifles, installed upon fourteen floating platforms called capital ships of the British Navy. ('Admiral Jellicoe,' said Winston Churchill, speaking of the World War, 'was the only man on either side who could lose the war in an afternoon.') Destroy those platforms, put those rifles out of action, and a cataclysmic crash of empires will convulse the earth for generations. Hitler knows this too, and in order to destroy his enemies he must first destroy the handful of long-nosed cylinders on which they rest. We know it also, and the vortices that marked the sinkings of *Royal Oak* and *Courageous* carried down not only their hulks but also a portion of our hopes. The war in which they disappeared is not, however, any of our business.

But, strangely enough, as British ships go down in European waters we plan to lay down more war vessels in American yards. The Chairman of the House Naval Committee talks of building monster battleships of 60,000 or even 80,000 tons at a cost of \$130,000,000 apiece. Are they too big to go through the Panama Canal? Then widen the canal; build more locks; construct another ditch at Nicaragua. We must have the ships, and the ships must have mobility. Why? If Britain and France win the war, are we to fear them? If

they emerge victorious are we to fear Japan, whose course in Asia runs counter to the interests of France, Britain, the Netherlands, and ourselves? Or is it that, while the present war is no business of ours, we fear that a German victory might convert it into a post-war business for us to face? In our arithmetic, however, it is cheaper to build ships to face a possible German victor than to give money to Germany's enemies to make her victory impossible; in our reasoning it is wiser to confront a possibly hostile world alone than in the company of others.

This by no means exhausts the devices of our ingenuity. We are already looking forward to the peace which must ultimately come, and President Roosevelt, as part of our effort, has sent a personal representative to the Vatican. Who believes that if Germany wins the war we shall be allowed to say anything about the peace? Our peace efforts must be founded, therefore, upon a victory of the Allies. If the war goes on for years, or results in total war and the destruction of British-French cities and civilian populations, who believes that the Allies, if victorious, will permit us to arbitrate the peace when our contribution to their victory will have been merely our helpful but profitable willingness to sell them goods for cash? And, moreover, the next time we turn up in Europe to arrange a peace, is it likely that Europe will have forgotten that the American President responsible for the League of Nations was repudiated by his own country and sent to his grave a brokenhearted man?

If, however, we should be unable to arbitrate the peace, we can take such action at home as will make any peace that Europe arbitrates a peace impossible or difficult to keep. The lobbyists are already gathering in Washington expecting to dance around the remains of Secretary Hull's Trade Agreements. Again we pursue the policy we followed after the World War. Again we seek legislation that will close the world's

greatest market to a post-war impoverished Europe precisely at the moment when Europe shall be in greatest need of that market; again we embark upon a course that will force Europe into barter agreements, debased currencies, retaliatory tariffs, fanatic nationalism, and so, in time, to more wars. (And when they come we may say they are none of our business.) This upon the theory that by keeping most of the world in poverty we shall promote peace abroad and prosperity at home.

In the spring of 1828, a stage rolled along the road from Providence, Rhode Island, to Hartford, Connecticut. Among the passengers was the English traveler, James Stuart. Somewhere en route an American got on the stage, and Stuart reports the following:—

'On our way to Hartford, Mr. Lad, a gentleman who lives in the northern part of New England . . . joined the stage. . . . We found him a very agreeable companion, and possessed of a great deal of information. . . . He was confident that, at no distant period, Britain, America, and France, would form an association to prevent future wars over the earth.'

If time has proved Mr. Lad to be wrong in his vision of the future, he had at least an opinion about the world in which he lived and a conviction about how its peace might be kept. Let us listen to a young American speaking to us one hundred and twelve years after the conversation in the Hartford stage. He spoke for the benefit of the youth forum now being conducted by *McCall's Magazine*. This is what he said:—

'Well, I've been thinking right here. . . . I've been sitting here racking my brains to see whether there's anything at all I thought about, definitely and positively, and really, I've no faith in anything. I'm getting afraid to think, because I fear I may get emotional about it.'

Is this the credo of a nation in the fourth decade of the twentieth century, or its obituary?

WHAT SUBSTITUTE FOR WAR?

BY CHARLES A. LINDBERGH

I

GREAT discoveries and great movements used to penetrate slowly through the world, buffered by the passage of time. Until the last century, speed was measured by the horse's gallop and the force of wind on sail, city dwellers lived an uncle's distance from the farm, armies moved at a walk, knowledge had progressed but life itself had not altered greatly for a thousand years.

Then came the era of science, changing completely our methods, our customs, and our ideas; changing also the relationships of men and of nations, spreading its influence throughout the world. This new environment for human life has struck our generation with full force and left us staggering in confusion.

Since a changed environment favors some and injures others, the rights of men and nations must be readjusted to coincide with their ability and strength in this new world. If they are not readjusted by agreement, they will be readjusted by force. If war is to be avoided, a nation must be given a peaceful means of representation equal to the strength of arms it can bear. Men must be accorded rights equal to their ability rather than to their numbers or to their inheritance from the past. But here science fails us, for it has created no adequate measure for those intangible qualities of men which make the one superior to the other, and which gave birth to our western civilization. Science has changed our environment of life,

but it has not taught us how to adjust ourselves to that change peacefully. And since peaceful representation has failed, at a time when adventure has been armed by discovery and encouraged by opportunity, Europe is again in a period of war and revolution.

Much of the civilized world looks on aghast that such a catastrophe could take place in this day and age. But why should it seem so shocking to us? The history of Europe has always been interwoven with conflict. Experience would warn us to be surprised if much more time had passed without a war. One need only glance at a record of the last century to realize that hardly a year has gone by without at least one European country's being involved in war or revolution. Even we in America have not been left untouched.

The present war, the Ethiopian war, the World War, the Boer War, the Franco-Prussian War, the war between Germany and Austria, the war between Prussia and Denmark, the Franco-Sardinian war against Austria, the Crimean War, the British opium war; revolutions and uprisings in Spain, Germany, Italy, France, Ireland, and the Balkans; British actions in Africa, India, China, Afghanistan, Palestine, and elsewhere; French actions in Africa, Indo-China, and Mexico — all these conflicts, and more, took place within the last one hundred years of European history. And the farther back the pages are turned, the longer the list becomes.

Why is it, then, that this present war struck us with such force and horror? What cause had we to believe that our particular generation had found the golden key to peace? How can we justify this vanity of ours? For some reason we have come to feel that war should be a thing of the past; that in our age, our century, our lifetime, through no great sacrifice of our own, the plan of history and the laws of nature should change.

Have we not been swept along by the rapid developments of science, and the material progress which follows, until we deluded ourselves into believing that we had eliminated the competition of life itself — which, after all, appears to be one of the fundamental laws of nature? It seems more reasonable to suppose that this great change we are going through, this mutation in our methods of living, will alter the technique but by no means eliminate the conflicts between peoples which have existed since life began. The developments of modern warfare give us little cause to associate progress with peace.

II

Many people say that war must cease, that it is not an element of civilized life, and that, as man's intelligence increases, armed conflict will end. That may be, but then increasing intelligence must offer some adequate substitute for war — something to take the place it has always held in the affairs of men as the final judge of their claims and of their rights. For when law and arbitration are no longer acceptable, when the simplicity of strength seems more attractive than the complexity of intellect, when desire is so strong or ideals so great that words fall meaningless on minds convinced, then men turn to war and justice allies itself with force, while each side calls on God to bless its cause of righteousness. From the Crusades through the conquest of the 'New World' to the

struggles of modern Europe, it has always been the same.

But the reply comes back from hopeful minds: 'A League of Nations,' 'A settlement of all controversies by peaceful representation.' And we are brought again to that old argument between ability and numbers that has wrecked every attempt to end fighting between men — some way to represent in peace the strength of arms in war. It is the rock upon which the League of Nations foundered. It is the question that must be answered before war ends upon this earth — how to represent India, Russia, and China at the same table with England, Germany, and Japan.

'Peaceful representation' succeeds in major controversies only when competing nations feel that the influence they exert by peaceful means is reasonably in accord with that which they could exert in battle. When this is not the case, we have Japan and Germany leaving the League of Nations for more effective methods of procedure. No system of representation can succeed in which the voice of weakness is equal to the voice of strength.

III

We in America have a tendency to look on this war in Europe as a conflict between right and wrong, with right represented by the 'democracies' and wrong represented by the 'totalitarian' countries. But the motives and causes of war are not so easily caged. If one looks at Europe objectively, neither side seems to have a monopoly of right — except the kind of right which is judged by its own particular and rather momentary standards. Even this type of right frequently changes when it is applied to the opposing side.

For instance, one of the banners which 'democratic' peoples follow is called 'Equality of Opportunity.' But this flag now waves before the German legions in their demand for equality of

opportunity in the influence and possessions of the world today, while the 'democratic' armies of England and France stand defending empires of conquered and hereditary wealth. So that we find 'equality of opportunity' *within* a nation called 'democratic' and 'right' by the same people who call the demand for 'equality of opportunity' *among* nations 'totalitarian' and 'wrong.'

But the former is based on law and the latter on force, someone replies. That is true, and this fact lies at the base of the present war. There are laws *within* nations, but not *among* nations, that permit the redistribution of land, influence, and wealth, as generations pass and the tides of human character ebb and flow. There is no adequate peaceful way for a nation to expand its territory and add to its colonies — no international measure for the right of birth rates, virility, skill, and all the innumerable factors that enter into the rise and fall of nations, of empires, of civilizations. And therefore, when a strong people becomes dissatisfied with its position and cannot attain its ambition through negotiation and agreement, it turns to that primeval 'right' of force — as we did with the American Indians and with Mexico, as England did in Africa, India, and America, as the Italians did in Ethiopia, as Germany is doing today.

This present war is a continuation of the old struggle among western nations for the material benefits of the world. It is a struggle by the German people to gain territory and power. It is a struggle by the English and French to prevent another European nation from becoming strong enough to demand a share in influence and empire. The ideologies of the opposing sides are but in keeping with the conditions in the countries they represent.

Those countries which, like England and France, are well satisfied with their position and possessions follow the types of political ideology that come with luxury, and stable times, and the desire

to enjoy rather than to acquire. The countries which, like Germany, have recently gone through great hardships and chaotic times have the types of political systems that spring from such times, and which involve rigid discipline and the subordination of individual freedom to the strength of a recuperating state — a state whose people must acquire before they can enjoy.

Both sides in Europe are fighting for a right. It is the old story in a modern world — the right of conquest against the right of possession. Measured by their own standards of today, or by their enemy's standards of yesterday and tomorrow, the Germans are as much in the right as the English and French, for right is not an absolute quality; it is relative to outlook, and outlook changes with conditions — varies from year to year, and from generation to generation.

The English and French claim they are right in fighting to maintain their possessions and their ethics, and the status quo of their last victory. The Germans, on the other hand, claim the right of an able and virile nation to expand — to conquer territory and influence by force of arms as other nations have done at one time or another throughout history.

This war in Europe is not so much a conflict between right and wrong as it is a conflict between differing concepts of right — a conflict in which the 'defenders' are represented by the static, legal 'right' of man, and the 'aggressors' by the dynamic, forceful 'right' of nature. No nation has been consistent in its concept of either. At the time of Napoleon, England and Germany said of France what England and France are saying of Germany today. At the time of the Boer War, to quote an English historian, 'in Germany and France the waves of anti-English indignation rose mountains high.' Napoleon was defeated and his conquests lost to France. England won against the Boers and incorporated the Transvaal in her Empire. The argu-

ments of right and wrong are left to historians.

'Right' is a capricious word and an intangible ally in any struggle, for it has a dimension of survival and of time, and changes sides even *after* history is written.

This problem is not new; it has always existed. We have never found a way of agreeing on the rights of nations or of men. The 'rights' of one generation are often built upon the 'wrongs' of a previous one. Drake was a successful pirate, so he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth. Washington led a successful revolution and changed his status from that of an English traitor to that of an American hero. In periods of satisfaction, 'right' becomes associated with law, while in periods of strife it becomes more an ally of force. And one period follows the other throughout the ages.

IV

The vital need at this time is not to decide who is at fault in the war in Europe, or to criticize the vacillating policies that caused it, or to argue over our concepts of right and wrong. That would simply leave opinion as divided as the opposing armies. The important task is for us to determine what procedure is best for America and for the western civilization of which we are a part — how we can protect, enrich, and pass on the heritage to our children that our forefathers fought for and guarded and passed on to us; how to control these rapid developments of science and prevent them from destroying the very culture by which they were created.

The solution to this situation in Europe does not lie in fighting to impose one ideology upon another. History is filled with the failure of such attempts, and nowhere are they more numerous than in the most idealistic of all its chapters — that of Religion. The answer is not in war among western nations, but in sharing influence and empire among a suffi-

cient number of their peoples to make sure that they control an overwhelming military strength. Then, and then only, can our civilization endure in safety and in peace — only through the coöperation of a group of western nations strong enough to act as a police force for the world.

Germany is as essential to this group as England or France, for she alone can either dam the Asiatic hordes or form the spearhead of their penetration into Europe. That intangible eastern border of European civilization, which Germany holds today, has fluctuated back and forth for over two thousand years. Persia pressed against the Greeks. The Huns rode their ponies from Central Asia into the Roman Empire. The Mongol Khans penetrated Poland and Hungary. Turkish armies nearly took Vienna, and now Russia is pushing Europe's frontier slowly westward again, while Germany, France, and England carry on their suicidal quarrels.

Security and peace can be maintained only by the military superiority of the world's dominant civilization and the coöperation of the nations which compose it. When superiority is lost, as it was by Rome, or when coöperation fails as it did in Greece, civilization falls and conflict takes the place of culture. Asia alone is no threat to the powerful mechanized armies of the West; but Germany as an outcast European nation, skilled in the technique of modern warfare, organizing and leading the limitless resources of the East, is as great a danger as European civilization has ever known.

V

The condition of Europe affects us greatly in America, for we have a bond to her as a child has to its parents. But that bond is to neither of these warring sides alone; it is to both. We have a material and a spiritual interest in their welfare. From a spiritual standpoint we are interested in the preservation of

European culture, and from a material standpoint in the preservation of European strength. From either standpoint it is a united and not a divided family of nations that we need.

Europe divided in war reduces the stature of our civilization and lessens the security of all western nations. It destroys life, and art, and the spiritual growth that springs from peaceful intercourse among men. It removes that superiority in character and arms that has made ours the dominant civilization of the modern world, and which has spread the influence of our culture and our commerce to the remotest corners of the earth. It is only when western nations turn inward to war among themselves that Asiatic armies stir from their contemplation and feel the smothering strength of their myriad numbers.

America's security lies primarily in the character and resources of her people and in the adequacy of her national defense. We have the strength and the geographical position to withstand invasion regardless of opposing forces. But, beyond the internal welfare of our nation, we have a broader security that lies in the western civilization which we have both inherited and advanced. Alone, our nation is unconquerable, but with a united Europe at our side our civilization is irresistible and can progress unchallenged in security and peace throughout a warlike world.

Neither America nor western civilization will gain by a continuation of this struggle in Europe. The longer it goes on, the weaker our family of nations will be, and the more it will add to the conquests of Russia and Japan. American policy should always oppose these internecine wars among our parent nations. No one could be in a better position than we to forward the cause of peace, both by influence and by example. With three thousand miles of ocean between us,

we should be able to look objectively on the difficulties of the Old World, and our attitude has great effect on Europe.

But let us not delude ourselves into believing that we can bring peace to European countries by entering their wars or by guaranteeing their treaties. If a lasting peace is to be established, it will be by the prevention rather than the imposition of another such treaty as Versailles. It will be only by avoiding the wish for war on the part of those who are in a position to wage it. For this there is no formula but intelligence, and no guarantee but satisfaction.

The last war demonstrated the fallacy of sending American soldiers to European battlefields. The victory we helped to win brought neither order nor justice in its wake, and these interminable wars continue unabated and with modern fury. We cannot impose a peace by force upon strong nations who do not themselves desire it, and the records of both sides show little indication of such a desire, except when it is to their own material advantage. Whether one reads a history of England, Germany, or France, the wish for conquest, when opportunity arose, has always overshadowed the wish for peace.

Our policy should be to prevent these European wars if we can, and otherwise to stand aside while the nations of Europe find their own destiny and adjust to their changing birth rates and conditions. We must stand aside if for no other reason than that one strong western nation may be left to preserve the flame of civilization and to lead the way from the chaos that will come to Europe if this war goes on. Somewhere among us that flame must be kept burning if this civilization, too, is not to lie with the bones of marble and of bronze that represent the greatness of Rome, and Greece, and Egypt, and Babylon.

WHERE OUR INTEREST LIES

BY PERCY W. BIDWELL

I

BEFORE the war broke out in Europe, American public opinion was rather evenly divided on the chances of our participation. Then, during the terrible weeks of the invasion of Poland, the danger that we should be drawn in weighed more and more heavily on our minds. Everywhere, thoughtful persons found the possibility 'that we might have to take a hand to save England and France' the topic most worth serious discussion. But now military action on our part seems much less imminent. The war in Europe is still in the foreground of our thinking, but our attention, for the present, is centred on the economic rather than the political aspects of our position as a non-belligerent.

The Pittman Act helped to bring about this change. By keeping American ships and American citizens out of danger zones, and by its cash-and-carry provisions, it quieted the apprehensions of those who feared that our commercial and financial interests might drag us into war. The price paid for these guarantees of security, the repeal of the arms embargo and the restrictions placed on American shipping, some thought altogether too high, but they were in a minority. The absence thus far in this war of the predicted wholesale slaughter and devastation has helped to quiet our apprehensions. London and Paris have not been bombed. Perhaps our military aid will not be required.

Still, no thoughtful person can escape

the conviction that the interests of the United States, as well as those of all other so-called neutrals, are terribly involved in the European struggle. Whether or not we send troops overseas, the basic conditions of our life — economic certainly, and perhaps social and political — are endangered. Will the experience of 1914-1918 be repeated? Shall we have a war boom, followed by a series of post-war depressions? What measures of policy are best adapted, in this critical period, to safeguard American interests? These are the problems that now perplex us.

The fear of war is *deflationary*, but war itself, when it finally comes, usually produces *inflation*, both in neutral and in belligerent countries. Last year we blamed political uncertainties abroad for delaying our recovery from the great depression; business was afraid of war. But as war came closer and closer, business seemed to find its aspect less disturbing. In the midst of the tense and anxious summer of 1939, a recovery movement was already under way in this country, which, when war actually came, was not checked, but stimulated. Prices rose, Wall Street became a scene of intense activity, the index of industrial productivity shot up, in a few weeks several hundred thousand jobless men went back to work. The striking gains of last September were not fully retained, but American business is still operating on a level much higher than that of a year ago, and its tone is more optimistic.

Whether or not this new optimism and this renewed activity develop into a war boom depends in the first instance on how long the war lasts. Export trade is the first point of contact between the war and our economy, and in a short war the prospects for great expansion of our sales abroad are not promising. This is a thrifty war. Years of feverish rearmament programs have provided much larger reserves than were available in 1914, and yet both the Allies and Germany seem to be postponing their use as long as possible.

This is a cautious war, as far as purchases from neutrals are concerned. Almost immediately the French and English decided not to compete in buying abroad. Both are endeavoring to supply as much as possible of their needs from their colonies and dominions. England is giving preference in its purchases of wool, copper, wheat, and other materials and foodstuffs, to sources of supply within the Empire, thus economizing precious dollar exchange. Neutrals as well as belligerents are imposing new restrictions on imports, which, reinforced by higher ocean freights and uncertainties of delivery, seriously affect some of our export industries.

Certain types of American manufactures will gain even in a short war. Canadian factories, temporarily, may prove adequate to supply shells and certain simple types of industrial products for English and French armies, but in airplanes and machine tools the United States has no competitor. For in these complex products the larger dimensions and greater flexibility of our iron and steel industry, and of our whole industrial structure, give us a decisive advantage over our northern neighbor and over all other neutrals. Thus far the only American farm products going abroad in increased quantities are cotton, pork, and lard, and these gains must be balanced against losses of English markets for tobacco and fresh fruits.

Should the war be prolonged well into

a second year, or longer, there seems little reason to doubt that demands for both primary products and war material will spill over the artificial confines of the British and French empires, causing large imports from neutrals. Even if not a shot is fired, the transfer of eight or ten million adult males (English, French, Finnish, Belgian, Dutch, Scandinavian, and so forth, not including Russians or Germans) from civilian to military life steps up their consumption of foods and clothing. In barracks they consume substantially more meat, cereals, fats, sugar, tea, and coffee than when at home with their families; in front-line trenches their rations are substantially increased. The quartermaster general provides better shoes and warmer clothes, more and better blankets, than the bulk of enlisted men ever enjoyed as civilians. It would seem very difficult to offset this increased consumption with the rationing of civilians, especially since a large proportion of them are now not far above subsistence levels.

The Johnson Act and the credit restrictions of the Pittman Act prevent the Allies from drawing as liberally on our capital markets as in 1914-1918. But their holdings of gold and their dollar balances, added to the value of readily negotiable securities which could be liquidated here, give them spending power estimated as high as eight billion dollars. Also, as long as our Treasury continues to buy gold in unlimited quantities at \$35 an ounce, the output of mines in the British Empire will yield around 700 millions yearly in dollar exchange. These resources will be economized as long as possible, but eventually the purse strings will have to be loosened. When that time comes, it seems inevitable that much of the money will be spent in our markets.

The shorter haul on our farm products, as compared with Australian, South African, or Argentinian, will be decisive when the frightful costs of the clumsy convoy system make nearness a

vital consideration. Our great industrial plant renders us the logical source of supply when great quantities of manufactured products must be had quickly. We shall profit by these direct sales, and also, indirectly, we shall feel the effect of war purchases in other countries. For a great wave of war buying, wherever the money is spent, is bound to stimulate American business. It is impossible to imagine a war boom in Canada, for example, which would not spread across the border.

Our trade connections with Latin America, also, will be strengthened by the war. Larger English and French purchases of Argentinian and Uruguayan meat and wool, and of Venezuelan oil and perhaps Chilean copper and nitrates, will result in larger exports of American manufactures to those countries.

All this foretells increased demand for American goods, a shifting to the right of many of our demand curves.

II

Usually we are not in the habit of looking our gift horses in the mouth; we welcome without hesitation all opportunities to sell more goods abroad. But now farsighted business men are apprehensive; recalling 1918 and 1919, they see the spectre of inflation already raising its horrid head. Wartime demand, they recall, is peculiar; for, when national security is at stake, government buying is not restrained by rising prices. In their own markets, the Allied governments may commandeer goods at fixed prices; in Empire markets, they may weight the scales with patriotic appeals; but in our markets they must pay what is asked.

If the new demand were evenly distributed over the whole range of American industries, its disturbing effects might not be so serious. But, concentrated on a relatively narrow segment of our economy, it is bound to distort our price

structure. Despite the presence of eight million jobless persons, a scarcity of welders, toolmakers, electricians, and other skilled workers is already in evidence. Other bottlenecks, in labor, materials, or, it may be, transportation, will give rise to sudden price increases in individual commodities, which, like stones dropped in a pool, will affect the whole nexus of interrelated prices. As the finished products of one firm become the raw materials of another, the waves of price increases gain in amplitude. Business men expand their inventories, speculators enter the market, and, before we know it, business is booming.

What can we do about it? Are we powerless to avert the war boom and resulting depression? Or have we available instruments of economic policy by which we can cushion the shock? In answering these questions two contrasts between 1914 and 1939 should be considered. First, with the experiences of 1920-1922 and 1929-1933 so recently in mind, we are more aware of the impending danger. Also, the great extension of government regulation of business, banking, the stock exchanges, and agricultural production and marketing under the New Deal has provided us with a variety of instruments of control, ready at hand. The Federal Reserve Board, for example, is far better equipped with powers to deal with problems of credit expansion than it was twenty-five years ago. Largely on this account, economists in government service, particularly the younger ones, seem confident that, once business is on the upgrade, they will be able to control the rapidity of its ascent.

Academic economists are skeptical; but admitting, for the sake of argument, that inflation *can* be controlled if we apply the brakes soon enough, are we sure that we want to control it? What really are the objectives of American policy in this crisis? How far is checking the wartime boom consistent with other aims?

III

How to have one's cake and eat it too is probably the oldest of all human dilemmas. Just now our government is wrestling with it in a peculiarly aggravated form in trying to harmonize four major objectives of American policy. The objectives disclosed in the discussions of the Pittman Act, and of earlier neutrality legislation, are separable into two groups: —

I. Political objectives

- (a) We want to keep out of war, but
- (b) We want to help France and England

II. Economic objectives

- (c) We want to escape a war boom in American business, but
- (d) We want the stimulus to business which comes from rising prices

It does not require a profound knowledge of business-cycle theory, nor an intimate acquaintance with international relations, to detect the obvious conflicts within each group.

In repealing the arms embargo, Congress very definitely had in mind Objective I (b) — that is, putting the resources of our munitions plants, and particularly our airplane factories, at the disposal of the Allies. Official utterances necessarily camouflaged the real motive under the intricacies of international law, but our newspaper writers, and even a few Congressmen, not restrained by considerations of formal neutrality, did not hesitate to call a spade a spade. Foreign newspapers, both in the Allied countries and in Germany, were not deceived; they agreed with their American colleagues in interpreting the action of Congress.

The economic benefits of repeal, II (d), were not stressed either in Congress or in the press, for, since the Nye Investigation, Americans have shown a certain squeamishness about war profits. But President Roosevelt, in his message to Congress, bolstering some rather feeble arguments drawn from interna-

tional law, called attention to the increase of factory employment which might result from unrestricted exports of arms and munitions. Turning to the cash-and-carry provisions, we find in them a curious combination of political and economic aims. The restrictions on granting credit to belligerents are supposed to serve a double purpose of keeping us out of war and forestalling a war boom in this country.

Even a child can understand the inconsistency of wanting to keep out of war and wanting to help one side in the conflict. For every bit of assistance we afford the Allies, no matter how small, whether in the conduct of diplomacy or trade, binds our interests and sympathies that much more closely to their cause, and alienates us by that much from Germany and Russia. It is equally obvious that our economic aims, II (c) and (d), are conflicting. We want 'prosperity,' but without the violent dislocation of consumption and production brought about by rapidly rising prices, and without the burdens which inflation imposes on wage earners, salaried workers, professional people, and all persons on fixed incomes. We want to avoid a speculative mania in the stock market, with the inevitable crash and the ensuing deflation and depression.

But can we check an incipient wartime boom without at the same time weakening our economic support of the Allies? In this conflict of purposes between our domestic policy and our foreign policy lies a threat to both. The most effective aid we are now giving the British Empire, more effective probably than furnishing airplanes, is our purchasing of unlimited quantities of Canadian and South African gold at the generous price of \$35 an ounce. We don't need this gold, we have no use for it; in fact, its presence in this country might imperil our economy. These billions of unwanted gold constitute a potential basis for the most stupendous inflation this country has ever known, and yet

our gold policy forces us to keep on buying the yellow metal for which, in the past five years, we have exchanged some eight billions of American goods and securities. As we acquire from year to year an increasing share of the world's gold (we already have 60 per cent of the total), the suspicion grows that perhaps the rest of the world may never be willing to make the sacrifice necessary to re-establish the gold standard. In that case, we should be left sitting on a mountain of demonetized metal whose value might be one tenth of what we paid for it.

Cutting our buying price of gold would seem an obvious move to forestall inflation, but, quite apart from possible internal damage, this action would have devastating effects on the export trade and the whole domestic economy of gold-exporting countries. The British Empire would be the principal loser, and here again we are faced with a conflict of objectives: to keep on buying gold may endanger our domestic credit system, and yet to quit buying it will pull the props from under our support of the Allied cause.

We have, it is true, a variety of other devices for damping a war boom, but it is hard to find any whose action, however beneficial to ourselves, might not weaken our economic contribution to the Allies. High taxes, for example, are an effective deflationary measure; but, if they are applied, business men, faced with the loss of a large share of their possible profits, will lose some of their enthusiasm for accepting war contracts. A drastic check on the expansion of bank credit might have the same effect. In a dictatorship, industrial plants can be commandeered, and labor shifted arbitrarily from one job to another, but in a democracy we have to rely on rising prices and rising wages to bring about these changes. The truth of the matter seems to be that, under a system of private enterprise, we cannot suddenly step up our output and bring about a large

increase in the productivity of industrial and farm enterprises without a certain measure of price and wage inflation.

Were the United States itself at war, profits and prices might be limited without damping production; patriotism would reënforce the weakened profit motive. But while we are non-belligerents we can appeal to factory operatives and owners to work longer hours, and to farmers to extend production, only by the promise of larger returns. Here is a real conflict of objectives. We can focus our domestic policy on business stability, or, disregarding stability, we can put our whole economic strength on the Allied side. But it seems we cannot do both.

From this dilemma there is one way of escape, if we are bold enough to seize it: by reducing import duties, we can help England and France, and at the same time put a damper on inflation.

This proposal, I am aware, will be condemned as visionary by all political realists, even those convinced of the desirability of lower tariffs. The proposal will, of course, profoundly shock all staunch protectionists. Already they are moving in the opposite direction, toward higher tariffs, and have launched a drive to destroy the Trade Agreements Program. Advancing by a flank route, certain Senators demand that no new agreement shall become effective without ratification by their august body. Such an amendment would be equivalent, as every informed person recognizes, to sentencing the Hull Program to a lingering death. Another line of attack hides behind the smoke screen of scientific tariff revision, insisting upon elaborate studies of foreign and domestic costs before tariff bargains take effect. Supporting these attacks, other Senators have laid down a barrage of constitutional law, denouncing the Trade Agreements Act as an illegal delegation of legislative power.

Should these attacks prove successful, we may expect the demise of the Hull Program to give the signal for the second

stage of the protectionist campaign, the drive for higher tariffs.

But, in the light of the previous discussion, raising the American tariff at this time would seem a profoundly wrong policy. It would not help us to realize any of the objectives which the American people have set before themselves. Higher import duties would neither safeguard us against being drawn into war, nor strengthen our aid to the Allies, nor promote internal economic stability, nor aid us in recovering prosperity.

Tariff reduction, no matter how difficult it may prove politically, is a means much better adapted to these ends. Tariff bargaining may prove a more difficult business in wartime, for the control of foreign trade has become for the belligerents a weapon of economic strategy. Both England and France, taking advantage of the escape clauses in the trade agreements recently negotiated with us, have already withdrawn some of their concessions to our exporters. But it is not necessary to rely exclusively on tariff bargaining; we can revise our tariff unilaterally whenever we feel so disposed. In fact, this is our traditional method of changing customs duties.

In the present situation, quite apart from compensating action by other countries, it would be to our advantage to reduce tariff barriers. The consequent expansion of imports would provide the Allies with dollar exchange to help pay for an increased volume of our exports of foodstuffs and manufactures. Certain of our domestic industries, it is true, might suffer from increased foreign competition, but this danger can easily be exaggerated. For rising internal prices in England and France have already largely offset the depreciation of the pound and the franc, and, in addition, imports from all countries are now heavily burdened by high costs of ocean transportation and by delays in shipping. On balance, we may expect that war disturbances, unless we take contrary

action, will substantially add to the economic protection now enjoyed by American industries. Unless we reduce our tariff, the war will raise it.

If, as seems probable, we are now entering a period of inflation, the upward swing of the business cycle, with rising prices and increasing employment, affords an excellent opportunity for real downward revision of import duties. In such a period, tariff cutting can be made an almost painless process.

Furthermore, tariff reduction provides a valuable preventive to inflation: first, as we have already pointed out, by helping to stem the avalanche of gold from abroad; and, secondly, by giving added elasticity to our supply of commodities. The essence of war disturbances, as far as our economy is concerned, is the impact of a huge new and inelastic demand upon a supply situation which also has many elements of inelasticity. A lower customs tariff will make it easier for us to ease the strain of heavier demands for manganese, wool, cutlery, scientific instruments, cement, iron and steel products, and many other commodities, by supplementing domestic with foreign goods. Cuban sugar, Argentine canned beef, Canadian milk and cream, Bermuda potatoes, Mexican beans and tomatoes, were tariff barriers lowered, would all be available in larger quantities and at lower prices, thus alleviating the wartime pressure on living costs and on real wages.

IV

But try as we may, with all our wise foresight and careful planning, we cannot hope fully to avert from our national life the shock of the war in Europe. For, no matter how disunited politically the world may be, in spite of tariff barriers and exchange controls, it still retains in business and finance a very real unity. Consequently, no matter how great or how small may be our immediate profit, we, like all other nations, cannot escape

heavy losses in the painful period of post-war reconstruction. In this sense there are no neutrals in this war, and no non-belligerents.

Inspired by reflections of this sort, thoughtful persons are turning their attention to a fifth objective of American policy, an objective with longer range than those already discussed. The American people are vitally concerned with who wins this war, and with reducing to a minimum the disturbing effects of war on our economy. These are immediate objectives. But our people are also concerned with the terms of peace. If it is in any way humanly possible, they don't want their world upset by war again in 1965; hence they are interested in establishing international relations at the end of this war on a basis which will give more prospects of permanence than the settlement at Versailles.

Among the conditions favorable to an enduring peace, freer international trade is essential; yet a post-war period is usually characterized by high tariffs and drastic restrictions on imports. At the end of this war, no matter which side is technically the victor, neither the Allies nor Germany will be in a position, or in a mood, to initiate tariff reductions. Logically, the initiative in setting in motion a movement for lower tariffs can come only from the United States. But for us also the deflationary post-war period will be less favorable for tariff reduction

than the present. The twenty trade agreements already signed have shown that our protectionist system is not impregnable. Now is the time to proceed with plans for general downward revision.

Political realists, even those of low-tariff leanings, will condemn this proposal as 'impractical' and 'visionary.' Perhaps it is impractical. But, viewing the failure of the so-called practical politicians the world over to solve either their domestic economic problems or the problems of international relations, impractical people need not feel too apologetic. The proposal for tariff reduction is probably visionary, too, but we need more vision. We need to see ahead, to envision what this second world war may do to us.

No one at all familiar with events abroad can doubt that the disturbances resulting from even a short war will set back economic progress in Europe a full generation. Already this disaster is casting a lengthening shadow across the Atlantic. Before it reaches us, we should make every effort to put our house in order. Our agricultural policy, our banking policy, our labor policy, our policy toward big business — all should be examined and, if necessary, revised so that we may most effectively meet the coming emergency. Reform of tariff policy for the moment is most important, for it is through the medium of our foreign trade that the war will affect us.

WE ADOPT A CHILD

ANONYMOUS

I

FOR five years my husband and I had talked about adopting a baby, ever since the doctors had made it clear that I must have no more by the common garden method. Sometimes I said that the reason I wanted to adopt was because we were spoiling our son. But at moments when I was completely honest with myself I knew I just naturally wanted another baby, with or without reason.

As another autumn closed in, the idea of a second child literally possessed me. I was not surprised when our son Andy put 'Baby' at the head of his Christmas list. With an only child's sensitivity he had read my heart. On Christmas morning he dumped his stocking on the floor, gave one look around, and said, blinking through tears, 'Santa Claus didn't bring her.'

That night I faced my husband across our fire to talk the thing through. He had not witnessed our little boy's early-morning disappointment, but he understood vaguely that it had been a difficult holiday. For the child there had been the solicitous concentration of two parents, three grandparents, a devoted cook, and a chauffeur. For me there had been the backwash of Andy's reaction to too much of everything. I cannot report our conversation word for word, but it ran about like this.

'You'd think our kid had enough to make him happy,' said my husband after Andy had gone to bed howling.

'He hasn't got a brother or a sister, and that's what he wants most,' I re-

torted. 'You know one child isn't a family. If I could do it we'd have at least two more.'

As though to ward off what I might say next, he announced, 'I don't think I could take in somebody else's kid and love it right off the bat.'

I was prepared for that argument. 'For the child's sake, as well as ours, there is a probation period lasting from six months to a year. If we don't get on with her we can take her back.'

'Look at Godfrey Deering,' said my husband.

I knew as well as he did that the case of the Deering child was unfortunate. The parents had lost their only son in an accident. To replace him they had adopted a youngster of about four — the age of the child they had lost. Their own child had been a blond Anglo-Saxon, large for his age, the replica of his father. The child they had hastily adopted turned out to be small-boned and Slavic-looking. Mr. Deering alluded to him as 'my wife's baby.' You could see at a glance that the youngster didn't feel at home with them, in spite of his superb name and a white-capped nurse. Because he had not turned out to be another edition of the child they lost they had withheld their love.

'How could a child develop normally under such conditions?' I asked my husband.

His next objection was not so easy to meet. 'My father and mother would put up an awful row,' he said.

I knew they would, for we had already broached the question to them. You see, my husband is an architect, with all the uncertainties of an architect's income. They gave us our big lot and money to build on it. They furnished us with a perfect nursery and play equipment enough for a large family. Efficiency is my father-in-law's motto, so I tried to present the subject of adoption in language that would appeal to him.

'You've set us up so well, wouldn't it be more efficient to operate on the scale for which this place was planned?' I asked him.

Unfortunately my mother-in-law put her oar in before he had a chance to answer. 'Don't do it,' she said. 'Think of the things that can happen to children — the accidents, the diseases, the disgraces. Look at what happened to the Horton girl. Look at Tom Gould.' Before we left she had named over the worst failures in the neighborhood.

My husband made the obvious answer. 'Only one of those kids is an adopted child,' he said.

Nevertheless they had squashed our first enthusiasm so successfully that we let two years go by without a definite step. After all, our arms were not empty. But I knew, and my husband knew, that the truest happiness, the bond that kept our friends together in a world where divorce grew daily more common, was children. Being an only child myself, I also knew the agonies an only child could suffer. Andy needed another young thing in the house.

But it must not be merely for Andy that we took this step.

'I can live without another child if you'd rather not adopt,' I told my husband that Christmas night. 'But I can't stand this suspense of whether we will or whether we won't. I've begun to dream about it.'

He wadded the bowl of his pipe and puffed awhile. 'It's more your problem than mine,' he conceded at last. 'You know I'm a born experimenter. But I

could be contented with just you and me.'

'And Andy,' I prompted.

'And Andy, of course. But there you have the difference between men and women. Consciously I suppose I'm as paternal as the next man. Unconsciously I'm a wild creature who hates to be confined. For the moment I had forgotten Andy.'

'Do you mean to imply that the female of the species likes nothing better than a continual litter?' I replied heatedly. 'I'll have you know I'm not domestic right down to the bone myself. A woman's imagination is just as roving as a man's. You don't seem to realize that a real family will keep me faithful to you better than anything.'

He said, looking horrified, 'You don't know what you're talking about.'

But from then on he worked and planned with me.

We tackled his family with new determination. My mother-in-law is Southern, a great horsewoman. Her favorite argument against adoption was 'It doesn't pay to mix breeds.'

My father-in-law is a Scot. I am mostly Irish, with a strain of German. We tried to point out to them that the breed was already about as mixed as possible. But the arguments on both sides grew more illogical as our emotions became more involved.

My mother-in-law said tartly, 'Don't expect me to grow fond of some servant girl's misstep.'

'You have no right to say that,' cried my husband. We never discussed the matter with them again, but we began to investigate Northern adoption agencies. We inquired of friends. We learned that there were far fewer good children to be had than good potential parents. Already having a child of our own, we might have to wait some time. We learned that one cardinal rule in successful adoption was to acquire as young a baby as possible.

I made inquiries from the Board of

Control in our own state and even looked up an adoption home in London. In sober moments I realized that the one was questionable, the other too far. We didn't want a doorstep baby of unknown parentage; we were not in this because of any holy or altruistic aim. We wanted the best material available; we intended to be proud of our child from the start. And after all she had to compete with Andy.

At last a reliable place sent us printed forms to fill out: What sex baby do you want? What coloring? What national background would you prefer? The second sheet indicated that we also were to be subjected to a rigid inspection: What exactly is your religion? What is your income? What is the size of your house? What is your education? Please give names of three reliable references, who have known you for at least three years.

The people who were our references received examination papers that asked searching questions about us. Among other things they asked if our marital relationship was what it should be.

Meanwhile my husband wrote out a careful genealogy tracing back through four generations of American slave owners, but including two wood-chopping grandparents from across the Atlantic. He added that our new daughter's national background would not prove a stumblingblock. If her parents came from northern or central Europe she would fit in with our son's already mixed heredity. The important prerequisite was a clean mental and physical bill of health. And, he wrote, 'Our son has a good inheritance. We shall want to know as much as possible about the grandparents, as well as the parents, of any child we adopt.'

So we sent in our order.

II

By that time I was talking as openly about our daughter-to-be as though

she were really my own child. Andy talked about her too. He had lined a grape basket with his silk wadded wrapper and alluded to it as 'my sister's cradle.'

I skimmed my mail looking for news. It came at last by wire. The agency telegraphed that a baby who answered most of our requirements had arrived. My husband and I went North to see and to be seen. Neither of us will ever forget that journey. Every objection to adoption we had ever heard churned in our heads. One objection, to which there seemed to be no answer, was that we had let five years go by. Andy and the adopted child would have too many years between them to make companionship possible.

My husband kept saying conveniently, 'Anyway, it's your funeral. You started it.' Driving up to the agency, he cautioned me. 'They're selling us this commodity. Keep your eyes open. Keep cool.'

'I'll be cold-blooded,' I promised. 'We won't commit ourselves on one visit. We'll look over what they've got. Then we'll go and make up our minds.'

I had already written Miss X, directress of the agency, that before we took the child I must have my husband's whole-hearted approval. That leaves us a hole to crawl out by, I thought.

Miss X received us with pleasant calmness. We all lunched together before going up to the nursery. 'All prospective parents are beset with doubts at this stage of the game,' she said. 'They all *think* they aren't going to love their new baby enough.'

'How about the parents who are giving up their child?' my husband asked. It was a point that the printed forms had not mentioned.

'All bona fide agencies do their best to help parents keep their babies when they want to and feel they can,' Miss X said. 'The mother or sometimes both parents come in with the baby. We keep it during a probation period agreed on. If

during that time the mother and father marry, or the obstacle, whatever it may be, is overcome, they reclaim him. One agency boasts of returning over a hundred probational babies to their parents.'

'Exactly where do these babies come from?' asked my husband in his firmest voice.

'The majority of them are first babies born out of wedlock. No one, I think, would be eager to raise a mother's second or third illegitimate child, even though biologists claim that the germ plasm of the offspring is in no way affected. But babies come to us from two other sources. With hard times many married couples, too proud to beg, prefer to give up their baby rather than not be able to feed and care for it properly. Third, there is the abandoned baby. Every child-placing organization has a small quota of those. But of course all our babies undergo the same rigid examination and receive the same care. Unless physical defects can be eliminated, and if any mental weakness exists, the ill-favored ones go on to a permanent institution.' Miss X sat back, neatly folding her napkin. 'When you consider the miserable specimens born into many good families, the advantage of careful adoption is obvious,' she said placidly.

My husband lighted his fourth cigarette and said, but not so firmly, 'I want to know about the little girl's grandfathers before we see her. She'll have to hold her own with my family.'

'We do not give all particulars of the baby's background,' smiled Miss X. 'The less you know, the more you will feel she belongs to you. And for the child's sake it is safer for you not to know too much. You see, though I urge all parents to use the term "adopted" as one of endearment, and as soon as possible, yet the time does come when you must explain to her what adoption is. Then she will try to worm out of you all you know about her parents. And if you and she know too much it will tempt her

to delve into her past, with sad psychological results.'

'But we need some facts to sell this child to my mother and father,' said the head of the house, even less firmly than before.

'She'll take care of that,' Miss X told him. 'She comes from good stock. Her father is a college graduate and her mother is unusually intelligent. Since that was one of the things you had stressed, I sent her off to have an I.Q. taken. But the important thing is that our house doctor assures me your little girl is brighter than average.'

Miss X was altogether too persuasive. I decided to step in. 'If you could only clear up this grandparent question we would ask no more,' I said.

'In this case that would require more probing than I felt was justified,' said Miss X, and seemed to think a moment. She tapped her spoon sharply on the table as though an inspiration had come to her. 'I tell you what! A mother and her eighteen-year-old debutante daughter are in hiding not far from here. They came in to see me last week. The girl's parents are leaders in the financial and social life of a neighboring city. Last summer she was yachting. I believe they called it a coeducational house party. The young lady says vaguely she can't imagine what happened! That baby is due in six weeks. You can wait for it if you want to.'

We shook our heads, gasping.

'Very well,' said Miss X briskly. 'I'll see if your baby's ready to show.'

'Ready to show?' I echoed. It sounded like some new kind of icebox.

While Miss X was telephoning, my husband muttered, 'Remember what I said. Keep your wits about you.'

'Your baby is in the display room. We'll take the elevator,' said Miss X, returning to us.

I felt as though we were nearing an animal fair as we walked down the corridor of the nursery floor through a symphony of wails and coos and gurgles.

My husband stuck out his jaw and squared his chest defensively. Everyone else looked brisk and smiling. A nurse in the hall held white gowns ready to slip over our traveling clothes. We gritted our teeth and, not daring to meet each other's eyes, followed into a pink-hung sun porch, with a bassinet in the centre of it.

'Pink for a girl and blue for a boy,' said Miss X cheerfully.

A rocker lay in wait. For the unwary, I thought. I would avoid that rocker.

The nurse by the bassinet stood aside. Within, on a scrap of pillow, lay an exquisite baby. Her laughing eyes held mine. Her feet, in pink knitted booties, did upside-down bicycling.

'Oh, my baby! Oh, your poor other mother!' I bumbled. Why had we waited so long? Why were we waiting now? I leaned down to take her. My knees went weak and the rocker caught us both.

She liked being in my arms. Her mouth widened in the most valiant of grins. 'I'll just wrap her in this blanket and be going,' I said like a mad woman.

Why didn't those people in the door step aside? Then out of the mist that separated my baby and me from the rest of the world my husband's face took shape, wearing, it seemed to me, the same look it had worn when he first saw Andy. 'Come now,' he was saying, 'I'm this kid's father. It's my turn to hold her.'

Le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît pas, as the French like to remind younger nations from time to time.

But unfortunately we could not abduct Millicent then and there. First she had to complete her physical tests. After these came the red tape of legal adoption.

We took a room in a hotel while we waited for the agency to discharge her. My husband did a lot of walking, but I spent most of those three days hanging

on the telephone. Finally Miss X telephoned: 'Your baby is signed out. You may come for her.'

As we were leaving we caught a glimpse of mother nature in her darker aspects and touched the deep stream of tragedy that must flow through every adoption agency. We had come in to find the entrance room permeated by a pleasant excitement. Regardless of the hour, the small ceremonies of launching a baby were being observed.

We had telephoned for our taxi and came sailing downstairs with Millicent as the doorbell rang. But it was not our taxi. One of the student nurses admitted a poor creature who kept her face turned from the light. Inside her coat collar she begged, 'Can I see my baby? Can I see Baby Jones for just a minute?'

'Baby Jones was adopted last week,' chirped the student nurse in her young empty voice. 'You signed a paper giving up all claim to him, didn't you?'

'Yes, I did. But I wanted to see him just for a minute. He had a cold in his head last time I saw him.'

'He's gone, but I'm sure he's perfectly all right,' the nurse told her.

'Thank you, miss.' The woman ducked her head, fumbled to find the doorknob, and went out.

We knew that our Millicent was not Baby Jones. But although we had been told that with eighty-five per cent of the illegitimate children the father was superior in education and opportunity to the mother, it would have taken more courage than either of us possessed to adopt that woman's child.

III

As soon as we stepped into the taxi our spirits soared again. We wrangled all the way down to the station about which of us should hold Milly.

Finally my husband said, 'I'll always be grateful to this kid because you can come home carrying her, instead of on a stretcher as you did last time.'

So he let me carry her on to the train.

But when she wouldn't finish her bottle he said, 'See here, I know what's wrong — the kid's gassy.' He whacked Milly on the back, and over his shoulder she gave an obedient belch. How triumphant he looked!

'What do you think your family will say?' I asked him sometime during that sleepless night.

'Who cares what they say?' he answered.

We telegraphed them that we should arrive the following evening. When we came up our driveway I saw my mother-in-law awaiting us. She looked stiff and old and a little frightened at sight of her son with a strange baby in his arms. She did not come forward. But Andy ran in front of her and embraced his father's knees.

'Let me see! Let me see!' he cried.

After one glance he rushed for his grape-basket cradle. It was, of course, too small. My arms were full of quilts, diapers, and bottles. There was a moment's uncertainty while my husband looked around for some place to put the baby.

'Here, Mother. You be the nursemaid a minute,' he said, and thrust Millicent into those wooden arms.

When I came back from the kitchen with a warm bottle and bent to take the baby, my mother-in-law said, 'I suppose you think I don't know how to feed her. It's easier than raising a colt, you know. Give me that bottle.'

Over her head my husband gave a fierce nod and I relinquished it.

From that time on, my husband's mother backed our baby with a true conservative's ardor for *le fait accompli*.

Before the first glow of possession faded the new member of the family took up most of my time. One evening, for no reason that I could see, my husband brought Andy home an elaborate gift.

When asked what the boy had done to win it he answered, 'Andy needed a

consolation prize. Maybe you haven't noticed that his nose is out of joint.'

His next remark revealed that it was not only Andy's nose that was out of joint. He said, 'The boy looks peaked to me. I think I'll take him into the mountains for a few days' tobogganing. You won't miss us.'

It was the first time he had suggested taking a holiday without me, and it shocked me out of my absorption. After all, Milly was in perfect health. She ate, slept, and eliminated like clockwork. Why not engage a trained nurse to come in for a few days while the three of us went off together?

We packed skis and toboggan on the car. Released from the tension of five years of unsatisfied desire, I felt young and carefree. The nurse reported that the baby was in good shape. Instead of the few days we had expected to be gone we stayed for a fortnight.

Assured by the maid who welcomed us that all was well with our daughter, we went placidly to open our mail, before going upstairs to reassume the responsibility of being her parents.

My husband was the first to look into the nursery. He called to me, 'See here — this kid's cross-eyed!'

I rushed in. He looked up from the crib with eyes that were coolly appraising. I saw Millicent return his gaze just as appraisingly as it was given, and it was true that one eye wandered a little.

'She is — she is cross-eyed!' I gasped. 'That'll be terrible.'

The trained nurse coming in with the noon bottle had overheard us. 'Don't you realize not one of them can focus at that age?' she said as though she hated us both.

'Of course that's so,' agreed my husband and forgot all about it. But it was borne home to me that an enduring love does not grow without due cultivation on both sides.

The baby's eyes straightened out of their own accord, but during that first

year of her life there were moments when I caught myself considering her with an objectivity quite different from my attitude toward my son at that age.

Her reaction to such scrutiny was a look as cool as mine, and that terrified me.

But she was always well. She never cried to be picked up, as Andy had done. There was so little we could do for her.

A specialist in child guidance would have said that our objectivity was healthier for her than the anxiety with which we had hung over delicate little Andy. He had hated to be alone. Milly was equally happy when we were around and when, out in her pen, she snatched at sunbeams, waved at the milkman, and called to every dog within her horizon.

The first word in her vocabulary was 'Hi,' which she used for the dogs, or the milkman, or her grandmother. The second was 'Andy.' And the next person she learned to address was Lulu, our colored maid. Rather self-consciously I taught her to say 'Mama.' I was jealous because her interest in the world as a whole was as great as her interest in her parents.

But, after all, I had never nursed her. She had never been ill. She seldom cried at night. She liked everybody, but she did not need one person above another. Perhaps it was because, that first year of her life, Milly was like an exquisite toy, sometimes remembered, sometimes forgotten. Andy, I noticed, paid no attention to her for days at a time, although her eyes followed him as long as he was in sight. Sometimes he handed on mangled possessions for which he had no further use, but he did not take her seriously.

Then Millicent started to walk. Her independence led her into everything. Andy's cast-off possessions no longer satisfied her. What she wanted was whatever he wanted. For the first time he recognized her as a rival, and he fought her desperately, like a ruler seeing

himself in danger of being dispossessed. Being not quite eight, he was without tenderness. When he found her in his room he struck her and struck hard.

For her part, Milly adored her brother. She longed above all things to resemble him. But she *would* rummage his bureau drawers and handle his things. How could I explain to her that his fury sprang from a jealousy he was too young to control?

I couldn't. So I had to be on hand to separate them. That was the beginning of a new relationship between Milly and me. She really needed me for the first time, and out of my response to that need rose a sense of personal guardianship, which I think will never die.

At the same time that Andy was flying into jealous rages, his sister generated some temper tantrums that eclipsed his. They were so unlike her usual sunniness that I took her to the doctor. After a thorough examination he reported that he had seldom seen a healthier specimen.

One day my mother-in-law came in to see Milly shoveling her oatmeal on to the dining-room rug. As far as I knew, there was no reason for her naughtiness. No one had been teasing her or even noticing her.

'Nice little girls don't do things like that,' I said, as mildly as possible, at which she took a bite out of her pottery cereal dish.

I turned her upside down and shook her, partly to get the broken crockery out of her mouth before she swallowed it, partly because my own temper was out of hand. When I turned her right side up again she flung her arms around me. Could it be that she preferred punishment to what she considered less than her share of attention?

Milly's grandmother confirmed this idea. 'You should notice her more,' she declared. 'When Andy flies into a rage you make him the centre of the stage.'

It was true we had not spared the rod on Andy. My husband said sometimes, 'That's your father's stubborn streak.'

We have to fight it.' But toward Milly we had assumed a pleasantly fatalistic attitude, as though nothing we did could alter her character one way or another.

'Unless she's been naughty, I think when you spank Andy you ought to take some pleasant notice of her,' my mother-in-law suggested.

Because of our son's jealousy we acted on this suggestion as unobtrusively as possible. It must have been the right thing to do, for Milly's tantrums ceased.

At last, with the shifting and unfolding which are a continuous process in small children, Andy and his sister reached an understanding. By the time he was ten he reacted to remarks like 'Andy, it's up to you to show Milly how to behave. Unless her older brother behaves, how can she?'

That put him on his mettle. He began to realize that this small strutting thing, whom he had considered a nuisance, looked to him for direction.

They are friends and allies now, for trouble or pleasure. Milly has taught her brother what no adult could have taught him so well: to share and to consider others.

When my husband and I need a holiday we are able to leave them together and know that neither will be lonely. Because of Milly our boy has acquired a new light-heartedness.

Her social gift is a continual delight to us. It makes friends for Andy as well as for her. I suppose that some schools of thought would say she inherited it. But I do not believe that warm and independent spirit is inherited. I believe she sensed from the first moment, when she lay in her grandmother-to-be's arms, that it was up to her to put her best foot forward.

And now for the question which the world is prone to ask, the question which disturbed us when we were considering adoption: Do we love her as much as we love Andy?

We do not believe there is a final answer to the question of parental love, whether adoption enters into it or not. After all, do any parents, natural or otherwise, feel the same quality of love toward each child? In the long run the quantity usually balances pretty well, but even there the child's disposition, the father's pocketbook, and the mother's health at the time of its arrival must be taken into account. How do people with no sons feel, when the fourth or fifth daughter arrives? Can there be one definite, final answer to problems like these?

Suppose we apply the academic question: Which child would you save from a sinking ship provided that you could save only one?

Our answer there is that we would save Millicent. But adoption does not enter into it one way or another. We would save her because she is our youngest and, God help her, a woman.

In the days of large families when children came as God's free gift and nothing could stop them, adoption was much less common, of course. Foster children, at least so the storybooks would have us believe, were expected to feel a debt toward the people who 'took them in.'

But today adoption has become a regular industry. Children are as often adopted to save a woman's sanity as for any other reason. If there is a debt owed it is to, not by, the child. When the difficult moment arrives when we must make it clear to Milly that she is not flesh of our flesh, we shall say, 'In other homes they have to take what comes. We chose you especially.'

There is another question thoughtless people sometimes ask. They look from one child to the other and say over their heads, 'Which is the adopted one?' The last time that happened my husband turned on the interrogator savagely with 'Really, I don't remember.'

DON'T GET ME WRONG

BY RODERICK LULL

I

I WAS just leaving Oliphant and Company's offices when I saw Mike. The personnel man at Oliphant's had been as pleasant as you could ask. He'd given me a cigarette and lighted it for me. The first time that anything turned up, he said, — absolutely the very first time, — you know the story. So I said, 'If you'll give me a shovel I'll dig my way out of here.' It didn't make him sore. He was used to worse than that. He just said, 'Good-bye,' in a perfectly friendly way.

But about Mike. The last time I'd seen him, three years ago, we were both working in the Franklin Corporation's auditing department. They'd hired us when they got the big government orders. It was a fine place to work. They almost paid us a living salary, and, as their personnel man said when he took us on, a man with imagination and energy had every chance to work up. He said industry didn't have too many good men, it had too few. There was an excess supply only of mediocre men. We were there seven months before they bought the new machine. It was a honey of a machine. Using it, they only needed thirteen people in the auditing department where they'd had forty-two before. You had to admire a machine like that. I hadn't seen Mike since. He'd said he thought he'd go West. He had relatives there.

As soon as I saw him I knew why he was in the building. He was there for exactly the same reason I was. You can

always tell. I can't describe how, but after you've had a little experience it's infallible. A man may be dressed pretty well, have his shoes shined and his hair cut, and look superficially exactly like a thousand other men with jobs and incomes and a date for going to a show and a big party next Saturday night. But, as I said, if you're in the know you can always tell.

I said, 'Hi, Mike,' and he swung around nervously. He studied my face a second as if he didn't quite place me, then he grinned. I saw he had a set of store teeth now — the kind that practically say aloud, 'Complete plates thirty dollars up and a year to pay.' I wondered if he still had the dentist on the cuff. Then we shook hands.

'Pete,' he said, 'it's good to see you.' He had a nice way of greeting you. There was a little drawl to his voice — I think he came from Georgia and had gone to school in the South. 'Been a long time, Pete.'

'Longer than that. How's it going, Mike?' Of course it was a stupid question — I knew how it was going with him, but you always say something like that.

'Well —' he said, and stopped. 'Well, not too hot just now. Matter of fact, I was just going up —'

I finished the sentence for him. 'To Oliphant's. You can save shoe leather. It's no dice. I just came from there. If they had ten more chairs in the waiting room there'd be fifty more people trying to sit in them.'

Mike nodded. He wasn't smiling now and I noticed how much older he looked. There were deep lines where there had been shallow lines before, and shallow lines where there'd been no lines at all. It scared me a little. I wondered if I'd changed that much in three years. If it wouldn't have looked silly I'd probably have dashed up to the nearest mirror for an examination. Then I thought that Mike was eight or ten years older than I. He was over forty. I felt better thinking that.

The elevator came down and three men stepped out and through the lobby to the street. They were holding themselves erect and trying to look as if they'd just left their desks for a minute to get some cigarettes. But I saw through that at first glance. Mike did too. They'd been to Oliphant's, like me. And they'd got the same story — nothing right now — damned sorry too, and the first thing that turns up . . . I hoped for their sakes they were experienced enough to take it for what it was worth.

I said, 'I was just going to a joint around the corner for Java and sinkers. Come along.'

'Well,' Mike said, 'I think I'd better make a couple more calls.' And I knew right then he was flatter than I was — which was the height of something. It was the way he said it. Oh, you know lots of things when you're a qualified expert.

'Oh, come on,' I said. 'There's plenty of time. You've got me in a loose moment. The planked porterhouse is on me.'

'I don't want —'

I cut him off and took his arm. I thought: The lines in your face get deeper when you're hungry. 'Let's go,' I said, and we went.

II

The newsboy was calling an extra when we reached the street. It was about

a German sub sinking a big English battleship, eight hundred men lost. I took a look at a headline and shook my head. 'Tough,' I said. 'Very bad stuff. I hope we can keep out of it.' It was just one of those things you automatically said. Everybody said seven times a day they hoped we would keep out of it, so you said it too. It was the fashion. Like 'Twenty-three skiddoo,' or 'How's your old man?'

'What?' Mike said. 'Oh, yes. Sure.' He looked away from me. I steered him off the main drag and down an alley to the coffee-and place. They had good coffee, and a cup with two doughnuts only cost a nickel. I never could see how they did it, but that was their business. It was the best buy in town. They were only particular about one thing — you paid when you got the food, or they took it away. They'd had experience too.

We didn't talk until we'd finished the first coffee-and. Then I ordered two more of the same. There I'd spent twenty cents, cash money, just as if it wasn't a fortune.

Over number two we got to talking about what we'd done in the last three years since the Franklin Corporation days. He'd been around more than I had. That was largely because he wasn't married. He'd picked fruit and washed cars and sold vacuum cleaners and peddled a line of gyp gloves and stockings, and for three months, during the halcyon days of 1937, he'd had a job with a salary with an equipment outfit. A bigger equipment outfit had bought it out and merged, and naturally they had their own staff. It was the old 'Sorry, boys, it's tough, but you can see our position. Don't slam the door — the hinges are weak.'

I told him about me, which wasn't much. He asked how the wife was, and I said the wife was all right. I didn't want to talk about that. It made me think of the impossibility of remodeling an ancient coat for the fifth time, and the look

in her eyes when she passed a window full of fine new clothes. And the big cheerful smile that never vanished when she knew I was looking at her. Once in a while I'd look at her when she wasn't aware of it and it was different then — I turned the subject.

I said, 'This war, now — things are going to perk up. They're doing it already. I saw in the paper yesterday how many guys they figure have gone back to work.'

'Do you know any of those guys?' Mike said.

'Well,' I said, 'well, that doesn't mean anything. It isn't just conversation. It's happening.'

'Sure,' Mike said, 'it's happening. If you know how to do the right things. Or if you know the right people.'

I said, 'When it gets bigger, you won't have to know the right people, and there'll be all kinds of things to do.'

'You're right there. If it gets big enough. And when it does.'

He said that a curious way. I looked at him hard. He was looking down at his empty coffee cup, which he was moving aimlessly about. And he was smiling at it — a sort of fond, far-away smile.

I said, 'I guess you saw some of the big pay during the last war. I was a little too young. The fact is, I was going to military school. I remember hoping to hell it would last long enough for me to get in. We all hoped that.'

Mike said, 'I didn't need the big pay then. I got in the war right off the bat. I joined up with the Canadians.'

He must have been terribly young then, I thought. If I'd been a few years older I'd have probably joined up with the Canadians too, before this country got into it. It seemed great stuff then.

'You were in the wrong army,' I said. 'I understand you couldn't get much out of the Canadian army when you were discharged. *This* army, now — if you had

athlete's foot it was good for a pension. And there was the bonus.'

'Yeah, that's right,' Mike said. 'I was invalided out in 1917 so I never had a chance to get in this army. But the Canadian was a good army. It was as good an army as you could ask for.'

He was still smiling down at his coffee cup, still twisting it about with his fingers. He was thinking a long way back, I knew; probably about buddies long dead, and victories and defeats, and the sound shells made. There had to be a lot of things to think about if you had been in a war — terrible, gruesome things.

Just then the door opened and a news-boy came in. The main headline of the paper said something about neutrality and fresh protests to belligerents. The boy came around trying to sell papers, and everyone passed. I thought that a kid who tried to sell a newspaper for five cents in a joint where you could get coffee and two doughnuts for the same money would never get far ahead in the world. You never get far unless you know how to pick your spots, no matter what you are doing.

'Neutrality,' Mike said. He waited a minute. 'Non-intervention.' He waited another minute. 'Peace.' And he laughed.

It was a queer laugh, low and deep down in the throat. I knew he hadn't been talking to me at all. He had been talking to himself and to space. For the moment he hadn't known I was there, or the Greek, or the counter, or even the coffee cup he twiddled. I was sure of that.

But it made me a little sore, the way he said it. I said, 'Sure. Neutrality, non-intervention, and peace. What's wrong with those things? Do you think we ought to mix up in Europe's messes again?'

'What?' He looked at me then. 'Oh — the hell with Europe. I was thinking of something else. I was thinking about

the army. I had one hell of a fine time in that army.'

'I've heard guys say that,' I said. 'And I've heard other guys say differently. I was never in an army, so I don't know. I'd sure as hell have been in one if the war had lasted two years more. I'd have been sixteen then and could have lied two years and got away with it.'

III

Outside I heard the newsboy calling papers again. All about a debate in Congress and the battleship going down with eight hundred men. I thought about how it must feel to be in Congress with ten thousand a year and maybe some hearty cumsha on the side and be talking to packed galleries about big stuff like foreign policy. You'd have reason to feel pretty proud of yourself. Nobody could blame you for oozing the chest out and pulling the belly in when the camera boys stopped you.

'We had the best times on the other side, of course,' Mike said. 'And going over was good, too. There were supposed to be submarines after us, but nobody worried about that. And there were more blackjack games than I ever saw before or since. I remember the second night out I got lucky. Shooting craps. I had twenty-seven bucks when I started and when I got through I had better than nine hundred. I made seventeen straight passes and never crapped.'

'What did you do with all that dough?'

Mike rolled a cigarette out of the remnants of a package of tobacco. 'I lost most of it before we got there — it was a ten-day voyage. I didn't care. I had no real use for money. And if you needed any there was always someone you could borrow from. And if you had to you could get along fine without it if you played the angles right. Money wasn't much of anything. It's like that when there's a war on and you're in a good army. I guess all armies are pretty

much like that, too. So I've been told.'

'That sure is a funny thing,' I said. 'Money being nothing. I never was in a position where I could feel like that. And never less than now.'

'There was a time in Paris,' Mike said. 'On leave. I was flat broke. I spent my last franc at a bar, and an Australian sergeant asked me to have a drink. When I said no he got tough about it. He said maybe he wasn't good enough to drink with. And I had to tell him why — it was because I was broke and couldn't buy him a drink. He made me take three hundred francs — said he'd been hot in some screwy gambling game the Australians played. He wouldn't take no for an answer — I'd likely see him again sometime, he said, and anyway it didn't make any difference.'

'Did you see him again?'

'No.'

'He must have been a swell guy,' I said. 'You don't meet many like him.'

Mike crushed the end of his cigarette out. He adjusted his necktie — I noticed he had it tied so it wouldn't show the worn part, and that made it too bulky and wide in front. Most people wouldn't have noticed a thing like that, but I always seemed to — at least, for the last few years.

'There are lots of swell guys in armies during a war,' he said.

'That was the good part of it,' I said, and thought it would be good to be on the loose in a town like Paris with a uniform on and no worry at all. No worry about money, that is. 'But there must have been the bad part. Like the food.'

'There was nothing wrong with the food most of the time,' Mike said. 'Only when things were mixed up, like during a battle, and you expect that. And you're too busy to want to sit down to a meal anyway. The rest of the time the food was all right. And there was usually all you could eat of it. Plenty of

hot food, good-tasting food when you were hungry. And you knew you were going to get it. You could think in the middle of the afternoon, "At six o'clock I'm going to eat, all I want to eat." And you always did. And when you were on leave you got your fill of fancy food. It didn't make any difference what it cost. You didn't have to worry about going back broke. You intended to. It was all right, the smart thing to do.'

I said, 'I never thought of it that way. I guess you have to experience it to know what it's like. To get the feel of it.'

Mike rolled another cigarette. He made this one thin — his tobacco was mostly gone. You get so you're awfully careful with tobacco. You brush up the little bits you drop and put them back in the sack. 'Yes, you have to experience it,' he said. 'But you catch on quick. It doesn't take any time at all. I remember fellows who were practically misers their first pay day. Then in a month or so they were right in the swing.'

I could imagine, a little, how that would be. A man can change his habits mighty fast when the circumstances are right. I saw the Greek looking at us and knew he wished we'd leave. Our time was about up — he had sort of a system whereby he gave you so much time, based on what you spent. When he figured you'd had your share he started looking at you. I'd never stayed long enough for him to say anything about it, but I imagined he would if you forced him to it. I didn't blame him. He had a small place and couldn't take a chance on having chairs filled with deadheads in case of a rush.

'But there's the other side of war,' I said to Mike. I wanted to hear about the other side. This one he'd made seem too — well, anyway, I wanted to hear about the other side. 'People getting killed — your friends. And horribly mutilated — I remember a book I saw

once, an illustrated book, about that. It was terrible. I can't describe it to you. And you know you may be next in line. You must think a lot about that.'

'Not after a while,' Mike said. 'You can always reason it out. When you think of all the men that were in the war, the ones that got killed and wounded don't make such a big total. The odds are all with you. And even if you are hit the chances are it will be only a little wound and you'll wind up in a fine hospital with even better food and a soft bed and nurses to look after you and nothing to do but read and smoke and play games — with all the cigarettes and magazines you want, all free, just there for the asking. I know about that. I was in a hospital. And after that I was in a nursing home. That was one hell of a fine place. Mostly garden. They had a cute bunch of nurses. Young kids — not really nurses at all, I suppose. They didn't need real trained nurses there, because no one was that bad off. We weren't supposed to, but we used to take the nurses to entertainments and dances and on walks at night. Nobody kicked. I remember one nurse — her name was Hortense. A hell of a name, but she was a pip. We had a lot of fun. She was green as hell, at the beginning. I was a lieutenant by then and she thought it terribly impressive. She didn't know we were so short of officers practically anyone who could count to ten and hadn't been caught spying for the enemy could get a commission.'

'But there are the other ones, anyway,' I said. 'There are the ones that get killed and badly wounded and mangled. You have to remember that.'

'I remember that, all right,' Mike said. 'But as I told you, it doesn't bother you. Hell, you might walk out of here and get run over by a truck and be killed or paralyzed from now on. You don't let that bother you, do you? If you did you'd be in the booby hatch in a week.'

'Yes,' I said. 'I mean no, I don't worry about that. No one does.' I saw the Greek staring at us again, a little harder now, and I said, 'We'd better move along.' I didn't want him to have to ask us to go because then I'd have been too embarrassed to come back. And it was a place I wanted to be able to come back to. I didn't know of any others like it.

IV

They had a new extra by the time we reached the street — I guess the papers were getting out a dozen editions a day. It would be a swell time to be in the newsprint business, I thought. And probably it would be a good time to be a newspaper man — they must be taking on new people, with all the news they were handling. But I wasn't a newspaper man and that was too bad.

This extra was about some German planes being brought down by the French. Mike slowed up at a corner where a newsboy had a lot of papers stacked and read the big headline and the little heads under it. He was smiling a little when we walked on. I knew what he was thinking about, and it made me feel strange. And at the same time I felt confused. I wanted to leave him and go about my business. And yet I wanted to talk to him some more about the war. It was nice and comfortable, in a certain way, to hear about it. In another way it wasn't nice and comfortable at all. It was a hell of a thing.

At a main intersection Mike stopped. 'Well,' he said, 'I'm going this way. There's another fellow I want to see. He told me last week I should come back and see him about this time.'

'Did he?' I could just hear the fellow saying that in a smooth, accustomed voice. It was like a tune played endlessly on a phonograph. He was probably a good-hearted fellow who didn't want people to be let down too hard. The hard-hearted fellows were really the

easiest on you, though, in the long run. You didn't wear out shoe leather and time running back and forth to their offices. Not that time was important, but shoe leather was. And those soles you get in the dime store for a quarter and glue on yourself aren't much for wear when you're on your feet a lot.

'I think I'll be going along home,' I said. 'It's getting pretty late to see anybody.' And I thought that it would be a nice way to kill an evening to sit around in the flat and talk with Mike. We didn't have very much company. I said, 'I was thinking that you might like to come up to my place. I don't think you ever met my wife. We could have a little something to eat later on and talk.'

Mike said, 'Thanks. I'll take a rain check on that. But I want to see this fellow now. And there's another fellow I can see this evening if nothing comes of that. He works nights.'

I could tell by the way he looked at me that there was no use trying to coax him. He must be even closer to the line than I'd thought. That put him right on top of it, practically.

'Well,' I said, 'I'd like you to come. But some other time, maybe.'

'You bet. Almost any time. We'll be meeting.' He fidgeted a minute, then said, 'Good-bye now.'

I watched him walk away. He didn't walk very fast. I remembered that when we were working together he was a very fast walker.

V

It was an hour's walk to where I lived, and by that time there was another paper out. It was about the French massing many divisions of new troops behind the Maginot Line. Right now, I thought, if it was mealtime in France, they were drinking wine and eating meat stew and crispy French bread. Or if it wasn't mealtime they were drilling or

playing cards in nice warm rooms for which they didn't have to pay any rent. They didn't have a thing to bother them. I remembered seeing pictures of the troop accommodations the Maginot Line afforded. They were mighty good.

There was a pale light burning through our window and I stood outside on the street a moment looking up at it. I thought that Alice was in there, reading one of the old magazines we occasionally bought cheap from a secondhand bookstore down the block, or perhaps getting something ready for dinner, or perhaps washing clothes. I wondered if she was feeling really sick again. I knew she wouldn't let me know if she was — not until she got so sick she couldn't stand. She had gone a few times to the free clinic, but you had to wait in line so long you usually felt worse after you got your treatment. And they acted a certain way, she said — oh, they were nice enough and undoubtedly meant to be kind, but there was something she couldn't explain.

If a guy was in the army, in a war, I thought, the government would take care of his wife — it would have to. She'd be sure of a place to sleep and three meals a day and clothes to wear and medical attention if she needed it. And if you worked in industry during a war you'd get such big wages you wouldn't have to worry about doctor bills — not with a whale of a pay check waiting for you at the cashier's window each Saturday night.

A little wind had come up and the sun had just gone down. It was growing cold. I walked up the three flights of stairs and opened the door. Alice was sitting on the bed, mending something. She came over to me and I kissed her.

I said, 'How do you feel, ugly-mug?'

'Fine, quince-puss. Just fine.'

I knew she lied like hell. I turned away so she wouldn't see by my face that

I knew she lied. It was better that way. There wasn't a thing I could do about it. All I could do was make her think that her faking was going over a hundred per cent.

She didn't say anything more. I knew she was waiting for me to tell about the day. She never asked any more — at first, we had made a habit of talking it all over together, laughing like blazes at the funny places I'd gone and the screwy people I'd met. Now she just waited for me to tell her what had happened. She knew as well as I did that there was no good news — if there had been I'd have naturally been yelling it out before I was halfway through the door. But she waited anyway. It was the new habit.

'Nothing doing,' I said. I sat down in the chair and looked at the wall. I noticed that she had scrubbed the woodwork. Pretty soon I'd get some paint and paint it and that would make the place look a whole lot better, I thought. 'But the fellow at Oliphant's was encouraging. He said he wouldn't forget. He's a damned nice fellow.'

'That's good,' she said.

Then I began talking about Mike. I knew perfectly well I shouldn't, knowing how she felt about such things, but I couldn't help doing it. My mind was full of what he had said. I wanted to get it out of my mind. So I talked about it.

'I ran into a fellow I used to work with today,' I said. 'Fellow by the name of Mike Ferguson. A hell of a good man. Matter of fact, we dissipated and had coffee and sinkers together. We got to talking about the war — he was in the last one, all the way through almost, and it was interesting to listen to him — you know, get the stuff at first hand.'

'The war?' Alice said. I caught the horror in her voice. Nobody hated what war meant more than she. And yet, damned fool that I was, I kept on going. It's funny how a thing can get you — get

you so you can't stop, even when you want to.

'People who don't know war have a lot of wrong ideas about it,' I said. 'When you come to think of it, it's got its points. If they don't draft you, you get in the big money with some job. And if they do, you're all fixed up anyway. Not a thing to worry about, and your three squares a day regular as the clock.'

I heard her move. I heard her draw in her breath, sharply. I didn't look at her. I went on talking, a little fast now, maybe.

'Not that I'm for war, understand. Not for a second. But you might as well look at a thing whole whether you like it or not. If a guy gets sick in war there's the best doctors in the world to fix him up. He goes to the best hospitals and gets the last word in attention. If his shoes wear out he just asks for some new ones and he doesn't get no for an answer. Every month he gets a little pay, and if he happens to run short there's always friends around to tide him over. Soldiers

are generous with their money, Mike said; they know there's plenty more where it came from and they don't have to be close-fisted. And if a man has dependents the government —'

That's when she spoke. She said a curious thing, in a hard, low voice. 'This is what it's done to you,' she said. I looked up at her. I stood up. She was standing against the wall near the bed and her face was white. 'This is what it's done to you,' she said, again.

'Wait a second,' I said. 'Hold it. Don't get excited. What's done what to me? I'm just the same.'

I never tried so hard in my life to be convincing. I never talked so long or so fast, putting everything I had and more into it. She'd got me all wrong; I said it over and over, she'd got me all wrong. 'Hell,' I said, 'pull yourself together, darling; you've got it all mixed up —'

It didn't do any good. She just sat there and cried. I couldn't convince her at all. And I knew all along, really, that I couldn't.

THEY MEND THE HEART

BY RUFUS M. JONES

I

IN the old Norse legend Thor tried to empty the drinking horn in the games of Utgard, but he could not drain it, though he tried long and fiercely. Again he tried to lift a gigantic cat, but with all his godlike strength he could not raise the cat from the ground. He failed because the horn which he tried to drain was under the endless ocean and the cat which he endeavored to lift was embedded in the whole created world. If you start asking why the Quakers are feeding children in Spain, or why they are training Jewish refugees in Cuba for agricultural life on the land, you find yourself forced back to a deeper question: why it has been and is second nature for Quakers to take up the burden of the world's suffering. That in turn takes you back to a previous question: who were the spiritual ancestors of these peculiar people who used to be supposed to 'quake,' and why did these forerunners practise gentle and tender ways of life? And there are similar questions behind each one that is asked. Furthermore, in like manner there seems to be no end to the sufferings of the world, and it appears to be as difficult to remove that burden as it was for Thor to lift the world.

The most obvious 'forerunners' of the Quakers were the spiritual reformers in Germany, Holland, France, Spain, and Italy in the first half of the sixteenth century. Their spirit and their outlook on the world of men were formed by a fusion of the long mystical strain of

life with the noble humanism of Erasmus, touched with fresh passion and fervor by the recovery of the New Testament as a live creative force. The book of greatest formative influence after the Bible was the anonymous *Golden Book of German Theology*, whose unknown writer said, 'I would fain be to the eternal God what a man's hand is to the man.' That aspiration to serve and bless runs like a thread of light through all the little books and tracts which these lonely and hunted reformers of the sixteenth century wrote. 'We must hate everything that hinders love,' Hans Denck, the first of them, wrote. 'Apart from God no one can either seek or find God, for he who seeks God has already in truth found Him,' he wrote a hundred years before Pascal wrote his famous, often quoted phrase. 'To burn a man is not to prove a doctrine true; it is to burn a man.' Thus the French spiritual reformer, Sebastian Castellio, had written to Calvin when Servetus was burned in Geneva.

The ideas and aspirations of these men for a new order of society and for a return to the Headwaters of Christian Faith and Love came to life again in the period of the Civil War in England. John Everard and his friends translated many of the books of these spiritual reformers and sent them out like winged seeds to germinate in the quickened soil of that awakened epoch. Little mystical groups were formed in many parts of England. Cromwell's army was power-

fully 'infected' with novel hopes and aspirations, and just when the Puritans found their chance to remould the Church according to their hearts' desire they found themselves confronted with a swarm of independent sects and with a leaven of free aspirations. Out of this fermentation, in the years from 1646 to 1652, the Quaker movement came to birth under the leadership of George Fox, who absorbed the mystical yearnings and the social aspirations of the epoch, and gave them a reincarnation in his powerful personality. He furnished, too, a typical form of organization for their growth and spread and permanent expression.

Fox is a peculiarly interesting instance of a union of mystical experience of God with a powerful passion for humanitarian service. 'I knew God experimentally,' he says. 'I was as one who hath the key that opens.' 'I was taken up into the love of God.' 'I saw that there was an ocean of darkness and death, but I *saw* that there was an infinite Ocean of light and life and love which flows over the ocean of darkness; and in that I saw the infinite love of God.' 'The Lord's power is now as in the days of the Apostles.' 'I saw the light of Christ that it shines through all.' This extraordinary spiritual optimism went out with Fox into expression in corresponding action. He felt as his contemporary Gerard Winstanley did, when he wrote: 'My mind was not at rest because nothing was acted; and thoughts ran in me that words and writings are nothing and must die; for action is the life of all and *if thou dost not act thou dost nothing*.' From the very beginning of his mission, Fox *acted*.

He gave his ideals hands and feet as well as voice. 'The seed of God,' he said, 'must be atop of the Devil and all his works.' It was fitting, therefore, that his last words as he was dying should be: 'I am clear; I am fully clear. All is well. The seed of God reigns over

all.' This mystical passion for the Ocean of light and life and love to flow over the oceans of darkness somehow got into the blood of the Quaker movement. The pillar Quakers of all the historical periods have revealed it as the deep spring and dynamic of their lives. William Penn, John Bellers, John Woolman, Anthony Benezet, Elizabeth Fry, William Allen, Moses Brown, and John Greenleaf Whittier are only striking folio specimens of a long line of humbler octavo and duodecimo Quakers who have toiled at the practical solution of the human problems of life. One instance out of the life of John Woolman indicates, as well as any testimony I can cite, the important fact that in all Quaker service the spirit behind the deed is more significant than the deed itself.

Woolman heard that the Indians on the Susquehanna, in the western part of the Pennsylvania colony, were on the warpath, and he had a 'leading' from God to go on horseback to have a Quaker meeting with them. He was so scared that his legs trembled when he mounted his horse, but he nevertheless went, and when he got out on the banks of the Susquehanna he met the Indians in war paint and feathers going on a scalping party. He found the chief there and asked him to call the men back because he wanted to hold a Quaker meeting with them. They sat for a long period in silence, and then Woolman said his few words that he had come to say. Afterwards he overheard an Indian talking to the chief and saying to him, 'I always love to feel where words come from.'

It is not so much what one says as the spirit behind the words that the Indian meant when he said, 'I always love to feel where words come from.' Behind everything the Quakers have done there has always been the deeper spirit that expressed itself in the deeds. They never practise mere philanthropy, doling out money, food, or other forms of relief. They endeavor to share in the

sufferings with the people who suffer. They plan always to enter into the hard situations that exist, to work alongside those who are in agony, and, if possible, to change the stubborn conditions by the impact of a new spirit of faith and confidence. They aim to take up the burden of human suffering, to feel from within its weight, and, if possible, to relieve it by their efforts. Woolman has expressed very clearly this principle in his account of the visit to the Indians. 'Love,' he wrote, 'was the first motion and thence a concern arose to spend some time with the Indians, that *I might feel and understand their life and the spirit they live in*, if haply I might receive some instruction from them, or they might be in any degree helped forward by my following the leading of truth among them.' That passage presents with a touch of genius the 'motion' and intention behind the Quaker service in this present period.

II

The American Friends Service Committee, which has been the major instrument for the Quaker relief work of the last twenty-two years, had its birth in April of 1917. We selected a first unit of one hundred young men and trained them during the summer at Haverford College for a great variety of activities, and in the autumn we took them into the destroyed areas of Northern France, where they joined with the English Quakers in reconstructing the villages of those desolated regions. We built up two factories in eastern France, and the French Government gave us the tops of the trees that had been cut down to get planks for the trenches. We sawed them into boards, and in these factories made portable houses. We put the houses on trains and carried them into the war zone. There our boys put up the *démontable* houses, brought the peasants back, reorganized village life, took care of the children and the civilian population, ploughing their fields, reaping and

threshing their grain, with a constantly growing group of workers. A letter from one of the workers, written just after the German drive of 1918 had swept over a part of the area that had been reconstructed, shows intimately the effect of the work on these peasants who had to be evacuated and also on the workers themselves.

'We went to mend houses; but the reason we wanted to mend houses was that it would give us a chance to try to mend hearts. Much of our work on the houses has been lost; but I do not believe that any amount of cannonading will break down whatever influence we had on these people's hearts. We cannot say *how much* cheerfulness, hope, and love we brought them — surely *some* reached them. I believe it possible that even now, when their troubles are keener than ever, their experience with us boys may somehow be giving them a little mental comfort. However that may be, the whole perplexing question of our coming will remain in the back of their minds. From time to time it will claim attention until finally a light dawns, until they finally realize why we came — why we crossed the ocean voluntarily, why we worked without pay, why in order to do this we were willing to leave our homes and our professions and take up jobs we never tried before. And when this answer once comes to them it will never be forgotten; in the intimate traditions of these families will be handed down the account of the little group of men who worked for strangers because of their belief in the Great Brotherhood.'

A man in Illinois who went to hear Abraham Lincoln debate with Stephen Douglas at Alton said: 'Things looked onsartin. 'Peared like I had more'n I could stand up under. But he hadn't spoken more'n ten minutes afore I felt like I never had no load. I began to feel ashamed o' bein' weary an' complainin'.' Something like that feeling penetrated these war-worn people as these eager hopeful young Quakers lived among

them, suffered with them, and worked by their side.

When the war was over the Quakers were asked to remain in France and undertake the temporary reconstruction of the villages in the terribly devastated Verdun District, which included much of the Argonne Forest. We had at that time nearly six hundred workers in the field, who rebuilt the villages in that region with *démontable* houses, with a schoolhouse for each village, planted little orchards, and supplied each family with a pair of goats or rabbits or chickens. We finally, after much dickering, bought the five great American army 'dumps' of tools and equipment in that area and sold the material at an insignificant price to the peasants. With the profits that came from these sales we built and equipped the new maternity hospital at Châlons-sur-Marne.

For this undertaking we secured from the French officials a loan of two hundred German prisoners who were stranded there, waiting for peace to be made. When the work was finished we photographed each one of these prisoners, got their home addresses, and sent three of our workers over to Germany. They hunted out every single home, presented the photograph of the prisoner, told the family all about his condition, and then put down on the table the amount of money he would have earned if he had been working for wages during the period. The effect of this visit was electric on the German families involved, and it was an excellent preparation for our next undertaking, which was the feeding of the German children who were brought to a desperate condition by the blockade, continued after the war was over. This feeding program was undertaken at the request of Herbert Hoover in the spring of 1920, was continued for four years, and is the most extensive piece of relief we have so far carried on.

All the children of Germany were medically examined, and those who were most seriously affected by the long-

continued underfeeding were given nourishing food, usually in the school buildings. Forty thousand Germans were employed in the operation under our committee, and at the highest point we fed 1,200,000 children per day. Herbert Hoover helped us to secure the vast funds needed, and General Henry Allen, on his return from Germany with the American army of occupation, went out and raised three million dollars for this work. This was the period when German money collapsed, when there was a widespread state of confusion and discouragement everywhere in that country, and this work of health and healing came as a breath of life and love from another world. A little boy in Frankfurt expressed what many felt. Coming home from school one night, he said to his mother: 'I was almost killed in the street by a motorcar, but a kind Quaker man ran into the street and saved me from the car.' The mother asked how he knew it was a Quaker, and the boy said: 'I thought it was always Quakers that saved little boys.'

III

When the American Red Cross finished its work in France it turned over to us its fleet of cars and trucks, which enabled us to undertake relief work which otherwise we could not have done. The English Quakers were the first agency to bring relief into Vienna, where at the time 60 per cent of the children had serious rickets, with many more in a less serious stage. We soon joined them with our stock of cars. There was no milk to be had, and our workers bought and brought into the city eight hundred cows and organized a milking squad. The Quaker boys went to Hungary with their cars and brought in coal to keep the furnace fires going in the hospitals. We have been in Vienna ever since, where we have helped to care for the families that were wrecked by the successive revolutions and have been able

to assist those who were forced to migrate as a result of the *Anschluss*.

When the Polish citizens fled before the German and Austrian armies and were interned in the Samara District of Russia, early in the war, English Quakers sent out a unit of workers to assist them to maintain their lives there. We sent a group of American Quakers in 1917 to help in this work. When the Polish refugees got back to Poland after the war was over they found everything gone, almost no houses, no horses to plough their ground. Even if they had had horses they could not have dragged a plough through the briars and bushes that had grown up. The chief of the Polish refugees sent a letter to America for help. This is what he put on the envelope: 'Quakers, America.' That is all. It came to our office. He asked if we could send over a unit to reorganize their agriculture. We picked out tractor men from Western farms and sent a body of workers over to run the tractors and plough the fields, to start the peasants off. Then came an outbreak of typhus fever, and the English and American Quakers formed an anti-typhus unit. When one of the beloved Quaker women of this unit died of the fever the Polish Roman Catholics, who had learned to love her, wanted to have her buried in the sacred ground of the cemetery, but as she had not been baptized the priest decided that this was impossible. They therefore did the next best thing. They dug her grave just outside against the fence, and in the night somebody out of love took down the fence and bulged it out around her grave.

During the great Russian famine, when Herbert Hoover took charge of the American Relief to Russia, we handled the relief work in the Samara District and remained in Russia for some years afterward, engaged especially in child relief. When our first drayload of cod-liver oil came into Moscow one of the barrels was leaking and the children saw it and ran with dippers and caught

the dripping cod-liver oil, which they eagerly drank.

During President Hoover's administration there came an extensive breakdown of the soft-coal industry in our own country, which left many thousands of miners' families in abject want. President Hoover invited us to take charge of relief in the regions affected. He assisted us with funds which the Red Cross supplemented, and we undertook to feed the children in the schools as we had done in Germany. But we quickly discovered that something more than feeding was necessary. There were multitudes of families in such desperate straits that they could not go on living, and so we had a vastly bigger job on our hands than we had realized. We slowly worked out plans for rehabilitating these coal miners. We selected a small number of men, bought little farms for them, and arranged them in communities, organizing various industries so that they could supplement what they could get from their small farms. We started such industries as the making of furniture and various forms of metal things for gifts, and we organized the sale of these so that the experimental communities are becoming self-supporting.

Every summer we organize work camps in various parts of the country, in areas of economic conflict, where groups of college youth do a constructive piece of manual labor for the community and are brought into close contact with the issues involved and with the persons who represent the various aspects of the situation. More than eight hundred young persons have worked in these camps. Last summer a group of American boys joined a similar group of Mexican boys and built a schoolhouse in a Mexican village. The Peace Section of the Service Committee maintains and manages ten Institutes for the Study of International Relations each summer. They are held at college or university centres in different parts of the United

States and have a large attendance of students.

When the day of broken glass in Germany, November 10, 1938, put 35,000 Jews into concentration camps, destroyed synagogues and business shops, and closed the relief stations for those who were oppressed and without funds, we endeavored to secure permission to take relief supplies to Germany. We were unable to secure permission by cable, and three of us went over in December to find out the actual conditions and, if possible, get permission to administer relief. We endeavored to go without any publicity, but the press got wind of our mission, gave it imaginative color and significance, and to our regret heralded our coming before we arrived. However, we secured from German officials permission to investigate the amount of actual suffering and to bring the necessary relief. The Quaker Commissioners who followed up this visit have rendered extensive service in Germany and have assisted a great many persons to migrate to homes in other parts of the world. We have a hostel in Iowa for preparing refugees to take their place in American life, and from it as a centre have operated a placement service for that area. We also have a hostel and training centre in Cuba. We have established a centre in Shanghai, and we hope to be able to bring aid to both Chinese and German refugees there, though it must of necessity be inadequate.

Throughout the Civil War in Spain we have had units of English and American workers on both sides of the fighting lines, giving care and food to many thousands of children. And now amid great difficulties we are trying to do what can be done to assist the refugee Spanish children who are stranded in France. Money and supplies for this Spanish work came from many sources in Europe and America, and the Surplus Commodities Corporation in this country gave large contributions of wheat and flour.

IV

In all this work the Quakers, who are in numbers a feeble folk, have received generous contributions from known and unknown donors of all communions and of none, and of almost all races and colors. Their work has always been carried on without any distinction of race or creed or political party, and has always been received with warm and tender love, answering the love that came to give.

What is needed most now in our distraught world is a new spirit of life, an understanding mind, a profounder faith in eternal realities, wider human confidence in one another, and less glorification of abstract ideologies. The world moves so slowly toward these supreme issues of life.

'Will you walk a little faster?' said a whiting to a snail,

'There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail!'

We need now a new type of vernal equinox which will melt the hate out of human hearts rather than the ice out of our lakes and rivers, and which will start the shoots and buds into life in men's souls rather than on the trees and shrubs of the landscape. Perhaps somebody will have enough wisdom and insight and influence to bring these wars now raging to an end before the youth of promise are killed off, before the resources of Europe are exhausted and civilization is overwhelmed under the debris. God's allies are our

. . . exultations, agonies,

And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

Some day — not too far off, I hope — the storms of battle will be over and the fogs of hate will pass, and then there will come the most important world-building tasks we have ever known for a restored humanity, relighting the lamps that have gone out. It will call for faith and hope and love as well as wisdom, and it will call for persons who can be to the Eternal God what a man's hand is to a man.

POEMS

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

NOT YET

‘Nor love me? Even yet?’ half-dreaming, I
whispered and said.
Untarnished, truth-clear eyes; averted,
lovely head:
It was thus she had looked and had listened, how often,
before she was dead.

STILL LIFE

BOTTLE, coarse tumbler, a loaf of bread,
Cheap paper, lean long kitchen knife:
Nothing of story, sermon or text;
No question of why, or whither, or if;
Just workaday objects put in paint —
Bottle and tumbler, loaf and knife;
And absorbed, round-spectacled Chardin’s
Passion for life.

JOY

THIS little smiling Boy
Stretched out his hands to me,
Saying his name was Joy;
Saying all things that seem
Beautiful, wise and true
Never need fade while he
Drenches them through and through
 with witchery,
Told me that Love's clear eyes
Pools were without the sky,
Earth without Paradise
Were he not nigh;
Even that Sorrow is
Him in a dark disguise;
And tears light-bright because
Sprung from his eyes.

Then went he singing on
Just like a child, and O
All his sweet converse done,
Where could I go?
What could I do
But seek him up and down —
Thicket and thorn and fell —
Till night in gloom came on
Unpierceable?
And lo, unmoved yet pale
Stepped from the dark to me,
Voiced like the nightingale,
Masked, weeping, He.

THE PURPOSE OF BIOGRAPHY

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

I

'WHAT is biography for? What useful purpose does it serve? Why should one write it? What is its actual importance in the field of literature? Above all, what is autobiography for, and what proper motive might one have for writing it?'

I put these questions to one of my literary acquaintances the other day, in the hope of clearing my own mind. It has once or twice been suggested to me (as I suppose it has been suggested to everybody who has ever published anything) that I should write the biography of this-or-that eminent person. My instinct promptly jibbed at the suggestion; and in each case, after dallying with the idea awhile, I threw it over. Then latterly, while looking into one or two current biographies, I was moved to wonder what prompted my instinct. Was it the consciousness of incapacity or of laziness or of both? Probably both, to a degree; yet I thought there must be a little more to it than that, because I had already caught myself pondering the question why these biographies had been written. I could not see that they served any purpose worth serving; they seemed to me to be addressed mostly to a vulgar and prying inquisitiveness; and this in turn led me to raise the questions which I subsequently put to my literary friend.

We finally agreed, my friend and I, that the legitimate function of modern biography (and *a fortiori* of autobiography) is to help the historian. We recalled the fact that biography, as now understood, is comparatively a new thing

in our literature. Neither of us could put our finger on an example of it earlier than the seventeenth century. In principle, modern biography is an objective account of the life of one man. It begins with his birth, ends with his death, and includes every item of detail which has any actual or probable historical significance. All collateral matter which goes in by way of 'setting' should be cut down to what is in distinct and direct relation to that one man. In principle, above all, modern biography admits of nothing tendentious, nor does it admit of the puffing out or slighting of detail to any degree beyond what the author, in all good faith and conscience, believes the historical importance of that detail would warrant.

If biographical practice followed principle, obviously, fewer biographies would be written, far fewer autobiographies, and far fewer of either would be generally read; the only person likely to profit by them would be the historian. Things being as they are, however, commercial considerations intervene between principle and practice, as they always do. Publishers look with a jaundiced eye on a biography which in their view is not 'readable'; and their view of what is readable is set by what experience has shown to be the terms of popular demand. The author, under a double pressure to produce a readable book, — for most authors are not above some little thought of profit, — sees that the satisfaction of these terms is quite

incompatible with a devotion to principle, and proceeds accordingly.

Hence, as a rule, the actual practice of modern biography is heavily sophisticated in response to the extremely unwholesome terms of a lively popular demand for that type of literature. Like our practice of fiction, it aims to hit the lowest common denominator of taste and intelligence among its potential public. This procedure is bad. For the writer, it is bad in two ways. First, because it tempts him to pick subjects which, from the historical point of view, are not worth a biography; and this category, as I shall presently show, includes some of the most eminent names. Second, the current low conception of what makes a book readable tempts him continually to a culpable misplacement of emphasis among the various orders of fact with which he deals. To cite an extreme instance, some time ago I read a wretched misshapen sketch of a great musician's life. All I got out of it which I did not already know was that this musician had the habit of using very filthy language. Evidences of this habit were scattered so overliberally throughout the volume as to make one think the thing had been written expressly to air them.

For the reader as well as the writer, the sophistication of biography is bad; and this also in two ways. First, because it acquaints the public, often with great overemphasis, with a variety of matters which not only are devoid of historical significance, but also are preëminently none of the public's business. This stiffens the reader in his congenital resentment of privacy, his share in the vulgar assumption, so odiously overdeveloped in the United States and so powerfully encouraged by the dominant influences in our public life — the assumption that anybody's doings are everybody's business by full right and title. I do not speak of matters which might be thought questionable, but of those in general which are in their nature

one's own concern, and none other's. If the subject 'wore a checked shirt and a number-nine shoe, and had a pink wart on his nose,' he was within his rights; it was nobody's business, the fact has no historical value whatever, and a disquisition on it, however 'readable,' has no place in a biography.

Second, the vogue of commercial biography is bad for the reader because it fosters the erroneous notion that knowing something *about* a subject, or even knowing a great deal about him, is the same thing, or just as good, as knowing the subject himself; and here comes in the case of those biographers whose subject is simply not worth a biography, and will not support one. To know Thoreau, for example, is an inestimable privilege, and anyone may have it; it is got in the most direct and simplest possible way by reading his works, and it cannot be got in any other way. All that is worth anyone's knowing *about* Thoreau can be got in five minutes out of any good encyclopædia. Reading the biographical portions of Mr. Canby's recent book, therefore, if I may say so, makes one feel like Mr. Weller's charity-boy at the end of the alphabet. Among other matters, for instance, Mr. Canby has dredged up evidence tending to show that Thoreau was not indifferent to female society; well, what of it? The fact, if it be a fact, has no historical importance; and either in liking the ladies or in disliking them he was quite within his rights, and it is none of the public's business. It may be said that the curiosity stirred by this order of research will egg people on to reading Thoreau, and thus put them in the way of actually knowing him. This seems to me highly improbable; they are far more likely to rest on an *Ersatz*-knowledge vamped up out of what Mr. Canby tells them, and let it go at that. In fact, I suspect that the popular appetite for 'readable' biography is symptomatic not only of a low and prurient curiosity, but also, when this motive is not dominant, of a wish

to live exclusively on predigested cultural food, which no one can do. A passive and workless *Ersatz*-knowledge of illustrious men seems to me to reflect our national ideals of a passive and workless *Ersatz*-education, a passive and workless *Ersatz*-culture; ideals which we are beginning to see are illusory.

In the case of any subject, no matter how eminent, most of the minutæ of his day-to-day existence are of no earthly importance to the historian. Even at this early date Lord Morley's biography of Gladstone, a classical example, free from any taint of commercialism, reminds us that Time is a great winnower, and we are driven to wonder whether some other literary form might in general be more serviceable; or whether, as a compromise measure, an alternative might be found in amending our practice by laying down the rule that a subject's private activities, his character, and his relations of whatever kind, are insignificant except as they affect his public activities, character and relations, and that the sound biographer should distribute his space accordingly.

Matters which are in themselves minutæ may take on an adventitious importance to the historian by reason of consequences accruing from them to the public. There can be no doubt of that. Disregard of it is what has vitiated a great deal of earlier biography, and has led to the vogue of debunking, now happily on the wane. Unless the subject is contemporary, however, or nearly so, the biographer is in as good a position as the historian to understand this and to make all proper discriminations. A sound biographer of Priam's son, for example, would anticipate the historian of Ilium with a pretty full account of his dallyings with the skittish Helen; so, *mutatis mutandis*, would a sound biographer of Louis XV, or of Napoleon III. On the other hand, none of the first Napoleon's adventures in Mrs. Chikno's 'roving and uncertificated line,' though they seem to have been both enterprising

and extensive, is worth a button to history, and therefore the sound biographer would finish off the whole assortment in about three agate lines. That George Washington was a man of sin — that he swore, drank whiskey, gambled, went to dances, infested the theatre, chased the light-o'-loves, smoked cigarettes, or whatever it was that the debunkers lay to his charge — this seems to have had no bearing on his public activities, and is therefore nothing for the sound biographer to waste space on. That he was a land-speculator and land-jobber did bear heavily on his public activities, and a sound biographer would take all due notice of it.

Matthew Arnold left an explicit request that he should not be the subject of a biography. No doubt his unfailing critical sense told him that there was nothing in the circumstances of his life to make a biography worth the paper it was written on. A recent effort made in disregard of his wish — and made, one must say, in execrably bad taste — shows clearly that this may well have been the case. Like Thoreau, he was a public figure in but one capacity, that of a man of letters. One may know him intimately and profitably through his works, — there is no other way, — but what one may know or not know *about* him is of no importance. Joseph Butler, the great bishop of Durham, took extraordinary care to baffle what we who are bred on the ideals of journalism and the cinema call 'personal publicity.' All that is known *about* him is that he rode around his diocese on a black pony, rode very fast, and was scandalously imposed upon by beggars. Yet one may know Butler intimately, say through the *Rolls Sermons*, and thereby make a valuable acquaintance, even for these days of so much supposititious enlightenment on religious matters. I have often thought it is unfortunate that so many of us are contemptuous of 'the old religion' without knowing the best that the old religion could do. Knowing the

Goethe of the *Conversations* is an imperishable benefit, but how much is there to know about Goethe that is worth knowing or is anyone's business to know? I think very little. Recent publications have settled me in the firm belief that one who knows Ruskin, Emerson, Coleridge, intimately, but knows nothing about them, is far ahead of one who knows all about them, but does not know them. Knowing Homer and Shakespeare is certainly something; but all that anyone actually knows about Shakespeare can be written on a postcard, and nobody knows even where or when Homer was born.

All I have been saying about biography bears with even greater force on autobiography because it is harder to assess the actual importance of one's own doings and adventures in life than it is to deal in the same disinterested fashion with those of others. There is greater difficulty in drawing the line firmly between matters of legitimate private interest and those of legitimate public interest. My friend Mr. Villard's recent book called *Fighting Years* is of great value to the historian of his period, — I know of none more valuable, — but only after Mr. Villard does finally get around to talking about his fighting years. What precedes this (counting in a few later lapses from objectivity) comes roughly to a fourth of the book; it deals with matters which are of highly justifiable interest to Mr. Villard and his family, to me and the rest of his friends, but which are of no legitimate interest to the public — they are indeed none of the public's business. One wishes that Mr. Villard had resolutely forgone all notion of an autobiography, struck into his subject at the point where his fighting years began, and cast his book in the form of memoirs. As an inveterate reformer, if he had wished — as I think he might well have done — to show 'how he got that way,' he could have done it easily in an introductory paragraph.

I have seen in my time — a rather

long time, as man's life goes — only one specimen of this type of literature which seemed to me flawless. One could do no better than let it serve as a structural model for both biography and autobiography, and I therefore feel justified in speaking of it somewhat at length as such. I came on it only lately, about six months ago. It is not the work of a writer, a man of letters, or even one of more than moderate literary attainments. It is the work of a Russian musician.

II

Rimsky-Korsakov, Nikolai Andreyevitch, commenced his autobiography in 1876, when he was thirty-two years old. He ended it in 1906, two years before his death. He worked at it at long intervals; ten years elapsed between the first and second chapters, six between the second and third, eleven between the seventh and eighth. He died in 1908; his widow brought out the book in 1909, suppressing certain passages, and a second edition came out in 1910. An English translation, said to be excellent, was made by Mr. Joffe from this second edition, and was published, I think in 1923, by Mr. A. A. Knopf. I have not seen it. A third Russian edition appeared in 1928, edited by the composer's son, Andrei Nikolaivitch, who restored the passages which had been cut out of the two editions preceding.

Like Thoreau, Rimsky-Korsakov was in one capacity, and one only, a public figure. In all other respects his life, like Thoreau's, had not a single feature of legitimate interest to the public. The first signal merit of his book lies in its clear, consistent consciousness that the public was entitled to the fullest information about everything which bore directly or indirectly on the author's character and activities as a musician, and was not entitled to any information about anything which had any other bearing. The book's fidelity to this sound principle is amazing. My copy of

it runs to three hundred closely-printed pages, and I have scanned it line by line for some sign of departure or wavering, but I have not found one.

The domestic 'setting' of the author's birth and infancy is a matter of ten lines. His father played the piano (an old one) by ear; so did an uncle, who could not read music, but was 'very musical,' though the father seems to have had the better musical memory. The author's mother habitually slowed down the tempo of the songs she sang to him in his childhood; this was an 'odd trait,' and the author has the notion that he may have inherited this tendency from her. This is all we are told of either parent's biography. He does not mention the name of his father or mother, or say a word about their families or forbears. In the second chapter he gives his father a paragraph of praise, but it is only by way of showing that, in spite of their *ancien régime* distaste for a musical career, his parents disinterestedly did their best for him.

The author had a wife, 'an excellent musician,' and has nothing to say about her in any other capacity. He does mention her name, but he had to do that in order to distinguish her from a sister who was a singer; she was a pianiste, and they often appeared together. He had children; the birth of a son gets half a line. They are brought into the narrative only as some incident — for example, the illness of a son or the death of a daughter — had this-or-that effect on some musical project which was under way. The incident itself gets bare mention; we do not know what ailed the boy or what carried off the girl. The author's own indispositions are brought in vaguely to account for some difficulty with his music; 'pain in the head, a feeling of pressure,' worried him at the Marinsky's rehearsal of his fairy-ballet *Mlada*. There is collateral evidence that the author was genuinely fond of the four friends and comrades who had valiantly weathered through the terrible

Sturm und Drang period of Russian music in the last quarter of the century; yet see how the book takes the death of the one perhaps closest to him: —

On the sixteenth of February, 1887, very early in the morning, I was taken by surprise when V. V. Stassov came to my door in a great state of agitation, saying 'Borodin is dead!' . . . I shall not describe the emotion of us all. What would become of *Prince Igor* and his other incomplete or unpublished works? Stassov and I went at once to the dead man's apartment, and carried off all his manuscripts to my house.

Twice, in going through the book, the reader may think he has caught the author napping, but he will be wrong. In the first chapter Rimsky-Korsakov has a bit to say about his love for the sea, and about an older brother who is a lieutenant in the navy. This seems irrelevant, but in the next chapter we find the author himself in the Naval College, on his way to becoming an officer; and this in turn is introductory to the account of sixteen years of effort to drive the two careers in double harness, and of the one's reactions upon the other. Again, in the sixteenth chapter he waxes lyrical to the extent of nine lines, praising rural joys of the truly old-fashioned Russian village of Stelovo, where he spent the summer of 1880; but you see the point when you turn a page and discover that in those two-and-a-half months he composed the whole of *Snegourootchka*. Writing in the period 1894–1896, almost at the end of his life, he says that 'up to this present time I have never finished off any work so easily and rapidly.' He recalled the delights of Stelovo because they had a conspicuous bearing on music. The trees, the river, fruits, flowers, the incessant song of birds — 'all this was in some sort of harmony with my leanings towards pantheism, and my love for the subject of *Snegourootchka*.'

Another merit of the book, as great as the first, is born of the author's clear understanding that its sole function is that

of helping the historian of Russian music. Everything that would help the historian is there, and nothing is there which would confuse him, waste his eyesight, or arouse his distrust. To show that this is so would take more space than I can afford. I can only suggest that those who are thinking of doing something with biography should get a copy of the book and make a careful study of it from this point of view.

But to help the historian, the biographer must be objective; he must resolutely keep prepossession from laying traps for the historian's feet. The third great merit of Rimsky-Korsakov's book is that it perfectly meets this requirement; one does not see how objectivity could be carried further. This is the more remarkable, perhaps, because the book, like Mr. Villard's, is a record of 'fighting years.' It deals with a violent æsthetic rebellion which Mr. Ernest Newman, in his superb *Musical Critic's Holiday*, admirably compares with the great Florentine revolt against musical orthodoxy in 1600; yet nowhere in the book can I find the trace of a single biased judgment, a single prepossession. I would have the intending biographer go through it once more, and study it carefully from this point of view.

A fourth signal merit is that Rimsky-Korsakov always 'comes across.' He never butters up a person or a situation, and on the other hand, he never exaggerates anything unfavorable to either. He says exactly all that should be said, but never a word more. In this respect his work stands in vivid and gratifying contrast to all the attempts at autobiography that I have seen in recent years; they do not quite come across. The five Russian rebels were very young, going on for thirty; being young, they were ardent, irrepressible, aggressive. The leading spirit, Balakirev, was the only one who could pretend to anything like a professional knowledge of music, and he had next to none. Let the reader notice Rimsky-Korsakov's treatment of

Balakirev throughout, and especially the marvelous summing-up of his influence on his comrades. The others were rank amateurs; two of them were notable, however, in their proper professions. The half-French Cui was a distinguished engineer-officer in the army, and Borodin was a distinguished physician and chemist. Moussorgsky was an officer in the Preobrazhensky regiment, but presently left the army, and became a functionary in the civil service, in the Department of Forests.¹ Not one of them was a trained musician. They really did not know what they wanted, what they were driving at, and knew even less of how to drive at it. To deal disinterestedly with matters like these is something of an achievement — let the reader observe how Rimsky-Korsakov deals with them. Not a word is said about anyone's personal character, qualities or habits, except as bearing on music; then what is said is said in full, and with complete objectivity. Balakirev went to pieces, Moussorgsky drank too much, Borodin's household was in continual disorder; well, that was that, and its effect upon their productivity was such-and-such. Alone among critics, Stassov gave the rebels enthusiastic support; its effect was this-and-that. He had certain critical defects; the outcome of them was so-and-so.

III

Is it perhaps possible that our writers are overdoing biography a little? Is not autobiography, coarsened and discolored by commercialism as it is, being rather recklessly overdone among us? I fear so. I have before me now a letter from someone who proposes to write a biography of a personage whom I used to know slightly. The prospect depresses me, for

¹ Mr. Virgil Thomson, in his recent book, *The State of Music*, says that Cui was a chemist and Moussorgsky a customs official. This is a curious error, but trivial, hardly worth noticing, because the only point is that neither man was a professional musician, and Mr. Thomson makes this point clearly. — AUTHOR

to my certain knowledge that personage, like Thoreau, will simply not support a biography. The utmost that can be expected is that this intending biographer will produce, *Gott soll hüten*, one more 'readable' book, one more windfall for the book clubs or a likely bid for the Pulitzer prize; and this, as Rabelais says of an enterprise essentially similar, is a terrible thing to think upon.

All the more so because meanwhile other literary forms, quite as respectable and far more appropriate, go begging. If some aspect of a subject's public career strikes you as possibly fruitful, why not write an essay about it, as Mr. Brooks did in his *Ordeal of Mark Twain*? The essay-form is greatly neglected; yet a critical essay on Thoreau, for example, one such as Matthew Arnold wrote on Gray and on Wordsworth, would be worth a dozen inevitably abortive attempts at a biography. There are innumerable great essays to be written about great American figures as seen in the light of the present time. At this point in the course of our public affairs, for example, what would more powerfully conduce to a competent understanding of our political selves and our political condition than such an essay on John Adams as Walter Bagehot would write; or what more to a salutary sense of our spiritual decrepitude than an essay on Emerson such as Ernest Renan, Scherer or Sainte-Beuve would write — or, indeed, an essay on that same Thoreau?

If, again, you are interested in a subject's standards of personal character and conduct, write a study of them. If you have been a close observer of great affairs, or of affairs which if not great are amusing, unusual, interesting, picaresque, write memoirs. The best and most useful book of memoirs that I ever saw was anonymous; the author almost never spoke of himself. It came out in 1892, entitled *An Englishman in Paris*. I wish Mr. Villard had done something like that; it would have had the in-

gratiating and persuasive literary quality which, owing to the autobiographical form, his work now falls just short of having. If your observations and reflections seem worth printing, print your diary; it is the best literary form for the purpose — Blunt's diary and the Goncourts' are gold mines for the historian. All these literary forms seem to me as sorely neglected by us as the biographical form seems sorely overworked.

But people will not read essays, memoirs, studies, diaries, and therefore publishers will not touch them, especially if offered by obscure or unpopular authors; people want biography. It may be a little indelicate to say so, but on this point it seems to me that the testimony of an author who is both obscure and unpopular might be worth something. All I have ever written has been in one or another of these forms, and I have somehow managed to get it published; and there is evidence that many more people read it than I would have dared think were likely to do so. Hence I am far from sure that this prejudice of public and publishers is as strong as it is supposed to be. I have sometimes wondered whether the book market would actually collapse if authors and publishers declared a general strike on the biographical form. I doubt it. I know a pampered cat named Thomas, who turns his back on any kind of food but liver, and will have none of it, — for a while, — but when he finds his choice dealt down to fish or nothing, he takes fish and likes it. On a similar choice, the pampered public might take something besides biography and get it down without too much retching. However that may be, publishers and authors might at least unite on the less radical measure of tightening up the practice of biography a little. If an author must write biography, let him write it on something like correct principles. If it is positively decreed in the council of the gods that he shall write an autobiography, let him write one like Rimsky-Korsakov's.

DIARY OF CAPTIVITY¹

BY A POLISH NURSE

A SENSE of cold coming from under the floor awakened me. There were broad cracks in the floor, from which cold air was blowing. My neck was stiff, my bones ached, my feet were icy cold; only my head was hot. Besides, the skin of my hands was cracked and hurt me. The floor was covered with a gritty dust and I felt as if my whole body were covered with it.

Carefully, so as not to awaken anybody, I slipped out of the room, to the corridor, then to the kitchen — in search of water to wash in. I had to shake off that night at all costs.

Luck helped me. Through the window I spied my rubber tub hanging on the hedge, and in the corridor I found two pails full of water. I had hardly brought it all into the kitchen when the door opened and Olesia entered.

'Zosia, are you mad? What are you going to do?' Really I could not imagine what upset Olesia in that way.

'Well, as you see, I am doing my hair and afterwards I mean to wash and change my dress. After that night spent on our parquets, I feel as if something were creeping all over me. Have you any objections?'

'Upon my word, the girl is crazy. She is going to wash and dress her hair and make herself look pretty, when a woman in her senses would only think of how to make herself look the worst she can. Do you want a Bolshevik to fall in love

with you and carry you off to Moscow? Look at me! I have not curled my locks and I hide my hair under my cap and don't mean to wash my face until this captivity is over.' Here Olesia lifted up her eyes to the ceiling and sighed: 'The worse we look, the better for our virtue.'

In spite of the tragic circumstances, I burst out laughing. Looking at Olesia, I could not help thinking that really there was little risk that even a Bolshevik would run away with her.

Olesia looked offended. She continued in a serious voice: —

'It seems to me, Sister Zosia, that jokes are quite out of place at this time, and that you might once in a while listen to your sisters, who, being older in years than you are, have more sense. Instead of washing, you would do better to rub your face with soot. See how provoking you look!'

Olesia took a small mirror out of her pocket and poked it under my nose. I could not see anything wrong about my face. Surely I looked pretty much as usual; only fever and exertion had made my eyes larger and unnaturally bright, and circled them with dark blue lines. I should like to be able to write that 'marble whiteness clothed my face'; unfortunately it was not so. My cheeks were as regularly rosy as could be. The flush on my cheeks was a little unnatural, hectic, but anyway quite out of place, in my opinion, after the dreadful things we had passed through.

Olesia, I am sure, scolded me out of sheer kindness, and her grumbling only

¹ The first entries in this graphic journal describing the seizure of a front-line Polish hospital by the Bolsheviks appeared in the February issue.

showed her good feeling for me. It was awfully ungrateful of me to laugh at her.

I was very sorry, and kissed her heartily.

'Don't be angry, Oleńka — I really look dreadful — but just let me wash, and afterwards you may rub soot or ink or anything you like over my face.'

And, to prevent further discussion, I quickly threw off my clothes and jumped into my tub, a delicious splash in the icy water. Olesia had modestly covered her eyes.

I then dressed, following Olesia's instructions, my hair lightly twisted under my cap. Olesia smoothed it herself, so that no lock should stick out. I rebelled against putting on that apron I wore yesterday, which was all drenched with blood; but Olesia never asked my opinion, just forced it on me and buttoned it up to my neck, saying that my apron might frighten away the Bolsheviks if my face wouldn't.

On waking, the patients began to complain of hunger. As a matter of fact, they had not had anything to eat all the day before. Fine nurses we were! But where were we to get anything? The larder and our stores had been thoroughly plundered. Besides, the Bolsheviks were watching us very closely. True, they did not come into our *izolotka*, but they spied our movements through the window and did not allow us to go out of the house. After holding a short council, we distributed charges. Halka became commander of our garrison. Peo took up the department of provisions. Olesia, who was afraid to quit the sickroom and had most experience in nursing, remained to take care of the patients. I, liking to move about and being, as Olesia said, very giddy and sure to do something foolish, had to promise to do nothing without consulting Halka, who appointed me to help Peo and Olesia.

So Peo took me with her to look for something to eat. We searched the kitchen and larder a long while in vain, but at last, on the very highest shelf, in a

dark corner of the kitchen, we spied a large box. I climbed up to it in a moment, and, in the joy of seeing what it contained, nearly broke my leg jumping down. We had found a whole case of peas and half a loaf of bread. We took all that treasure to the little kitchen of our *izolotka*, but we found not a drop of water, not one piece of wood. 'Look what you have done! You have used up all the water for washing!'

'Peo darling, I see in you beginnings of Bolshevik influence if you consider washing a crime. Don't scold, and we shall have everything directly.'

I snatched the two empty pails and wanted to run to the well near the stables, but was stopped in the doorway by a Bolshevik.

'Where are you going, Sister? Please go back.' I explained to him that I must go and fetch water, and that if he would let me pass we would give him some of the peas we were going to cook. The Bolshevik smiled and let me pass on, but obviously he did not trust me completely, as he insisted on escorting me to the well and back, gun in hand. He was not particularly gallant either, because, although he saw perfectly well how I bent under the weight of the pails full of water, he did not help me. I am not weak generally, but my back and arms ached awfully that morning, after the carrying of corpses. My hands were frostbitten, too. They were quite blue, cracked and bleeding, and we had a very keen frost that day again. Really, I can say I thoroughly earned my pea soup, because I had to cut wood as well, with an axe borrowed from the Bolsheviks.

They had already grown used to seeing me about and did not stop me. Peo got permission from them to bring some potatoes from the cellar. We took two bags full of them and went up. We found out they were quite rotten, but nevertheless we took as many of them as we could. Anything was better than nothing.

After a dinner of peas and frozen

potatoes, which we shared with our patients, the awful reality came back to us again. We had forgotten it in the everyday business and in the everyday joy of being alive. Those dead were still lying under our windows and we were still in ignorance of what had become of the other Sisters.

Halka, our chief, took me with her to the commander of the detachment which had 'conquered' Cichinicze. He had put up his headquarters in the schoolhouse. Many soldiers and civilians were bustling round. Sticky mud covered the floor.

The reception was rather ceremonious. The 'commander,' a man of about thirty years of age, with a simple clear face, sunburnt and healthy, the type of a corporal of the regular army, could not apparently decide what 'style' to assume. He tried to 'keep form,' but could not make up his mind whether he had to be a 'venger of the bourgeois' or a representative of the 'severe authority.'

He received us with his cap on, sitting on a chair, very full of himself and his position — apparently enjoying himself very much. On our request to give orders to bury the dead, he replied that 'his soldiers were no gravediggers.'

With such a type one must speak in a very scientific style, a language full of pretentious words, rendered familiar by political meetings and propaganda brochures.

So Halka began to expound 'on principle,' that 'the decomposition of bodies' threatens with 'infections' and 'epidemics,' which, from the point of view of the sanitary condition, may be 'undesirable,' and suchlike nonsense.

All that was graciously listened to, with comprehension, the result being that the commandant promised us to 'practise no sabotage' and not to oppose the peasants of Cichinicze who would bury the bodies if we came to an understanding with them. We then went out to the president of the local 'committee,' under escort.

This president was apparently the

poorest peasant of Cichinicze, dwelling in a half-decayed hut. He was drunk. On hearing our business, he put on a face of shocked and scandalized horror.

'What are you thinking about?' he said in perfect Russian. 'Bury the "White Guardsmen"'? That must not be.'

When Halka had cleared his doubts by telling him that we had come at the commander's order, the viceroy of Cichinicze put the whole affair on a business basis, demanding sixty rubles for the digging of the grave. A hard condition it was, considering that our money had been stolen together with our other things, but Halka accepted it.

Two men with spades followed us. After a couple of hours, a broad and deep ditch was ready in the middle of the park, under an ash tree.

When it came to paying, Halka suddenly discovered that she had only twenty rubles in her pocket; I found ten in mine, Peo and Olesia only two or three. Unexpectedly our patients came to our rescue. One after the other began to pull out money from under his pillow and give it to us without counting: 'Take it, take it all, Sisters, as much as you want. Today you bury these, tomorrow it may be our turn.'

Having collected sufficient money, we left the patients under the care of Staszewicz, and all four of us set to work to carry our dead over to the ash tree.

We found a whole crowd standing waiting for us in front of the house. They went in and out among the litters, lifting up the sheets and discussing the wounds amid laughter and jeers. They went to look at the grave and were constantly going to and fro between the ash tree and the house. There was a holiday air among them, an air of expectation, as if waiting for some performance. The soldiers were walking about with the Cichinicze beauties, pretending to want to push them on to the dead, and the 'belles' squealed and pretended to be afraid.

Leaning against the pillars of the porch, waiting for Olesia to join us, we felt that our hardest moments were approaching. We tried to look away from the crowd.

A little aside, the peasants and soldiers were gathering. In the middle a small wiry typical Russian soldier related some story with lively gestures. No, he did not relate it; actually, rather, one might say he acted some scene, changing gestures and poses. It is a special talent, cultivated among the Russian people — a sort of rudimentary comedy. Every detachment of the Russian army had its *lomaka* or narrator. Every incident used to be transformed by him into a grotesque of words and mimicry.

We looked on this performance, because it distracted some of the attention of the crowd and put off for a little the moment which was approaching.

'What is he narrating?' I wondered lazily, and my tired eyes felt as if they pierced the Bolsheviks and passed on to the wide, wide fields beyond, where long golden rays of the setting sun were spreading.

Suddenly the Bolshevik made a movement as if shielding himself with his arm from a blow and uttered an awful cry. We started and caught each other's hands. It was Henrietta's scream of yesterday. . . . After that cry the man made a movement as of cutting through the air and uttered at the same time an enormous curse at which all the listeners shook with laughter.

We fixed our eyes on the pantomime which was to reveal to us the secret of yesterday's events. This man had seen, and knew.

But the narrator, encouraged by success, repeated the scene over and over, the slashing first, then the scream, and last the curse, which had to be different every time and every time more picturesque, for the crowd burst out laughing, always more and more.

Then it was our turn to begin our performance. All muddy and dirty, with

disheveled hair, breathing heavily and bending under the awful weight, we carried to the ash tree the bodies of our dead. The crowd stared at us in a shameless, aggressive, stupid way. We feared some outrage against the bodies, so one of us remained on guard near the ash tree, another near the house, while two carried the litters. The crowd thickened; fresh bands drew on towards us from Cichinicze. The people became more and more aggressive. They had become tired of just looking on. From the rows on either side of our way, remarks and jests began to fall. The jests soon changed into insults, which grew sharper every moment.

The narrator, having finished his tale, was now preceding us every time we went with our loaded stretcher, imitating a military band. Everybody laughed and applauded.

We tried not to show our feelings, but we felt that our grave faces as a contrast to the foolery only made the situation more ridiculous.

Above the grave, on the mound of sand dug out of the ditch, we laid the eleven bodies, in order to lower them together into the grave. We had no coffins. In the hands or on the breast of every one we put a holy picture, and then we wrapped him up in a clean sheet. Halka descended into the ditch to receive the bodies.

The crowd pressed on more and more. One Bolshevik fired three shots from his gun — 'so that everyone might hear it is nothing less than a bourgeois funeral.'

We saw clearly that the crowd was becoming exasperated at our not taking any notice. The men became more and more insolent.

'Well, Sisters, how is it that you are not sobbing? You do not regret your boys. One can see directly they are Polish women. Neither heart nor soul in them; only pride — nothing else.'

'They know we are looking at them and so they do not even weep. Polish ladies, "white-handers," *bourgeoisiky!*'

Fury was roused. The beasts wanted to humble us, to trample us down. A young man, with a red band on his arm, kicked at the body lying nearest to the edge of the ditch till it rolled down, nearly smothering Halka. Now all set to kicking down the dead into the grave. 'Look, how good we are! We help you, though you did not even ask us to!' This was a little too much. Beside myself with rage, I seized a litter and hurled it at the crowd. 'Get out!' I shouted. The mob retreated a step, but came back the next moment. We were standing on the very edge; another moment and they would push us into the grave. Peo drew herself up and, standing in front of me, called out:—

'You can kill us, but we shall not let you dishonor our dead as long as we are alive!'

'Poles,' jeered somebody in the midst of the mob.

'Yes, Poles!' cried Peo defiantly, and took a step forward into the crowd, which retreated involuntarily before her.

'She has a temper!' remarked a voice approvingly.

I looked at Peo out of the corner of my eye, because I did not want to turn my face away from the crowd. I saw a face as if cut of stone, with slightly drawn eyebrows and a beautiful look in her eyes, of calm contempt. Beside her the head of Olesia, whose pale lips and cheeks had taken a greenish hue.

'Down into the ditch with them!' called somebody from the rear.

'Of course, make an end of them. Why all that ceremony?' shouted the mob.

'Eat earth together with your boys!'

But they dared not quite yet. I knew that our minutes were counted. Those behind would push on those in front and it would be the end of everything. Only one desire remained: 'O God, let us die looking them straight in the eyes—die and not be afraid and not scream!' I could trust Peo and myself, and, luckily, Olesia was perfectly petrified. She did

not make a movement, only became more and more pallid.

At that moment unexpected help came. Things apparently happen in life as they do in novels. A Bolshevik Commissar began shaming the crowd for quarreling with women, and, when this was of no avail, he threatened them with his revolver and drove the mob away, putting two soldiers on guard, gun in hand, to maintain order.

Now that calm was restored, we jumped down into the grave to help Halka put the bodies into position. At this moment a sledge drew near. Two peasants threw down the body of a man and drove off. I caught up with them and plied them with questions. They told me that it was a Polish soldier, who had been killed at the entrance of Cichinicze; he had lain two days in a ditch, because people had been afraid to bury him.

He was a young man in underclothes only—no distinguishing marks, no papers or initials, nothing to show his identity. His fine brown face, which death had frozen into a stern expression, was lighted by kindly childish lips and open eyes naively staring at the clouds above.

We quickly covered the bodies of the twelve men with sand, but first Halka took a pinch of earth and threw it into the grave. We did the same. Our lips trembled, as if those unknown women they had left at home were bidding them farewell through us.

When the grave was filled in with earth, we knelt down to pray. We recited the 'Angelus' aloud. It was dark, and no one was left in the garden except the sentries, but it seemed to me as if here once again a bit of Poland had grown into the earth.

The third day of captivity

Three days of captivity have passed. Life has become systematic. Olesia is with the patients all day and we three watch all night a couple of hours each.

We never undress, and sleep on the floor — awaiting dawn as we would salvation. The night is always like some awful nightmare. The patients are more feverish; sometimes I think one of them is dying. I am so nervous I can hardly find his pulse. I save myself by writing this diary. Towards morning everybody falls asleep. I take the opportunity of that moment to bring water and cut wood and take my bath, unseen by Olesia.

Today a new band of Bolsheviks arrived at Cichinicze, all sailors — dark, hostile, and mute. They turned all the house upside down, searching it through from cellar to attic, pulling out all the patients' belongings and sticking bayonets through the straw beds. I wonder if they knew themselves what they were looking for. Each of us was called separately to be questioned.

At last they left us in peace. Peo and I went to the kitchen to cook our eternal peas.

Suddenly three marines entered, led by a peasant, short guns in their hands, all of them very well equipped. Generally speaking, the sailors have a style of their own, but they are coldly cruel and more difficult to manage than all the rest.

They ordered us to come out. Before the house we saw Staszewicz and his two companions, Halka and Olesia, standing in a row against the wall — in front of them a group of marines, guns in hand, and in the position of 'ready.' We were told that we were going to be shot for hiding healthy soldiers.

Staszewicz, in his white underclothes, was trembling from cold and partly from fear, swearing that he did not know the peasant who had led us from the kitchen here — that he had never seen him in his life.

'Oh, my God!' groaned the Cichinicze Don Juan sweetly. 'Am I quite dumb? Why, that gentleman — damn him — punched my very nose.'

'Well, Sisters,' — the chief Bolshevik turned to us, — 'speak out: is he ill or

not? Speak the truth and we will let you go free — if not, you die together with those men.'

We looked at each other, our eyes fixed on those of Halka standing against the wall. How we understood each other I do not know — but we did. Yes, at a glance we knew: we should lie!

Halka spoke out first, in a bold, calm, positive way, without a quaver in her voice — explaining that Staszewicz was one of our oldest patients. Peo offered to bring the hospital diary (she counted on the probability that the marines did not understand Polish). I began to enumerate volubly the possible and impossible diseases those men had gone through.

'So, you — —, you wanted to cheat us, to cause the death of those people!' Shaking the traitor with his right hand, and pounding the man's face with his left till it grew red and swollen, he gave him at last one blow on the nose and, with a push, sent him sprawling on the snow, where he lay motionless like a beetle, pretending to be dead.

The severe and upright judge was very much satisfied with himself and his verdict. He even wanted to show off his graciousness: Staszewicz and his companions were ordered back to the hospital. He then turned to us, asking who was the head nurse. We pointed to Halka. He ordered her to follow him. Halka returned after a moment and behind her Bolsheviks, carrying a pail full of herrings and a bag of sugar. In exchange the Commissar asked for cocaine, of which we gave him two boxes.

Our fare is getting varied. Beans with herrings, and herrings with sugar! A wonderful diet for typhoid and dysentery!

Fourth day of captivity

We have doctored in the village today. Anczew — the Commissar who saved us when they wanted to bury us alive together with our dead — came this morning and told Halka to take everything wanted for dressing wounds and follow him.

'Where is he leading Halka?' I wondered, and ran after them. I caught up with them on the road. He consented to take me with him too. It appeared that he was taking us to a cottage where a child of four had been badly hurt, playing with a hand grenade.

There were a number of patients in the hut, mostly surgical cases. It was dark when we had finished. The women were kissing Anczew's hands and heaping blessings on his head.

On our return we were astonished not to find Peo. Olesia said that she had gone to look for bread, because she could not bear any longer to look at the sick men who had had nothing to eat but herring and peas for three days.

She had taken a bag, had thrown it on her back, and had walked from cottage to cottage. Sister Peo, who had proudly challenged the crowd who wanted to push her into the grave! We saw her as she came back, with her bag full, her face looking as if covered with ashes. She threw off her bag and sat down heavily.

She had been after bread, knocking at every door. She did not know how to beg. Standing on the threshold, she would speak out in the loud tones of a charity bazaar collector: 'Please, give some bread for the sick.' The men generally received her with mocking and jeers. A boy threw a dead mouse into the bag she was holding up.

But some of the women cut quite large chunks of bread and put them into the bag. And so she had walked on through the village street, as through a street of shame. But the number of life-giving slices grew.

We made bread soup for the less ill. For the others we cut the bread in very thin slices and made toast. It was only black bread, but to us healthy, hard-working girls it smelt — oh, so good. Halka had said the bread was only for the patients, because it might run short.

We agreed and did not eat it. We went about the work silently, amid the calm

of our little kitchen, lighted dimly by a lamp. For the first time, after three days, we began to feel animal hunger. But we understood instinctively that though there might be enough bread for us four — only a tiny bit each — it was better not to touch it.

Sister Olesia simplified our feelings, expressing them in her own way: 'I don't want any of your beggars' bread.'

She wrapped herself tightly in her warm shawl and sat down on a log of wood, very cross.

I went up to her and kissed her very hard. Dear, good old Olesia!

Fifth day of captivity

All the Bolshevik staff is in a great commotion today, ever since this morning. They curse the 'damned Poles' and throw at us looks full of hate. But in general they seem uneasy.

Good old Anczew, who had got somehow accustomed to us, came several times during the day, in a state of great distress which he naïvely shared with us — the news of Bolshevik defeat. As if we could take part in his sorrow!

It appears that the Polish army has gone forward. The first regiment of Uhlans is marching on to Cichinieze.

They have occupied Mr. Bulhak's estate on the other side of the river, four kilometres from here. Four kilometres only, behind that forest — why, we can almost touch them! They may be here at any time! This band will not hold against their attack.

We are out of our wits for joy. In a few hours perhaps I may see Maurice, Dziewanowski, Rostropowicz. . . .

Every now and then one of us ran in front of the house to look out into the distance, beyond the river.

And so everybody in the house, we and the Bolsheviks, spent the whole day in a state of great emotion. By the evening, only a handful of them remained; and they were preparing to depart.

It was quite dark outside and we could

see nothing of the fields. So we sat round our smoking lamp, speaking in whispers and trying to calm the wild beating of our hearts, in which hope was beginning to awake.

We understood that the worst would be the peasant interregnum. The peasants hated us, and, what was more, the beast in them was roused by the massacre of the hospital and the impunity of plunder.

So that now, listening to the sounds of evacuation, we rejoiced; but at the same time we prayed that the Bolsheviks would remain. No, not exactly that — if somebody wished to picture our inmost desire it would happen thus: the Bolsheviks guard us faithfully to the last moment and give us herring and sugar; suddenly the Polish Uhlans fall on us, kill the Bolsheviks, and burst into our *izolatka*.

But those daydreams were very far from the minds of the Bolsheviks, who fled as fast as they could. Fear for ourselves and our patients weighed upon our hearts as with a hundred-ton weight — on that evening so joyous on the one hand, and so full of apprehension on the other.

While we were thus talking together, Anczew came to see us for the fourth or fifth time during the day. We were glad to see him, hoping to get news. But he, contrary to his habit, remained on the threshold and only beckoned to me to go out with him.

I went out, and noticed directly that he was fully armed, with all the straps fastened and his Commissar's badge, a red band, on his left arm (he had not worn it the other times).

He told me briefly that he had some business with me and started walking towards the river. I did not understand, but followed him. During the past days we had learned to trust Anczew.

'But why is he leading me towards the Polish army?' I wondered, walking uneasily in Anczew's huge strides.

When we were out of the park, he

stopped a moment and asked: 'Sister Zosia, do you want to go back to your own people?'

Not thinking much, as usual, I answered that I did, very much indeed.

Then he started to walk on very fast again.

The snow was not so deep in the fields — I caught up with him. Without slowing his pace for one moment, Anczew began telling me that they were all leaving Cichinicze in an hour's time. They must hurry, because the Polish soldiers generally attacked in the night, and most certainly they would be in Cichinicze towards morning. 'But you, Sisters, and your patients have nothing to rejoice about,' he said, and went on explaining that we should remain guarded by armed peasants, to whom the Bolsheviks had given guns and ammunition with orders to 'liquidate the hospital and everybody' at the approach of Polish soldiers. The peasants would be on guard within an hour.

Anczew suddenly stopped and turned to me.

'You are so young, Sister Zosia. My daughter is exactly your age — and she remained alone in Petrograd. Perhaps she has nothing to eat. . . . And — I thought — it is a pity you should die, Sister Zosia.'

A light breeze lifted a cloudlet of snow and carried it over the fields. I looked back. Our house in Cichinicze was far away. I could only just see the windows of our ward dimly lighted. It was dark on the Bolshevik side (they were probably making preparations for departure in the courtyard).

In front of us we suddenly saw appearing the light of some distant village. Beyond the village I could distinguish the dark outline of a forest. . . .

'Look here, Sister Zosia,' Anczew went on; 'I will lead you through that village and forest. Your soldiers are beyond. I will show you their village and then you will go up to them yourself!'

I was by now perfectly aware of what Anczew was aiming at, and I was struggling with myself. I note this because I resolved to write down everything, even though I am very much ashamed of it.

I struggled with myself, although I knew without the slightest doubt that I ought to remain, but I did not want to acknowledge it. Anczew went on saying something, and whilst he was speaking I sought feverishly, desperately, for some unrefutable argument which would tell me that I must seize the opportunity offered to me.

My head was empty. Not one thought! Only that consciousness that I must make up my mind quickly, quickly, and that certainty that my duty was to remain in Cichinicze, and that desperate searching.

'Well, come along, Sister Zosia,' said Anczew, taking my hand impatiently. A flow of blood rose to my head. I had not found anything — I had not had time to find it. Then suddenly I realized something as if with a blow: I Shall Remain.

Pulled on by Anczew, I stumbled against a root and lost my balance. Mechanically I followed him a few steps, knowing that I would not go and subconsciously hoping for some miracle. What if suddenly we were surrounded by our soldiers and an act of God laid itself across my own will?

But the fields were silent. I stopped after a few steps. I understood clearly that I must not go and would not go.

A sudden animal fear seized me. I stiffened with horror, because my awakened imagination set before my eyes clearly and distinctly, with every detail, the scene of how we were going to be murdered. Why, our death was certain and I wanted to live! What good would it do if I died?

No, I did not want to die, with Maurice only a few steps away from me. Suddenly I seemed to see my darling Maurice with perfect clearness.

Our quiet sunny drawing-room at home. Maurice, aged ten, is playing at soldiers with me. The piano is a cannon. 'Now, attention!' calls Maurice, and aims his toy pistol at me. He does not allow me to wink when the cartridge is fired.

No, that is clear — how could I shake hands with him? What would our relations be? How could I live at all after such a shameful deed?

I stopped Anczew. I told him that I had made up my mind and resolved to remain; I began to walk very fast in the direction of Cichinicze. I made no answer to his arguments, only shook my head.

He was angry. At a certain moment, when the road branched off to the farm, he made an impatient movement with his hand and left me without saying a word of farewell.

I went on alone towards the dull light of our window. My heart felt warm and happy, as if I were going back to my own home and to those who were dearest to me.

On approaching our door, I came across a few village ragamuffins already on guard. They held their guns like sticks, but they might shoot us with them all the same.

Some of them sat on our threshold. They never took the trouble to get up, only one of them leaned aside a little and muttered, 'Pass on.' There was a fathomless hatred in the words; a threat sounded in them, and at the same time the lazy security of a beast which is in no hurry, knowing that its prey cannot escape.

That night in the stuffy air of the *izolotka* was the worst we had passed. Worse even than the one in which the moon shone upon the faces of the dead men lying under our window. It was the sixth night we had spent without undressing, sleeping on the floor. All that time we lived only on peas and herrings. No wonder our power of resistance had greatly diminished.

Every now and then one of the sentinels would come into our ward and with his finger count us like sheep. I could not sleep, and sat writing this diary of mine all night. Once Peo woke up and asked me if I was writing my will.

At last, when it was already dawn, I couldn't keep quiet any longer, and I woke Halka and Peo.

'Look, girls, it is morning and we are still alive. Isn't it funny? Do you know, I always feel courage coming into me in the morning. After all, we are not going to let ourselves be butchered like sheep in clear daylight, for no reason whatever.'

We kissed each other heartily, for good morning.

This sixth day was marked by the fact that we had ceased to make ready for the other world. We had got quite bored with it. All the week through, over and over again, no result. Anybody's patience would be at an end. So we gave it up and resolved to remain in this vale of tears.

It must be admitted, however, that, although belonging to this earth, we all look like ghosts from the other world, owing partly to our salt-herring cure, in addition to other pleasures. Herring for breakfast, herring for dinner, herring for supper, and not even a bit of bread with it. Afterwards each of us drinks at least a bucketful of water, which I must fetch.

It is true that Peo got some tea for our patients; there is the bag of bread; besides, we have obtained permission to milk two or three cows in the stables. But that is for the sick. Peo won't even have the first look at all these delicacies.

But I forget to write about the most important thing. The Bolsheviks have returned this morning and have taken command over Cichinicze again. The news about the Poles' attack seems to have been false. Our hopes fall. We return to our everyday occupations. Olesia doctors, washes, scrubs and

sweeps and dusts, and is, in spite of her little oddities, a splendid nurse.

Many new Bolsheviks have come, together with the old ones. There are some horrible types among them — drunken faces with a completely animal expression in them. The first thing they did on arriving was to dash into the laboratory, looking for alcohol. Luckily there was not any left, but what they did find was a large bottle of valerian on ether. One of them poured out a large tumblerful and wanted to drink it up. It occurred to me that the pure ether would burn his stomach. I stopped him, saying that he would kill himself. I did it not out of pity for him. My heart has grown so hard now that if I had been told about his death *post factum* I should even have been glad. But, as it was in my presence, I felt it my duty to warn him. It would have been inhuman to look on calmly when a man was taking his life out of stupidity and ignorance and do nothing to prevent him.

The Bolshevik stared at me as if he understood my thoughts and said: 'What does my life matter to you, Sister? You should be glad there will be one Bolshevik less!'

That was it — why should I not permit myself to be frank? I answered that of course I should be glad of it, but I am a Christian and this was why I had warned him.

The Bolshevik twisted his head to one side, then the other, listening. Finally he put out his large paw to me. 'Well, then, shake hands, comrade-Sister,' said he.

I pretended not to see him, extremely busy with tidying up the medicine bottles on the shelves. I did not care at all for a handshake with such a brute. Nevertheless I observed him with a corner of my eye, and saw that my warning had been given in vain. The Bolshevik poured out half the contents of the glass, which he then filled with water. After that he swallowed it. Even that dilution must have been very

strong, because the beast lay for twenty-four hours on the floor dead drunk, but he got up quite well.

At last we know what has happened to the other Sisters.

Anczew told us today that directly after taking possession of Cichinicze the Bolsheviks sent them to Mohilev and that certainly no evil will come to them. He said that only one of them, the 'woman doctor' (probably Mrs. Józka), fired at the escorting Bolsheviks and was going to be shot. Saying that, he laughed, so perhaps it was not true. They often tell us stupid stories on purpose to annoy us, as they did yesterday, for example, telling us that the first regiment of Uhlans was completely smashed. But I do not believe a word of it.

We learned also that when the Bolsheviks were shooting the head doctor one of the Sisters knelt before the soldiers, begging them to shoot her too (it must have been Henrietta), and another one, 'tall and dark,' probably Lala Landsberg, covered the head doctor with her body when one Tartar had sprung at him with his sword, so that the sword slipped on her shoulder without touching the doctor. After that, all the Sisters were surrounded and sent to the station, because 'we do not kill women! But with the rest we made order!'

That Anczew seems a good man; and yet he can say in such a matter-of-fact way that they have been murdering defenseless men. I felt quite beside myself with indignation listening to him — and yet had to pretend to be calm so as to hear everything.

We have a new trouble. One of the soldiers we have hidden is ill. Probably he caught something from the other patients — the worst of it is that we don't know what is the matter with him. It is awful that we have no doctor.

We assemble for a great consultation and decide that the patient must

have pneumonia, because he breathes so heavily.

We apply compresses, inject camphor every hour. We force into his mouth milk, tea, or bread soaked with milk, in spite of his resistance. Unfortunately we have nothing else to give him, and the worst of it is that our medicine store is coming to an end.

What shall we do afterwards?

We resolved to go to the Head Commissar and ask him to give us horses and the permission to take the patients to some hospital in Rohaczew.

Halka was elected for that mission. I followed her, of course. The Commissar occupies a large room downstairs. It was beautifully warm and there was a fire burning in the stove. In the middle of the room a large barrel full of lard was standing; in the corner loaves of bread were heaped up, and there were bags full of sugar and flour.

All the treasures of Ali-Baba seemed to us nothing beside this. I felt a painful contraction inside — hunger probably.

The Commissar was unexpectedly gracious and, when we had made our request, promised to give us sledges for transporting the patients. He calmly stated that he would probably send us Sisters from Rohaczew to Tula, or to Smolensk, because they are in want of educated women workers in Russia. 'Confound you,' I thought. Halka kicked me under the table to prevent my saying something unnecessary, and thanked the Commissar.

The horses were ready at five o'clock in the afternoon instead of two. The peasants did not want to give us horses until they were compelled to by the Bolsheviks, who in fact are glad to get rid of us, because there are many among them who are in constant fear of our typhus and other diseases.

We wrapped the patients in blankets, put pillows round them, and covered them with straw, because the thermometer marked twenty degrees below zero centigrade.

It was almost dark when we started. There was no room for us in the sledges and we followed on foot. Three Bolsheviks, armed to the teeth, escorted us. They had guns, swords, revolvers, and such a lot of cartridges that one would think they were escorting the most dangerous criminals. We were rather lightly dressed for such cold. I stamped, rubbed my hands, and, when that proved useless, started running.

Suddenly I heard a shot fired behind me, then another. I looked round and saw Anczew aiming his revolver at me a third time. Was he mad?

Halka and Peo were making desperate signs to me to come back to them. They had lingered behind a little. I went to them and they told me that the man was drunk. They explained that, as I ran, he had probably thought I wanted to run away. Well, he was only aiming at my feet, but, being very tipsy, he might have hit where he did not mean to.

Halka confessed to having done a very stupid thing. Throughout our captivity she had kept a bottle of alcohol, hidden very carefully, thinking it might be wanted in some critical moment for the patients. No such critical moment demanding alcohol occurred, so just before starting she had offered the bottle to Anczew, as a token of gratitude, to thank him for his protection and help and for the safety we owed him. He drank up all the contents on the spot, after which he declared that he would escort us. And this was the result.

It was eleven o'clock when we reached Rohaczew. Those twenty miles took us six hours. And now the tragedy began, because we could not find a hospital which would take us in.

In one they did not accept Poles, in another they would not have contagious cases. The Epidemic Hospital refused, saying there was no room.

The peasant drivers were angry at being forced to go from one end of the town to the other. They threatened to throw the patients out of the sledges into

the street, and go home to Cichinicze. The frost was growing sharper every minute. You felt as if you were breathing some thick mass. The horses were quite white with frost and could hardly drag along their legs. What about ourselves?

It was one o'clock and we were still in the street. I kept on eating snow, although I was quite stiff with cold, because I could not quench my horrible thirst.

There was only one hospital left in the neighborhood near the station. If it would not take us in, we should return to Cichinicze, Halka decided. I did not contradict her, although I knew half of us would die somewhere on the way and that probably I should be one of them. I should even like to. And then I did not desire even that, because it was all the same to me. If only they would allow me not to move from here. I was sitting on the ground, beside one of the sledges, awaiting the moment when Halka would come back from the hospital saying that they did not want us here either. But no, Halka came out followed by some men bearing litters who carried the patients indoors. Olesia pulled my hand and led me to a large building, then upstairs. I smelled medicine, so we were in the hospital.

When the transporting of the patients was over and the confusion and hurly-burly had subsided, I began slowly to shake off that strange coma which had overcome me outside; although I could move and see and hear everything, I did not understand what was happening around us. Before an hour had elapsed I felt quite well again.

We were given one very large room. Unluckily it was not heated. Our patients were given fresh linen, and a few minutes later were lying in fresh white beds, drinking hot tea. Halka told us that the doctor agreed to take us in, but on condition that we would remain on duty with our sick tonight, because his staff and all the hospital service were

indignant that he had taken in Poles and they might do them some harm.

So we prepared to sit up all night on guard. We barricaded the door with empty beds, on one of which we all four sat down, with our feet tucked up, huddled together to keep each other warm. We talked to one another in sleepy voices so as not to fall asleep, but it did not help much, so every minute we had to shake each other.

Morning came at last, and no one had even looked into our ward.

We found a Polish Sister that morning and she took our patients and us under her care very kindly and heartily. She brought a doctor at our request and he said nearly all of our patients had passed the crisis and were out of danger. We learned from him that the soldier we were treating for pneumonia had typhoid fever. But we did not really do him any harm; it was all right.

At last the moment came when we could go to sleep for some hours quietly, for the first time. The kind Sister put us into an empty room, beside our ward, and even served us dinner in bed. I remember having written in an autograph album that happiness is inner contentment — what nonsense! Happiness is dinner in bed, when somebody serves you and shifts your pillows. We were so hungry that if it had not been for the presence of the Sister, and some remains of good manners, we should have swallowed our plates and forks together with the food.

When dinner was over I saw that Peo was going to sleep again. I pulled at her sleeve, because I felt quite wide awake and rested. 'Peo, wake up. I just wanted to ask you to give us some herring for dessert. I don't believe that you haven't got one in store. You must have taken at least the tail of a herring for a keepsake.'

At five o'clock Halka awoke us and told us to dress. We glanced into our ward and at our patients. They looked beautiful: clean, rested, and fed. Two

Sisters and a hospital orderly nursed them, all Poles.

Feeling quite secure as to their fate, we went out into the town. There we found the Head Commissar of Rohaczew, quite a decent and even an elegant man, who made no difficulties about our permission to go to Mińsk, which was now in the hands of the Bolsheviks. We might start directly if we wanted to.

But when we told our patients about it on our return to the hospital, such a lamentation arose that we resolved to stay for another day.

We spent all the next day with our patients. Before starting, we recommended them to one of the doctors, who promised to take care of them until they should be strong again, and then added in a low voice a hope that by that time Rohaczew would be in Polish hands once more.

The worst of all was the moment of departure. The patients, in thanking us for our care, stooped to our feet and kissed our hands. Some of them were sobbing quite loudly. We could not tear ourselves out of the room, because they held us back by our dresses — imploring us to stay only one moment longer. One or two who could walk accompanied us to the staircase.

One more sleepless night in the cattle truck. A compact crowd of soldiers surrounded the smoking stove in the middle of the wagon. The frost was biting sharply in the farther corners. We huddled together and tried to warm one another.

A funny nation, the Russians! That passiveness of theirs, often terrible in its thoughtless cruelty, becomes sometimes a mercy. For instance, now they never even noticed us. Curled up in a dark corner, we listened greedily to the lazy talk of the crowd in the middle. We had been cut off from the world for eight long days.

As was natural, the conversation ran on the doings of the Polish First Corps,

because the soldiers were returning from the 'Polish front.' From their words we understood that the process of exterminating our Corps was almost at an end.

It was more than we could bear. To go through such suffering, to hang between life and death for so many days, with only that one hope for our Corps, and now to learn that all the hardships, the deaths, all the blood, all the sacrifices had been in vain, that this group of Polish soldiers had been submerged and drowned in the sea of barbarism and injustice and crime!

We had never shed one tear all the time of our captivity, but now our moral strength was gone. I sobbed aloud. Halka and Peo, weeping themselves, did all they could to calm me, by burying my head in the folds of their dresses.

The soldiers noticed us.

'What are you blubbering for, Sisters?' asked one of them.

'Poles,' explained a lazy hostile voice.

'That means they are sorry for their countrymen,' concluded the first. 'Yes, yes, they were soundly beaten.'

'Look here,' said another, producing a paper with a headline shouting: 'Final Liquidation of White Guardsman Dowbor.'

There was no more doubt. We drew ourselves up and looked with dry eyes at the Bolsheviks, who had meanwhile turned to other subjects of conversation. We never spoke to each other during the rest of the journey.

It was ten o'clock in the evening when we arrived at Mińsk. Directly at the station we learned not only that the First Corps had not been defeated, but that it was advancing.

We drove straight to our homes, too tired to make plans except that we should meet next day.

Home at last!

In the morning I was awakened by the news that Mińsk was free! I jumped out of bed and ran to the window. The streets were crowded and throbbing with movement. That crowd with its holiday air, its bright colors, how unlike the population of Mińsk in the days of the Bolsheviks, when everybody tried to look as gray as possible! Many of the men were wearing Polish eagles on their caps. There were no Polish soldiers, but the civilians were mostly carrying guns.

Suddenly there was a movement in the crowd, and the corner of the street brightened with the yellow caps of the Uhlans of the Third Regiment. Funny soldiers they were — in fur coats, sheepskin-lined jackets, and black civilian coats!

It appeared that during the night the Poles had taken up arms. With fifteen men they took the arsenal, in which 14,000 guns were found. Those guns were distributed in motorcars to the population all over the town, and in a few hours several thousand volunteers stood in readiness. And so, by morning, we had a 'regular army.'

In the year 1920 our army again reached Cichinicz.

The grave, clumsily built up by our hands under the ash tree in the park, was still there, and remains there to this day, as a bloody seal of the Republic of Poland. . . . There are many such graves around. . . .

BRITISH BROADCASTING AND THE WAR

BY SIR STEPHEN TALLENTS

I

ON the evening of Friday, September 1, 1939, Whitehall flashed through to the headquarters of the British Broadcasting Corporation in Portland Place the order to take up its war stations. This was flashed on at once to every transmitting station and executive centre in Britain. Instantly, all over the country, engineers unsealed and obeyed an intricate code of instructions. As they worked against time, a press notice went out and a telegram for display in every post-office window, telling British listeners of the two wave lengths on which alone they would be able to pick up the service on the following morning.

That night put an end to a season of radio which had heard Bruno Walter conduct in the winter, Toscanini in the spring; in which Sir Henry Wood's famous Promenade Concerts were beginning to delight with programs of exceptional promise their faithful late-summer audience; which was looking forward to an autumn week of specially arranged European programs. Today those happy programs sound as far away as the voice of Tutankhamen's trumpets. A revolution in British radio had been carried through in a night.

Two national purposes inspired that revolution. There was, first, the general determination to ensure that essential services should be carried on in the severest conditions that could be expected within a Britain for the first time in its history liable to serious invasion from the air. The maintenance of an

efficient radio service was recognized to be essential, both for the information and encouragement of people at home and for the conveyance of truth beyond the seas. This same policy lay behind the evacuation of millions of children from the great cities, the wholesale emptying of urban hospitals to make room for possible air-raid casualties, and the country-wide blackout of lights between dusk and dawn. In obedience to it the BBC rapidly dispatched its executive program staff to undisclosed bases remote from London and certain other vulnerable centres.

But the BBC had another national interest to safeguard. Wireless transmissions can, in certain conditions, afford direct guidance to enemy aircraft in steering their way to a target. The BBC transmission system had to be rearranged in a manner which would prevent any of its programs from guiding even a single enemy in the air. The nature of that rearrangement cannot yet be disclosed; but it lay behind the decision to restrict listeners in the United Kingdom on the outbreak of war to a single program service.

The confinement of the service to a single program hit the whole country hard. In peacetime, British listeners, except on rare occasions such as a speech by the King which is radiated by all transmitters, can choose between at least two programs, and often more than two. Now this freedom of choice between contrasted alternatives was

suddenly taken away, and the real reason could not be publicly given. Listeners could not be told that at the back of this deprivation lay measures very properly taken to prevent aid to enemy aircraft. When the BBC explained to its perplexed listeners that their troubles were due to the requirements of national security, many of them supposed that it meant no more than the safety of its own staff.

The coming of the single program set problems to program planners which they had forgotten since the early days of radio, when, in novel but still peaceful conditions, an infant radio service was establishing its right to be heard.

On the Sunday on which war was declared, listeners heard first the Prime Minister and late that afternoon the King. During the few days in which the BBC staff was taking up its new posts in the country, programs had largely to be confined to news bulletins in a world which at a momentous hour seemed to have no news to offer; to gramophone records in a week when every artist in the country had been thrown out of employment. But the average Englishman likes recorded programs little better than does the American; and the spate of gramophone records in those first few puzzled days excited rueful criticisms. Provision had been made for frequent news bulletins. At almost every hour came a fresh disappointment.

Here the BBC and the press suffered in common, and not the press of the United Kingdom only. Their troubles were partly due to lack of events. Danzig and Poland saw tragic happenings, but no British reporter could send home his impressions of them. The German radio, on the other hand, could bring nightly to the microphone men who were flying aeroplanes or steering tanks over the latest territories to suffer from German aggression. In part as was readily confessed in Parliament, this universal lack of news was due to

the fact that the British Ministry of Information was a novel excursion on the part of the government and had no such flying start as had Dr. Goebbels's well-practised ministry in Berlin, while the British Defense Departments were little accustomed to treating their achievements as material for publicity.

II

Since those first few days of sharp transition, British radio programs have passed through two phases. In the first phase, much time was devoted to the issue of instructions and guidance to the people. Ministers in rapid succession came to the microphone to describe the work and announce the plans of their departments. New regulations on a perplexing variety of subjects — from fish and coal to military service and gasoline — were reported and explained over the air. The theme of evacuation was prominent. Parents left alone in the cities were given a picture of their children's new life and well-being in the country. Their rural hosts and hostesses were advised how to deal with the sudden invasion which had come upon them. Some talks on first aid by a doctor found a ready audience.

I remember vividly towards the end of that phase a talk of a few minutes in which Sir Ian Fraser, who was himself blinded in the last war, quoted a remark of one of the blinded soldiers at St. Dunstan's, to whose welfare he has devoted himself: 'We have got the rest of the world beat in these blackouts.' Sir Ian went on to advise listeners how to move in complete darkness; to keep, for example, a forearm instead of their pointed hands in front of them when groping along a passage, lest the edge of a door should strike them in the face.

Then, as the tide of official announcements and practical advice receded, the normal demand of listeners for entertainment reasserted itself. There was a fine saying current in England of the

seventeenth century — a saying which George Herbert preserved in a collection of proverbs published after his death: 'All the arms of England will not arm fear.' There has been no fear in Britain; but there has been some danger of depression due to anxiety and darkness and waiting. The encouragement of cheerfulness has become a national concern, and the BBC welcomed the demand for more entertainment. It set itself with a good heart to restore to its broadcasts, as nearly as the confines of a single program and changes in the life and temper of a people allowed, their peacetime qualities.

Here are the main components of a forthcoming week of BBC programs. They cover between them nearly five sixths of the whole schedule.

	<i>Hours</i>
News.....	10½
Orchestral concerts and music recitals..	26
Light music.....	13
Theatre orchestra.....	2
Theatre organ.....	3
Cinema organ.....	2
Dance music.....	7½
'Variety'.....	14
Talks and features.....	8½
Schools.....	8½
Children's Hour.....	3¾

I put the news first because the successive bulletins bring all Britain to its receivers. In peacetime, by friendly agreement with the press, no news is broadcast before six o'clock in the evening. Now news bulletins begin at seven and eight o'clock in the morning and are heard again at the hours of one, four, six, nine, and midnight. The nine o'clock evening bulletin has replaced the six o'clock as the most widely heard of the day. Almost the whole country listens to it. The BBC maintains in its news bulletins a peacetime tradition of plain truth and sober statement. Its announcers are discouraged from tempering these qualities by even a change in the inflection of their voices.

Music of excellent quality, both serious and light, has regained its regular

place. The BBC Symphony Orchestra is playing several times a week, while other orchestras are being heard again. The public taste here seems to demand rather more classical music than in peace. There is a wealth of light music of fine quality. Plays are back in the program again. Here, too, the classics have come to their own. Scenes from Shakespeare have been welcomed; so has the last act of *Saint Joan*. Religious services have never been absent from the program and now, as befits a grave time, are more frequent than in peace. Good talks have reëstablished themselves. A carefully planned series on art, which in September seemed in danger not only of postponement but of abandonment, has been reinstated.

Every week a leading Minister of the Crown broadcasts on national affairs. The leaders of the Opposition, too, are broadcasting upon them. Even if the present political truce should be broken, the BBC's policy of freedom of speech would ensure them time upon the air. The more standard type of talk, too, wears a wartime coloring. Gardening talks, for example, that once told chiefly of the flower border, now deal with problems of food production in wartime, and tell millions of amateur gardeners how to preserve every shred of vegetable waste in compost form. Cookery talks are dealing with wartime recipes and devices. Some talks, of course, directly reflect the happenings of war.

The distinctive ways and tastes of the various regions of Britain are again being reflected in the programs. They take on perhaps a sharpened quality by reason of the fact that so many of those who formerly enjoyed them at home are now listening to them in exile. Welsh and Gaelic are once more heard upon the air. A new feature is a series of programs, 'The Shadow of the Swastika,' which is dramatizing vividly and in historical detail, with speech and sound effects and commentary, the rise of the Nazi movement. In very different style, the move-

ment was satirized in a program called 'Adolf in Blunderland.' About this listeners' opinions were sharply divided. 'Full of scintillating wit,' wrote one listener; 'It made me sick,' wrote another. In the world of popular entertainment old favorites are in demand. 'Band Wagon,' for example, — a miscellaneous program held together by the personalities of two comedians much as are the Charlie McCarthy programs in America, — which before the war was attracting some seventy in every hundred of our listeners to their receivers, is back again and in high popular favor. An occasional race is broadcast from the track, an occasional boxing match from the ring. Football matches are reappearing.

The sudden doubling of the child population of many an English village has put an undue strain on school accommodation and resources. In time of peace the BBC broadcasts a regular series of school programs nicely adjusted to the requirements of teachers of different subjects. Specialization has had to be abandoned in wartime, since so many teachers are separated from their children; but the school audience has vastly increased.

Those other exiles, the British troops in France, have not been forgotten. As they set the seal of their approval on a new or an old wartime song, it comes more frequently into BBC programs. (A dance band is playing 'We're gonna hang out the washing on the Siegfried Line' as I write these words.) The BBC has its own correspondents and a recording van with the army in France. Concerts that are entertaining the troops there are relayed in programs to the home listener. Home programs are reaching our troops across the Channel. A French sergeant wrote the other day to tell how happily 'Tipperary' and 'God Save the King' in the British program had welcomed some sixty members of a British Air Force Squadron as they were received by his regiment in the Foyer du Soldat of a small French village. It was

a happy thought that lately led Lord Nuffield to devote \$60,000 of a gift made for the benefit of the troops to the purchase of radio receivers.

III

There was a black moment, immediately after the outbreak of war, when it seemed as though the international element in our broadcasting had been jettisoned. The BBC had developed a considerable exchange of programs with other countries. Last summer we were taking and enjoying two or three programs a week from the United States. Raymond Gram Swing was drawing an audience, it was calculated, of some two or three million British listeners for his weekly commentary on American affairs. Miners' choirs in Lille and in Birmingham, carol singers of England and Germany, the carillons of Loughborough and Malines, the Children's Hours of Birmingham and Frankfurt, had been linked in single programs. Happily that first fear has been removed. Nowadays Swing is talking to us again once a fortnight. France, Holland, Italy, and Switzerland are now supplying us regularly with programs. We have heard a recital by Alfred Cortot from France. We have enjoyed light music from Italy and folk music from Turkey. We have listened to the national songs of Switzerland and 'Songs of a Thousand Lakes' from Finland. An exchange of carols with Holland has been arranged for our Children's Hour. There is talk of a program from China. Christmas Day brought us a Grieg Concert from Norway and the Sistine Choir from the Vatican.

Innumerable listeners on this side of the Atlantic are hoping that our traffic from the American ether will before long be fully restored. There is unmistakably abroad in England today a growing and disinterested desire to know better and understand life as it is lived in the United States. Meantime the BBC has

been happy these last months to provide studio accommodation and other technical assistance to American commentators broadcasting from Britain to the United States. It has no other part in these programs, which, like press dispatches, are subject to such censorship only as may guard against the communication of facts of possible military value to the enemy.

The British listener tunes in, as his fancy leads him, to programs radiated by other countries, including the short-wave transmissions from America. At the outset of the war, a German decree made it a penal offense to listen to a foreign broadcast, and a crime punishable by death to communicate the results of any such listening to one's fellows. (A Dutch paper has just reported a sentence of nine months' imprisonment upon a German woman who listened to a foreign broadcast.) From time to time, reports have appeared of sets confiscated on the Western German frontier, in Czechoslovakia, in Poland. The hours devoted in the home German program to the contradiction of British broadcast statements suggest that these measures have at least not been wholly successful.

But, however that may be, the British listener knows no such tyranny. It has become an innocent form of popular amusement to pick up of an evening the voice of a man who broadcasts in English and who has come to be known throughout the country as 'Lord Haw-Haw.' In more serious vein British listeners tune in to the Continent, Germany included, for orchestral music at hours when the BBC's single program is occupied with other affairs. It is pleasant to think that radio is thus preserving, when so many of its other channels of interchange have been stopped, that world unity of culture which is one of the objects, at least, for which the British people feels today that it is fighting.

That spirit the BBC is seeking to keep alive in the programs which it is now

radiating powerfully beyond the British coasts. The Royal Charter, by which in 1925 the BBC was created, charged the new Corporation to 'carry on a Broadcasting Service within Our United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland (but not including therein the Irish Free State), the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man.' There was little thought in those days of the voice of the BBC's being heard overseas. Not till 1932 did the BBC take on the additional task of providing a short-wave service in the English tongue for the British Empire beyond the seas. There was still no thought of radiating any program in a foreign language. But by the autumn of 1937 all the leading European countries, with Russia as the pioneer and Germany, Italy, and France following in her train, were speaking freely to the world in a variety of languages. Britain, it came then to be felt, must overcome, at least upon the air, the traditional slowness of her people to acquire the speech of foreigners.

When, in the first few days of January 1938, the BBC started to radiate a daily program in Arabic, it undertook the task on the clear understanding that the broadcasting of truth should be the rule of its oversea, as it had always been the rule of its home, programs. In March it went on to give news bulletins directed to Latin America in Spanish and Portuguese. On September 27 of that year — the day of Mr. Chamberlain's broadcast to the nation at the height of the Munich crisis — it spoke for the first time to Europe in her own languages. That night it broadcast news bulletins in French, German, and Italian. Gradually, as the international tension grew through 1939, it equipped itself to transmit bulletins in yet further languages. By November 1939, it was radiating the news twice or three times a day in Arabic, Czech, French, German, Greek, Italian, Magyar, Polish, Portuguese (for both Portugal and Brazil), Rumanian, Serbo-Croat, Spanish (for both Spain

and Latin America), and Turkish, and also speaking daily in Afrikaans to the Union of South Africa, these bulletins being included either in the service given to Europe during nineteen hours out of every twenty-four or in the more widely ranging oversea service addressed to the world, including notably the countries of the British Empire. Many of these have been picked up and retransmitted by broadcasting organizations in distant countries.

Two supplements in particular to these bulletins are of interest. In the BBC's home programs there are often broadcast SOS messages, generally seeking the relatives of people who are gravely ill. From the day in 1932 that the BBC first radiated a program overseas until last October, the rule had stood that no personal messages should be included in it. Just before the collapse of Warsaw, the Polish radio station there was broadcasting nightly messages from people who wished their relatives elsewhere in Poland to know that they were safe, or inquiries from those who wanted to discover the whereabouts of husband, wife, or child. It was a moving experience to hear these announcements coming over the air into a London studio. I remember hearing the message of a wife who wished her husband to know that she had been safely delivered in Warsaw of her first-born child. After the Germans seized Poland, the BBC was asked by the Polish Ambassador in London if it could by a similar service help some of the unhappy refugees who had been parted from their families. The BBC readily agreed. At the end, therefore, of the evening bulletin in Polish, there began to be broadcast each day some seventy-five messages of this kind. Not all have found their mark. Many, it must be feared, have been addressed to the dead. But from neutral countries in Europe, from as far afield as Palestine, even covertly from within the German Reich, grateful reports have reached the BBC — from a

mother who has found her lost son again, from a sister who has learned of her brother's whereabouts, from a husband who has discovered that his wife is safe.

Another form of supplement to the BBC's foreign news bulletins is the short talk radiated after the nightly news. Such talks are accompanying the bulletins now in many European languages; a talk by Mr. Eden, for example, was included in the French service, and distinguished representatives of Poland were heard after the Polish bulletin. But they have most frequently followed the German news. There they are addressed primarily to listeners within Germany itself, though there is abundant evidence to show how widely they are also heard outside Germany. They seek generally to give an authoritative account of some subject about which German listeners are known to be kept in ignorance or to be expressly deceived by their government. Sometimes the talk appeals to German emotions. For example, a former British Guards officer, who in happier days had been entertained as a young man by the 2nd Regiment of Foot Guards in their barracks in the Friedrichstrasse and had drunk soup in the field kitchens of the Bavarian Infantry on manoeuvres, addressed the soldiers of the old German army. His talk followed the mysterious death of General von Fritsch in Poland. He recalled incidents of the chivalry of German soldiers which he had himself witnessed on the Western Front in the last war — recalled how he had seen a German machine-gun officer deliberately withhold his fire while a wounded Englishman was carried back from no man's land into the British lines. What had happened, he asked, to German *Soldatenehre*? At the end of his talk a record was played of a singing in chorus of that fine old German lament for a comrade: —

*Ich hatt' einen Kameraden,
Einen bessern findst du nit.*

This broadcast talk was singularly moving to hear even in London. The letters which it brought to the BBC from Europe showed how poignantly it had echoed in many German hearts.

IV

It is difficult now to remember that in the last war there was no broadcasting. The nearest approach to it was probably to be found in the device by which a telegraphist at the front would tap out in Morse, for the benefit of his opposite number in the German trenches, the news bulletin of the day. Those prophets who attempted in recent years to interpret the conditions of a future war forecast that the fighting in the ether would take the form of a battle not of speakers but of technicians. They thought that enemy transmitters would engage in a campaign of 'jamming,' each side trying to render unintelligible to the world the radio services of its opponents. So far their prophecies have proved almost wholly false. There has indeed been some attempt to jam a few of the BBC's foreign radio services. But in general the services of all countries have passed undisturbed to their destinations. Radio, to an extent which no one quite foresaw, has become the first source of international news and intelligence, is tending to replace the exchange of diplomatic communications, and is now a fourth armament of defense and attack. If the last war extended the terrain of battle to the air, this war has extended it yet further to the ether.

In 1914 a listening post was no more than a small hide-out beyond the trenches, in which a man was stationed to catch signs of unusual enemy activity above or below the ground. Now every country that wants to be equipped with a complete service of information must keep a vigilant and continuous watch upon the ether. This means that in modern war great listening posts must be established far away from the front

and manned night and day by hundreds of men and women, keeping in shifts a continuous watch upon an array of receivers.

In peacetime the BBC had equipped itself to listen on a small scale to an occasional program from overseas. This it did, sometimes for the sake of news, sometimes for the purpose of satisfying itself that other countries were keeping to their allotted frequencies. The process had come to be known internally as 'monitoring.' Now that war has come, the BBC has been appointed the nation's listening post, and its modest peacetime service has been immensely enlarged. A multilingual staff of many nationalities works in shifts night and day throughout the seven days of every week, picking up from the ceaseless traffic of the ether some 250,000 words a night in twenty different tongues.

This traffic includes about 150 news bulletins every twenty-four hours. The men and women who handle it are performing a severe task. They must be equal to enduring much night work, because the heaviest burden of traffic comes during the hours of darkness. They must also be able to sustain the trying duty of listening without a break to programs that are often indifferently heard because of atmospherics or the interference of another station on a neighboring wave length. Every language must have its shift of experts, and the languages that must be correctly interpreted vary from French, German, Italian, and Russian to Arabic and Ukrainian. At times they need do no more than make notes of what they hear. At other times they must set in motion the recording equipment which will reproduce radiated matter for more intensive interpretation and study. They are assisted by a corps of shorthand writers.

The material thus collected from the ether at a number of different points is brought in by telephone, teleprinter, and dispatch rider to a single centre. Here it is rapidly distributed among an

editorial staff chosen for their sound and up-to-date appreciation of international affairs. To that appreciation they must add a detailed knowledge of the special needs, often varying from week to week, of the departments which they are serving. Thus equipped, they must weigh and assess rapidly the relative importance of different items in the continuous tide of raw material which flows on to their tables. Their edited material must be assembled, rapidly copied, and issued at fixed times each day to the many different agencies for whose benefit this service is designed.

V

This review will have shown that the work of the BBC has undergone many changes even in these opening months of the war. If at some points its opportunities have been diminished, at others they have widely increased. The end of change is certainly not yet. The British listener, as has been made clear, has firmly retained his freedom to listen where he wishes and to criticize what he will. That freedom, it is safe to forecast, will certainly not be diminished. The BBC, too, has preserved liberties to which others besides itself attach importance.

Outside the British Isles it is believed almost universally that the BBC is a government agency. Even in peacetime this misconception sometimes causes us

embarrassment. Our programs are heard far into Europe; and controversial voices, freely tossed upon the air in the discussions which our people enjoy, are heard abroad, and are apt to be regarded by puzzled foreign listeners as the authentic voice of the British Government. This misconception is natural enough in a world where most broadcasting organizations are either government concerns or commercial undertakings. The BBC is neither of these things. It is a public corporation controlled by a Board of Governors carefully selected to represent widely different political points of view. It thus enjoys an independence which the popular opinion of the country is vigilant to preserve.

That independence has been continued in wartime. Like the newspapers, the BBC is for the time being subject to censorship, in that it must not broadcast information likely to be of military value to the enemy. But, also like the newspapers, it exercises its own discretion in judging what information might be of military value, referring points of doubt to the censor as it thinks necessary. With that small diminution of its peacetime liberties, the BBC has set itself to ensure that, however long the ordeal by war may last, the voices of a true European civilization shall still ring in its programs. It likes to think that freedom of speech upon the air will have something to contribute, when the time comes, to a true European peace.

LITTLE WOMEN OF THE WORLD

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

I

THE American debutante is, like the corset, an old institution. She has been through many metamorphoses, some of them as uncomfortable as Mainbocher's wasp-waist, resurrected last autumn after having been decently buried for nearly forty years. Our debts in that same forty years have become little women of the world. Today they circulate as they never did when Grandma was a girl and chaperons a necessity. Now the vestigial duenna, when in attendance at all, is a chaperon in name only.

Within the last two decades the debutante has changed more drastically than during any other period in the history of the species. Before 1920 it would have been almost as unthinkable for a debutante to endorse a cigarette as to smoke one. She wouldn't have been photographed drinking champagne in a night club with her 'beau of the moment,' because she wouldn't have been allowed in a night club with her beau of the moment, unless Mother went too.

Why have our eighteen-year-olds lost their girlish modesty, and forfeited the fun of growing up gradually? Why do they look and act like sophisticated women by the time they've been out one season? What's wrong with our debuts? It's true American women generally enjoy more freedom now than they did twenty years ago. It's also true that apartments have replaced the old brownstone fronts, and that today's metropolitan debts have little space for parties in

their own homes. But neither emancipation nor real estate is responsible for the premature blooming of our so-called buds.

There is nothing revolutionary in debutantes' appearing at well-chaperoned parties in hotels. Eighty years ago New York debutantes were attending subscription dances at Delmonico's. In 1883 Ward McAllister inaugurated the Patriarchs, which were in a sense forerunners of today's Junior Assemblies. Sponsored and attended by adult men as well as women, the Patriarch balls annually injected new life into their veins by admitting debutantes who could muster a suitable old oaken background. The nineteenth century had its dancing classes and cotillions too, though the actual presentation of a daughter to society usually took place at home.

Coming-out parties in the gaslight era were simple or lavish, depending on the taste and pocketbook of the parents, but, no matter how costly the clothes and the food and the potted palms, no debut could have been mistaken for a Billy Rose production, as many a coming-out party might be today. No debutante was a professional Glamour Girl, with one eye on the stage and the other glued to the gossip columns for cozy mention of herself as Dot or Harrie or Sue or Madge. The Gibson Girl, even *after* she came out, did not 'sit and sigh in the Iridium Room nightly,' as Cholly Knickerbocker puts it. Nor did she have her picture taken, for publication and profit,

trying out a new automobile in Central Park.

Perhaps my slant on our current debut system is too gloomy because I view its remains in New York City, where we habitually go to extremes. But since New York influences the fashions and customs of the country, other cities where caste still struggles for survival can do with a few storm warnings.

II

Debutantes and debuts were social rather than commercial *before* and for some time *after* the turn of the century. The purpose of a debut was clear. It was to introduce a young girl to society, and society included her parents' contemporaries, as well as eligible young men. The debutante actually talked with everyone at her party, and many of those present became her friends. Today scores of the men guests at a large Manhattan debut are never again seen by the deb. A social secretary lines them up as she arranges the rest of the scenery, and Father pays her well for that undependent and thirsty stag line.

According to the rules of the game as it is now played in New York, there must be at least twice as many boys as girls, or the party *can't* be a success. Unfortunately there's no guarantee that the boys, once there, will stay through the evening. They may wander off to other debuts run the same night by rival secretaries, whose stag lines are largely duplicates. Young lords of creation, invited to several, may look in on two or three before settling down. What the debutante nets that evening or ultimately is a matter for speculation. But the hotels and the secretaries do well for themselves. Unquestionably they get a good deal more out of the parties than do the debts for whom they are given. The larger the debut, the bigger the profit.

Capitalizing on the fact that many mothers are unsophisticated, or inefficient, or lazy, or incapable of organizing

a coming-out party, the secretaries have become promoters, and have turned the debut into Big Business. With the enthusiastic coöperation of the gossip columnists, the hotels, the tabloids, Hollywood, *Time*, *Life*, and other picture magazines, they have made a spectacle of the American debutante and her ingenuous, gullible, ambitious parents. Our national urge to have the biggest circuses, the highest buildings, the fastest trains, and the wildest headlines, has made us pushovers for the debut racket. And with the fashion for gaudy, extravagant debuts have come gaudy, extravagant debutantes, restless, strident, and brittle as the sparkling balls on a Christmas tree. Dignity has no glitter, no publicity value. Quiet feminine charm is lost in the uproar.

While there are doubtless many sweet and unspoiled debutantes among the thousand who come out annually in this country, their flashier sisters, who may well be in the minority, are so conspicuous and so well publicized that they color the whole picture. The ballyhoo that attends their debuts distorts a custom that was once as genuine and attractive and unpretentious as the parties simpler parents are still giving in Three Rivers, Michigan, and Tiffin, Ohio, to celebrate their daughters' graduation from high school or college.

It's perfectly natural for mothers to want their children to meet nice people and marry well. But must they sacrifice delicacy and good taste in the struggle? It's a good thing to put money in circulation, and there's no reason why a rich father shouldn't pay \$5000 for his daughter's debut *if* he can do so without vulgarity, and without ruining her sense of values and propriety. But it's a risky business to advertise an eighteen-year-old girl, and then let her do as she pleases and go where she likes. Has she the innate good judgment to take care of herself in the merry-go-round of parties to which she will be invited? Will ostentatious clothes and entertainment turn her

into a noisy little snob, with nothing in her head but lightweight clichés? Before the season's over, will she talk and laugh and think exactly like a hundred other girls?

It might be well to adopt a touch of our grandmothers' restraint. In their day it was possible for a debutante to be expensively fêted and dressed, and still remain a sheltered flower. She was presented to adult society, rather than to the press. And while we may laugh at the picture she made, blushing demurely against a background of rubber plants and cut flowers, she had a charm which has disappeared along with Father's double parlors, and sentimental stringed instruments operating under the ancestral stairs. Now she is photographed dancing at the Stork Club even before she comes out. How she can be considered *in*, when she appears in the tabloids and is described as 'having wonderful time, dancing with her current favorite,' is a baffling phenomenon. No longer is her social life restricted to the comparative seclusion of private parties. No longer can her mother shield her from the World, and tenderly teach her the facts of life. It's the other way round. Daughter is the sophisticate.

III

Before the publicity-minded organizer-secretaries perfected their methods for making parents give bigger and fancier parties, that they might collect bigger and fancier fees and/or percentages from hotels, florists, orchestras, and stationers, busy mothers occasionally availed themselves of secretarial assistance. But secretaries acted as secretaries, and not combination promoters, oracles, dictators, and press agents. They helped address the invitations, but the list was Mother's visiting list, augmented by solicitous relatives and friends. Secretaries did not sell lists by the yard, or rate the guests as they do now, in Grade A, B, C, and D lots. No

society writer would have felt it necessary to warn debutantes as Cholly Knickerbocker did this season, when he included in his list of 'Don'ts' the supercilious 'Don't fail to keep the Grade C and D debutantes at a safe distance.'

True, many of our grandmothers' debut customs were as absurd as those we tolerate today, but at least they kept the debutante in hand until she was old enough to know her way around. Rachel Buchanan's *A Debutante in Polite Society*, published in 1888, gives us a pastel notion of what the incipient society girl thought and said and did half a century ago.

Florence, the heroine, in a letter to her aunt, expresses herself in this decorous fashion: 'About the debut, of course I wore a beautiful white illusion costume. . . . Everybody congratulated mamma — papa refusing to come home from his office that afternoon "to witness the auction" as he drolly expressed it, thereby making me laugh and mamma sulk just a little. Everybody also said to me in some one of the many variations of the formula for such occasions, "You are a welcome and ornamental addition to our society," and I replied exactly two hundred and ninety-seven times, "Thanks, you are very kind to say so." To be exact, I only varied this answer four times.' Not bad at that, I should say. It seems to me Florence showed a lively initiative under the circumstances. She goes on as follows: —

'The reason why mamma would not let me be brought out on my eighteenth birthday as I wished, instead of one week previous to it, was because, as she said, people will remember just exactly how old I shall be ten years hence, which recollection is supposed to be disagreeable when it happens, and I have been insured against such an exactness. It may be an advantage or comfort to me some time or other.'

Mamma was no fool. And Florence was a model of open-mindedness.

She did, however, have some misgiv-

ings. Says she: 'I can not be brought to believe that it was my *thoughtful tendencies* that made my too closely laced corset bruise me so horribly, or brought a keen agony to my feet, which were tilted by Louis Quinze slippers, or made my bashful neck and shoulders so chilly. . . . When it was all over, and I announced how bored and hungry I had been, Kate said that I would be bored continuously hereafter, but that I was not likely to enjoy hunger any more, and that I would remember my present sensation among those luxuries that had been, but were not to be enjoyed again as long as I lived, unless I became engaged, and thus found leisure for such pleasure.' Florence's sister Kate was clearly a bit of a pessimist, but, after all, she had been out a year or two, and had faced a long siege of the 1888 equivalent of our ubiquitous early-morning, supper-dance scrambled eggs and sausages.

On January 2, 1897, *Harper's Bazar* published an article entitled 'A Debutante's Reception,' by Anna Wentworth Sears, which fairly fluttered with discreet advice. Laugh at it, if you like, but you'll have to concede the girls of that decade must have been good little soldiers. Said the author: 'In our day and generation we are certainly wise in some things, and one of the ways that we show our wisdom is in the training of our little maidens and young girls until the time they shall be ready, as women, to come out into social life and take their places among the people of the world. A girl's education is a very serious matter, and the working-hours of the day for sixteen or eighteen years are all too short for what she has to learn to fit her to be a thoroughly developed, well-rounded woman. . . . When the years of study at home are over, there may be a year or two of travel and study in foreign lands, and after that our modern American girl is ready to emerge from the quiet seclusion of home life, and show herself among men and women, as a healthful, modest,

and thoroughly cultured gentlewoman.'

So *that's* what they were driving at in the gay nineties. Apparently it didn't occur to the mothers of the day that modesty and culture weren't photogenic, or, if it did, they preferred decorum to publicity.

'And now that the time has come for this transition,' continues Author Sears, 'the function which is to accomplish the important result for the young woman of perhaps nineteen years is a comparatively simple affair. . . . Saturday is now the day invariably chosen. Then men, who are of course a desirable adjunct to any such occasion, have leisure, and will for this particular event perhaps waive their prejudice to afternoon affairs in general.' By *men* she meant *men*, and their marriageable sons. 'So about two weeks before the day, all the friends and acquaintances on the visiting-list of the deb's mother who live in the same place, and also those who live in the suburbs or near enough to be able to exchange calls with her, receive cards of invitation.'

To polish off the guide for a proper coming-out party, the author adds, 'Having greeted the mother and daughter and extended their good wishes, the guests are now free to wander about the room and seek familiar faces, or enjoy the pretty scene before them. The parlors are charming with the many lights from gas, lamps, and candles reflected in the mirrors and ornaments. . . . There is plenty of standing-room, as all furniture has been removed or pushed against the wall. . . . Much laughter and merrymaking is heard. Then, refreshed, or possibly having refused to eat anything — but not until they have made at least a half-hour's call — the guests take their departure. Then the deb can enjoy her own friends, for the day may end with a dinner for the young people, and possibly later a dance.'

Contrast that homey scene with our modern jamborees. Last October, in his 'Don'ts for Debutantes,' Cholly Knickerbocker found it necessary to advise,

'Don't try to economize on the music at the dances you give. The young people of today demand two orchestras for continuous dancing. Many debutante parties have been ruined by a mediocre band.' Our young people *demand*, and their taste is moulded by such goings-on as prompt this further Knickerbocker tidbit: 'Don't fail to summon the police when the "we-boys" come around and attempt to obtain money to ensure pleasant "write-ups" for your daughter.'

IV

By the early 1900's the era of extravagance was coming in, but the deb had not yet become a nationally advertised product. Even the costliest debuts did not approach the gilt-edged splendor of the nineteen-twenties and thirties, when Barbaras Hutton and Field, Joan Peabody and Annie May Henry, established the standing broad record for frenzied ostentation with parties costing more than \$50,000. But the tempo was accelerating. *Vogue*, in its December 3 issue of 1908, told of the 'continuous performance plan' in which the deb was brought out at an afternoon reception, which was a 'crush' affair. 'Other debs received with her, and after the guests of the day had left, there was a dinner for the receiving-party, augmented by a dozen or more young women, some buds of the previous season, and the proper complement of men.' (Note 'the proper complement of *men*.' Not yet had the social secretaries built up the stag line to include hundreds of people who meant nothing to the deb or her parents, or her parents' friends.) After the dinner the party went to a play, then had supper, followed by a dance in one of the fashionable restaurants, topped off by a supper-breakfast. 'Visiting-lists,' added *Vogue*, 'are so long that one tea or reception does not suffice.' Today the lists are even longer, but they have the intimate quality of the telephone book.

With the war, debuts began to be or-

ganized more as we know them now. The grooming of the girls, too, followed the pattern familiar to New Yorkers today. A socially ambitious mother places her daughter in a fashionable school when she is barely out of the nursery. At seven or eight, the little girl starts to dancing class, probably Miss Robinson's at the Plaza, or the Benjamin Dancing Class. As she grows older, the friends she makes at school become more and more important. They may be the means of wangling invitations to the pre-subdeb subscription dances. The five important ones are the Junior Holidays, the Junior Cosmopolitans, the Junior Get-Togethers, the Friday Dinner Dances, and the Middle Holidays. Patronesses pass or refuse applications on the basis of rules evolved as needed, for the purpose of admitting or blackballing whom they please.

There are five big subdeb subscription dances too, among them the Metropolitan, Colony, and Holiday dances. If Daughter makes a total of five out of the pre-subdeb and subdeb purges, she is likely to be admitted to the Junior Assemblies her debut year. These consist of three more subscription dances, run by older society women, who admit about a hundred of the three or four hundred girls who come out each year in New York. The committee is conspicuously cold toward the genus Glamour Girl. While not a prerequisite to a successful debut, the Junior Assemblies are considered tops socially by the debutantes, who are likely to add irreverently that they are also tops in dullness. Each girl has tickets for two escorts, and if she doesn't know a brace of college boys to invite she asks her brother or a school friend to run them to earth for her.

The socially ambitious who aren't sufficiently rich or blue-blooded to be tapped for the Junior Assemblies can still come out, even though their mothers haven't long visiting lists of their own. But Father must be willing to pay. School contacts help, but a social secre-

tary, with her list of college 'men' and prep-school seniors, is the real answer to a climbing maiden's prayer, if what she wants is a well-attended debut and plenty of invitations to other parties. How many permanent friends she makes through the commercial debut system is anybody's guess. She rarely achieves a husband, because there is so little eligible material for her to work on. But a husband isn't the only aim in life for a 1940 debutante. Perhaps she will turn out to be a Glamour Girl whose activities will be the concern of the nation for maybe six months. Perhaps she will even make Hollywood. No one can tell where the lightning will strike. But to get in the running costs money.

A dinner dance at the Ritz, for four hundred people, runs to more than \$4000. By the time clothes and incidental expenses for the season are added to the cost of the party, a debutante represents a sizable investment. Champagne, Scotch, cigarettes, and evening dresses total a tidy sum, and though a few traditionalists with big names and small budgets can and do bring daughters out at small, inexpensive teas or dances without ballyhoo or frills, most debts come high.

One thousand eighteen-year-olds were presented to 'society' in the U.S.A. last year, at an estimated total cost of \$8,000,000, according to *Fortune*. This means an *average* of \$8000.

V

Lucky are the fathers who live in the South, where money is not quite as important as charm, and great-grandparents. In Baltimore an invitation to the Bachelors' Cotillion gives a debutante social recognition no money can buy. Parents register a daughter before she cuts her second teeth, in the hope that she and her pedigree will pass muster. For those girls who make the grade, it means a real presentation to adult society. The name 'Bachelors' Cotillion' is

somewhat misleading, as these gatherings are largely attended by aristocrats who are already ancestors.

In Charleston, too, Background is Everything. Neither a bank account nor the lack of one is recommendation or drawback for attendance at the sacred St. Cecilia Ball. Only a debutante whose father or male guardian is a member of the Society, or who is an out-of-town guest of a member, is invited. No young man attends until he is twenty-one. The girls have cards on which their dances are filled ahead of time, and between dances the debts are expected to return to their chaperons, which most of them try to do. There is no stag line, no cutting in, no smoking in the ballroom; and no girl leaves the ballroom without a chaperon.

About three quarters of the debts have tea dances or supper dances given for them in the course of the season, but none of the parties approaches the splendor of a dance at the Ritz or St. Regis in New York. Often the parents of two girls give a dance for their young together, and split the bills. A successful Charleston debut, however, may be only a cocktail party at home, for other debutantes and their escorts. The whole affair, including the price of the debt's dress, may come to less than \$100. For around \$500 a girl can have a dance, a tea, and better clothes, though they won't guarantee her any more fun. For about \$800 she can have a dance, a tea, and an extensive wardrobe. Not more than two debuts a year top \$1000 apiece. The traditional Charleston debut, which the average girl would like to have, includes good clothes, a dance for her young friends, and a tea party at which she is introduced to the friends of her parents and grandparents.

In the social prestige it accords a debutante, the Philadelphia Assembly resembles the St. Cecilia Ball in Charleston. Only the descendants of First Families are eligible, and a Philadelphia debt's greatest triumph lies in being in-

vited to this historic annual ball, inaugurated 191 years ago this winter. Of the one thousand bluebloods who attend, only about twenty are debutantes. Most of these come out at private dances, teas, or dinners, much less elaborate than the regulation Manhattan debut.

Texas, too, is more humane to Daddy. There the debutante balls are arranged by exclusive men's clubs. Girls are nominated by their beaux, votes are polled, and invitations sent to the lucky girls elected. Each club presents its bevy of buds at a ball, as though they were show girls in George White's 'Scandals.' Despite the fact that pomp and ceremony are less costly there than in the East, a \$6000 party is not unusual. Compared to a New York debut, that's a bargain, because it pays for anywhere from three to sixteen or twenty girls at one clip. Each deb gives a party later on to entertain the club members, but the return affair need not be elaborate. A deb's main worry is whether she will have an escort for her own debut. If no club member asks for that honor, she won't go at all, even though she was thrilled at being invited. A rich father may bring pressure to bear on some gallant stag, but a girl who is neither popular nor wealthy may suffer the peculiar fate of missing her own debut.

Those who accept and attend are 'presented' by the club president. Guests applaud, the band plays, and the girls appear one at a time, like prize cattle. They curtsy, their names are announced, and they are then rescued by their escorts. As the hosts are already business or professional men, making good financially, many of the debs find husbands without a prolonged wait. When they marry, the club men become honorary members, which keeps the masculine element at debuts in Fort Worth, Dallas, San Antonio, and Houston on a high level of eligibility.

While I wouldn't suggest the Texas debut as a model superior in every respect

to the Manhattan brand, it certainly has its points. Though florid too, it exploits impressionable girls in mass formation, which is probably less damaging. And the fact that each show is paid for by a number of men, rather than by one father, should make it less offensive to serious-minded citizens like Westbrook Pegler, who has expressed his views on debuts in no uncertain terms. Said he in a January 1937 issue of the *World-Telegram*: 'Not only do these introductions run into money, but, more important, they tend to irritate the lower classes, who do not have the intelligence to reason things out calmly and perceive the nobility of such spending. There is no use arguing that this spending gives employment to waiters and florists and those peasant girls of France who tread the grapes, because the lower classes see only contrasts, and these make them sore. My way would be to call on Mussolini and Hitler for bombing planes to blast these \$50,000 parties without mercy in the name of God, instead of waiting until the lower classes are driven to vulgar extremes, as in Spain.'

To Mr. Pegler I would say that the flamboyant debut will attend to its own demise in due course, without bloodshed. Already we see fewer extravagant parties than we did three years ago, when he paged the bombers. Already many of the girls themselves are beginning to protest. The fashion for simple coming-out parties at country clubs, during September and October, has won approval among astute Boston, Baltimore, and Long Island debutantes, who find such functions more fun than the endless, tiring round of a winter under the auspices of professional secretaries. Careers and college are looking more and more attractive to sober young women who question what it is they 'come out' into. Parents, too, are suspecting there must be some way of presenting a daughter to adult society without cheapening her or offending the public.

FINISHING TOUCHES

BY SIR JOHN LAVERY

I

IN 1904 I had such a success with 'Spring' that I decided to paint the seasons. I was looking for a spot to paint 'Summer' when I had a letter from J. Milner Kite, an Anglo-American painter, inviting me to go to Brittany. So, thinking it might solve the problem of the picture, I went to Beg-mai, taking with me 'Spring' and Shiel, an Irishman with nothing to do. After working all day from a model in the country it has always been a relief to me to have a third person, male or female, to take the sitter off my hands, so to speak, and reduce the strain for both model and painter. Shiel served my purpose in that he shared the scandal, if there should be one, of my taking a beautiful girl to the country for months at a time.

In the same hotel I used to see two girls on their verandah at morning coffee as I passed on my way to work with my six-foot canvas strapped on my shoulders. Kite informed me that they were American girls with their mother, and that he was trying to paint the elder one, who I could see was very beautiful, and he added that he would be forever indebted to me if I could give him a hand. I was only too glad to show off, especially before such loveliness; and, as it is invariably much easier to work on another man's canvas when he has got into difficulties than it is on one's own under similar circumstances, in a very short time I was looked upon by the sitter as a master and treated with great respect, not to say admiration. I cannot

say that I was appreciated by the mother, Mrs. Edward Jenner Martyn, whom Kite called 'the old Chicago dame' — which I thought disrespectful, since she had commissioned him to paint her daughter.

I cannot understand to this day what Hazel saw in me — she said I reminded her of Harry Lauder. I was more than twice her age; I was traveling with a model (it is true that Kite and Shiel were with us); I was a widower with a daughter almost as old as herself; I was Irish, to her a nationality associated with Tammany Hall; and she was already engaged to a young surgeon, son of the famous Doctor Trudeau at whose sanatorium Robert Louis Stevenson was an impatient inmate, breaking up his furniture to make a fire in the intense cold that eventually drove him to Honolulu. Mrs. Martyn, observing the interest her daughter was showing in me, sent Trudeau a message to come at once or he would lose Hazel. He came, he observed, and he married her.

I then realized that painting pictures was not everything.

Three or four months afterwards, Trudeau died suddenly. In the course of time Alice was born and Hazel returned to Paris with her child, who at the age of five acted as bridesmaid when, with Cunningham Graham as best man, I married her mother at Brompton Oratory.

Just about the time when Hazel and Alice came into my life I bought a little

property on the hill outside Tangier. I made it my winter quarters for the next fifteen or more years, Hazel at the start being twenty-three and Alice five. I remember the latter's age well. I was painting a portrait of Kenneth Clark, the present Director of the National Gallery, who was then aged six or seven, and Alice came up to entertain the sitter. The dialogue was pretty good.

He: 'Hello, who are you?'

She: 'I am Alice.'

He: 'How old are you?'

She: 'I've just struck five.'

He: 'Did you ting or did you cuckoo?'

When she went to school she was asked by her companions why her name was Trudeau and her mother's Lavery. She was much embarrassed and, swallowing hard, said, 'Well, you see, my mother married a friend of mine, and that's how it came about.' This was literally true, because I had promised to marry her when she grew up. When I married her mother she said resignedly, 'Well, we'll just have to be friends.'

Although I had spent some winters in Morocco, she picked up the language much quicker than I did. What is more, living in the stables in Tangier, she acquired stable Arabic with equal facility. One day, riding Moses her donkey, she was heard addressing him in Arabic with 'Go on, thou son of an adulteress,' and similar epithets.

The domestic question in Morocco was a difficult one, since a Moor lost caste if he or she served a Christian, but I had the luck to get two remarkable characters — Aïsha, a girl about sixteen, and Ben Ali Rabbati, a cook and an artist in water colors. When Aïsha came she could only speak Spanish and Arabic; within a month her English was wonderful. She preferred to call herself Aïda because it sounded Spanish. I painted a picture of her which I sent to the Venice Triennale Esposizione de Belle Arti. The King of Italy paid a visit, and among other pictures purchased that of Aïda. It was reproduced

as a frontispiece in *L'Illustrazione Italiana*, of which Aïda was very proud and made good use in London.

She used to take Alice out in the Park, where a young German poet became interested in her. We later found out that he was mad, but she had already told him that she was related to the Italian Royal House, in proof of which she showed her portrait in the Italian journal, under which was printed 'Aïda, from the collection of His Majesty the King.' She explained to the poet that she was a Moorish princess and that I had smuggled her out of Morocco and was treating her like a slave. He was much impressed, and when he had got all her facts he wrote to *Truth* to expose what he called 'Brown Slave Traffic in Our Midst.'

I had had difficulty in getting her out of Morocco, it being against the law for a Moorish woman to leave the country, but the British Minister came to my aid by assuring the Pasha she would be brought back safely. She was dressed up in my daughter's European clothes, heavily veiled, and the high-heeled shoes made her walk strangely. She was very sick in the small boat going out to the steamer, and not daring to remove the tightly tied veil made it even more embarrassing. The boatmen developed suspicions which a few dollars allayed, and we got safely on board the P. & O. When the time came to go back, however, she refused to go, saying, 'Me free under British flag.' I was told at the Foreign Office that I could not force her to return unless she became an undesirable alien, so we had to go back without her, in great fear of the trouble her family would make. When we told them they merely said, 'Poison awaits her, which, Allah be praised, will be sure.'

Soon after our return war broke out, and Aïda disappeared, to be found in a munitions factory. In a few months she had charge of a number of workers, and at the end of the war she married the manager of her department.

II

My life has been largely a question of painting in my various studios — for the last forty years at Cromwell Place. Yet Cromwell Place for many years achieved another status: it was the meeting ground of a large number of famous people holding all sorts of views and engaged in many different activities.

These people did not come to see me. They came to see Hazel. She loved making friends; she had the gift, and the power to use it delighted her always. She enjoyed all sorts and conditions of people, and she was almost childishly anxious to win each and every one's esteem and affection. She was genuinely interested in all she met, old or young, celebrities or nobodies — to her they were somebodies because they were human beings, and all humanity enthralled her. She was in love with the spectacle of life.

When illness took her hand from the pulse of the lives of others, she died. My life was my work — painting; her life was life itself. She had much Irish blood, but she was primarily an American.

Hazel loved to meet people who excelled in anything, and she was equally interested whether they were rulers, writers, soldiers, or painters. She herself was a very good artist, and her views on books were found so worth while even by Bernard Shaw that he used to send her batches of his *Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism* while he was writing it. But it was as a hostess that she excelled and found her true art. She had exquisite tact and discrimination, and mixed her friends with the ease and grace of the most successful diplomat. When they came, whoever they were, they all felt that they had something in common — this pleasure of the moment. All were made to feel at home, not just that they were being made to feel at home. And when they left the house they did not feel that they were being

discussed unfavorably and pulled to pieces. They knew that Hazel did not do that sort of thing, and that no one else did it in her presence.

Therefore she came to have a host of friends and admirers, and they numbered as many women as men. Not so many women at first; but as the years passed, and no scandal could be fastened on her in any way at any time, her women admirers — especially the married ones — increased and became more and more friendly disposed towards her.

I do not know how many sitters, and wealthy ones, came to me on her account. For, apart from these social gifts, she made sitters talk to her, which set them at their ease while I was painting them. Lord Northcliffe and Lord Lonsdale both loved to have her to talk to during the sittings. When they were over, Lord Northcliffe, in the most charming manner conceivable, handed her a large check, saying, 'My dear lady, you have revolutionized sittings.' She was a little embarrassed, but he was so obviously sincere that she could only say, 'Thank you.'

Any attempt to single out names and recall on this page the friendly faces that honored our house must be seen as impossible. Hazel left behind a trunkful of letters and mementoes of those days. It is not for me to disturb them.

I have painted her portrait many times, but neither in paint nor in words do I feel I could ever do justice to Hazel. Her rare beauty of face and character must have been known personally to be believed, and so upon the things nearest to me I will write least. We had twenty-five years together. She died in 1935, after a long illness.

III

'Breathes there a man with soul so dead,' and so forth. Well, shame to say, I am that man, still breathing; and, what is worse, I have known other lands I have liked better than Ireland — at any

rate for the time being. No country holds the monopoly of all virtues.

Hazel, who was very keen on the Irish Question, said to me one day, 'John, why don't you do something for your country?' Now, an undeveloped sense of patriotism was my trouble. For years I did not seem to grasp what Ireland had suffered, and if I did the feeling was that possibly it served us right. But when the Great War came and the 'Black and Tans' were given carte blanche to do their damndest, — which they did, — the desire to fight stirred in my blood for the first time. Yet I very much doubt if it was patriotism and a love of country so much as a sense of justice. There was nothing much I could do. So when Hazel asked me why I did not do something for my country I replied, 'I cannot see that I can do anything without mixing myself up with religion or politics, and I have no time to differ with people.' 'Don't differ,' she replied. 'Just agree with them all, as you do anyway.' So it struck me that I might be of some use by making my studio neutral ground where both sides might meet.

Michael Collins came to London, as everyone knows, on a safe-conduct with Griffith, Gavan Duffy, Barton, Duggan, and Erskine Childers. De Valera had been over a week or two before, but had failed to come to terms, and now sent these representatives in the hope that a treaty might result.

Hazel was anxious that the delegates should meet Englishmen of importance concerned with the Irish Question, and this resulted in many dinner parties and other functions. But there was one delegate who held out — Erskine Childers. I had him on the telephone once or twice, but he would not be induced to come, not even to a meal.

By many it was believed that had it not been for Hazel there would have been no treaty — certainly not at the time it was signed. She had given up Erskine Childers as impossible to move, but she had overcome Arthur Griffith's

objections. Michael Collins stood firm to the last minute. He seemed to have lost his temper. Even I, whose head was never really out of the paintpot, could see that he who loses his temper in argument is lost, and told him so, but failed to convince him. Eventually, after hours of persuasion, Hazel prevailed. She took him to Downing Street in her car that last evening and he gave in. Yet he knew, knowing our queer race, that in signing he might well be signing his death warrant. Neither friend nor foe ever accused this man of lacking courage.

Collins was a patient sitter, but I noticed that he liked to sit facing the door. He was always on the alert. During the war in Ireland he was almost a wizard in the way he was never caught. He did not go into hiding, yet when the military came to some house they saw him enter they never could find him, though there seemed no means of escape — in this, and in the capacity to disguise himself, he bore a strong resemblance to Lenin, I am told. He told me that his mother died during the troubles and that he insisted on going to her funeral. His friends implored him not to, for it would be putting himself into the hands of the military. But he went. And the military went. He stood in their midst. But they did not see him — so skillful was his make-up as a monk.

When the delegates returned to Dublin, Hazel and I also went over. We now learned that Collins had 'sold his country.' Phrases are terrible things. One day we lunched with Collins at the Gresham Hotel. On his way there he was ordered to put up his hands by a youth with a gun. In putting them up he knocked the youth over and took the gun from him, telling him that he had stopped the wrong man, together with a few other points the youth had overlooked. They shook hands and parted friends, Michael keeping the gun.

One evening he came to dinner with us at the Kingstown Hotel. I did not know till afterwards that Hazel had

saved his life by sitting between him and the window, where a gunman had been placed for half an hour. She was anxious that he should know Horace Plunkett and took him to meet him that same evening. I was a little worried, but for some reason did not go. Coming back, they were waylaid, and half-a-dozen shots poured into the car. I examined the car with an electric torch, and it seemed a miracle that no one was hurt, for there were six people sitting close together. The bullets must have gone over their heads. Collins made light of it, but complained of a pain in his side that he thought might possibly be his appendix. After much persuasion he accepted my hot-water bottle and, placing it under his tunic, smilingly said that the pain had gone. With a 'God bless you both' he jumped into his car with Emmet Dalton and Joe Riley, dashing off into the night. That was the last I saw of him alive.

Hazel was pale with excitement and woke up screaming once or twice that night. Next day she was strange and silent. I could not get her to talk. She had fearful premonitions. Once after a dinner party she had told me that Sargent, who was present, was about to die — and he died. Now she said at last, looking away from me, 'All day I have been seeing them carrying Michael, covered with blood. Wherever I go I cannot get rid of the sight.' I got her to bed and sat with her until well on into the night, and at last she went to sleep. At seven in the morning her very English maid came in with the tea. After she had put it down she said in a voice showing not the slightest trace of interest, 'They have shot Mr. Collins, my lady.'

I felt then, and feel still, that on that night the Irish slew the Irish — that the Irish killed Ireland as a force for good and greatness in the world today, when every horror is committed in the name of nationalism.

His body was brought back to Dublin and placed in the mortuary chapel, where only relatives and closest friends were admitted. I was allowed to paint him in death. Any grossness in his features, even the peculiar little dent near the point of his nose, had disappeared. He might have been Napoleon in marble as he lay in his uniform, covered by the Free State flag, with a crucifix on his breast. Four soldiers stood round the bier. The stillness was broken at long intervals by someone's entering the chapel on tiptoe, kissing the brow, and then slipping to the door, where I could hear a burst of suppressed grief. One woman kissed the dead lips, making it hard for me to continue my work.

All that day I strove to record the mystery that seemed to play about that mouth, the lips appearing to move at times. When I got back to Kingstown at midnight the hotel was all dark; the night porter let me in, the one who had told me of the gunman at the window two nights previously. I thought it would interest him to see what I had done, so, opening up the picture, I placed it on a chair under a light in the hall. He looked long, and in a strange, harsh voice said, 'Well, now, that is the last of Mike; the next one will get the same.'

'Are you an Irishman?' I asked.

'I am, God help me.'

'I hope he will,' I said.

I have been told of the treachery of my countrymen by those who did not like them, but this was the first experience of it at the source. I now believe I misunderstood what he said, and that he really meant there were so many misguided people that no one trying to save his country would be allowed to live. How, then, can Ireland live? Must she not herself be slain if she slew, in Gogarty's great phrase, 'the most rapid and bright soul that alien envy ever quenched'?

BIRD LOVER

BY FRANCES EISENBERG

I

My father was always getting something new to be interested in. He would do one thing awhile, then he would change and do something different. Once he bought some books through the mail that showed you how to draw. They had pictures of naked people in them, so my mother would not let us look at them, but when my father came home from the store where he worked he would draw feet and arms and legs like the ones in the book, and my brother Joe and I could watch him if we did not cough or breathe down his neck. But after a while he stopped drawing and got interested in taking pictures. Then when cold weather came he started making things in the basement out of wood. Once it was a whatnot, and once it was a vegetable bin, and once it was a thing to hang hats on. But after a while spring came, and my father did not have anything to be interested in.

One afternoon he had come home from work, and he was in the back yard walking around. Joe and I were out there playing, and all of a sudden my father stopped walking and began staring up into the apple tree over our heads.

I looked up too, but I didn't see anything. 'What are you looking at, Papa?' I asked him.

'Shh,' my father said, frowning. He tiptoed toward the tree and stood under it, stretching his neck and looking. I opened my mouth to ask him again, but he shook his head and pointed up at a limb. A bird was sitting on it. It was

a brown bird with a thing growing on its head, and a long piece of straw in its mouth.

'Look, Joey,' I told my little brother. I whispered it, but the bird must have heard me, because it looked down at us, and dropped the straw and flew away. My father was mad at me and said: 'There, you see what you did. You scared it away. Can't you be quiet for even one minute?'

'I didn't mean to,' I said. He looked up in the tree for a while longer, then he stopped being mad.

'I guess it will come back,' he said. 'If you and Joe will be quiet and not scare it, it might come back and build a nest and lay some eggs in it.' He started talking to himself a little, and walking around looking at the tree.

'What kind of a bird was it, Papa?' I asked him after a while.

'What?' my father said, sort of disgusted. 'You mean to say that you don't know a cedar waxwing when you see one at your age? Why, when I was four years old I knew that much. By the time I was as old as Joe I knew all the common birds and their songs and their habits. It's just like I always said, the city is no place to raise a child. If I had my way every child would be brought up on a farm close to nature.'

He walked around a little more, muttering to himself. Then he said, 'If we had a birdbath and a feeding station out here I wouldn't be surprised if we could have a whole back yard full of birds by

the middle of the summer. And you and Joe could watch them hatch. It would be an interesting hobby for you and you could learn about nature.'

Joey was not listening.

'Are you going to be interested in birds next, Papa?' I said.

'Besides, it would give you something to be responsible for,' my father said. He got out a piece of paper and started writing on it. 'Yes, sir,' he said. 'I'll start on it tomorrow. We'll make the birdbath tomorrow afternoon. You can help me.'

'That will be fun, won't it, Joey?' I said.

But Joe kept on shoveling dirt and didn't say anything. 'I think it will be fun,' I said.

The next morning some men came in a truck with four bags of cement and a lot of rocks. 'What in the world . . .' my mother said, when she had looked at the slip of paper they gave her and saw that it was really for us.

'I know what it is,' I told her. 'Don't you remember? It's for Papa's birdbath that we're going to make.'

'Yes, but for heaven's sake!' my mother said. 'He's got enough stuff here to build a swimming pool. What kind of birds is he making it for — eagles?' But she told the men to put it in the back yard under the tree. That night when my father came home he put on his overalls and we began to make the birdbath.

He mixed the cement in a dishpan with a lot of water, and he told Joey and me to stick the rocks on when he told us to. After we had worked a few minutes Joey stopped. 'I don't want to do this any more,' he said.

'I do,' I said.

'All right, then,' my father told Joey. 'Helen will. And if you're going to be so all-fired lazy you can go off somewhere else. You're not going to stand here and watch us work.'

Joey went in the house and I put the rocks down while my father spread the

cement on. It got higher and higher, and pretty soon it began to look like kind of a monument. When it got dark we stopped working. 'The next thing is to find something to put on top to hold the water,' my father said. 'We'll get a pan and cover it with rocks and cement, and the next thing you know we'll have as artistic a little birdbath as you'd find anywhere. If you bought it, it would cost ten or twelve dollars.'

The next morning we finished the birdbath before my father went to work. It looked sort of funny. My father called my mother out to look at it.

'It adds something to the back yard,' he told her. 'There's a lot of cement left; maybe I'll make a sundial later on.'

Joey started feeling of the cement to see if it was wet.

'Look out, Joe,' my mother told him. 'It looks awfully shaky. It might fall over on your feet.'

'It's as firm as a rock,' my father said. He shook it to show how strong it was. A few pieces fell out. 'But it's not quite dry yet,' he said.

'Keep away from it, Joe,' my mother told him.

All afternoon I stayed in the back yard and waited for the birds to come. A few flew around the branches of the apple tree and sat on them, but they did not pay any attention to the birdbath. By night I was tired of waiting.

'No birds came,' I told my father.

'We'll build a feeding station in the fence corner,' he said. 'That will bring them. Every day you must put crumbs on it for them to eat and a piece of apple and things like that. I'll go call up the place and order some lumber. Then you'll see!'

II

The next day a truckload of boards came and my mother said some things under her breath, and she told the men to put them in the back yard where the rest of the sacks of cement still were. When my father came home I was play-

ing marbles with Joe, but he told me to come and hold the boards while he sawed them.

'Joe, you go on in the house,' I told my little brother. 'You can't stand there and watch us if you're not going to work.'

'I don't want to watch you,' Joe said. He went around in front to play. 'Never mind,' I said; 'you'll be sorry.'

I got tired of holding the boards. I thought: I wish I was bad like Joe, then I wouldn't have to work. 'No birds have come yet,' I told my father.

'Wait till we get the feeding station finished,' he said. 'Plenty will come then.'

When the feeding station was finished it was like a shelf on some stilts. We put some crumbs and a carrot on it, and then my father said we would sit on the other side of the yard behind the bushes and watch to see what would happen. For a long time nothing did, then after a while two sparrows flew down and started pecking at the crumbs. Then they flew away again.

'There!' my father said.

'Now they've started,' I told him. 'I bet Joe wishes he had helped. Don't he?'

'Yes,' my father said. 'But this is nothing compared to what it will be later on. You must get yourself a little notebook and write down all the birds that come to the feeding station. It will be interesting for you to read when you get older. I did that one summer when I was a boy.'

'Where is the book you wrote now?' I asked him.

'It got lost,' he said. 'And you can look up the ones you don't know. By the time summer is over you ought to be able to name any common bird of the southeastern states.'

That's too much like school, I thought.

I could see Joey around in the sand pile making a house out of some of the rocks that were left over.

'I guess I better go play with Joey now,' I said.

'Shh,' my father whispered, pointing.

'Look.' The two sparrows had come back and had begun to eat on the carrot. And just then a pigeon flew down from the top of the house and sat in the birdbath and began to splash the water.

'See!' my father said. 'That makes three already. Now let's keep real quiet and see what comes next.'

But no more came.

'Well, you've got to give them time,' my father said when we went in to supper.

'Yes,' I said, but my legs were stiff, and so was my back from sitting still so long. I was thinking to myself maybe it would be better if I was lazy, like Joe. But anyway, I would know all about nature, and Joe wouldn't.

The next day my father gave me a dime to get a notebook with and he showed me how to fix the pages in it as he did when he was a boy. And he told me to watch the feeding station and the birdbath all day and make a record of any birds that came. So all day long while my father was at work I stayed behind the bushes and watched. When my mother told me to come in and practise my music lesson I told her I couldn't because of what I was doing.

'You get yourself in here, young lady,' she said. 'Birds or no birds, you are going to practise your music lesson. They can wait till you get through.'

But as soon as the half hour was up I hurried back out to the bushes. That night when my father came home he looked at what I had written. Five sparrows had come and I had written them all down. My father looked sort of disappointed. 'Well,' he said.

I felt sorry for him. 'A robin started to light, but it flew the other way. I guess it changed its mind,' I told him.

His face brightened up. 'Bring your book and we'll watch to see what comes now. This is the best time of day to watch birds.'

I thought to myself, I am getting sort of tired of watching them, but I didn't say that, because it might hurt my

father's feelings. We waited a long time behind the bush, and nothing came again but one pigeon. And I could see my little brother Joe in the kitchen waiting to get the cake pan to scrape.

'Write down the pigeon,' my father said. 'It's not really a wild bird, but write it down anyway.'

Joe was looking out the kitchen door, licking the icing spoon.

I wrote down the pigeon, but I was thinking: I wish I wasn't so good; I wish I was bad like Joe; he has more fun than I do.

III

For a few weeks after that it was nothing but sparrows. School was out, and I stayed behind the bushes all day long except when I had to practise or set the table. But every night when my father came home and looked at the notebook it was the same. It seemed to make him feel very bad. 'I can't understand it,' he said.

Then all of a sudden one morning a different bird came to the feeding board. It was a little yellow one that I forget the name of now. That night when my father read it in the notebook he got very excited. 'You see!' he said, 'You have to be patient where nature is concerned. It can't be rushed.' He showed the name to my mother. 'You see what happens if you only wait,' he told her. 'This is good training for Helen; it is teaching her not to give up hope.'

'Yes,' my mother said. She was busy fixing over a dress or something.

My father went out and watched a long time for the yellow bird to come back, but he did not get discouraged when it didn't. He told me to watch closer than ever during the day, and to be sure to keep the birdbath full and enough crumbs on the feeding board. 'It came once, and it will come again,' he said. 'And it will bring others with it. When they get a little more used to us and know they're safe we won't be able to drive them away.'

And it turned out that he was right. The next day there were two robins and a wren and the yellow one again. And the day after that there were more different kinds, and pretty soon they came thick and fast in big flocks and covered the feeding board and fought over the crumbs. The birdbath would have as many as five birds in it at one time, splashing out the water, and I would have to fill it up three or four times during the morning. My father got awfully excited. 'You mustn't let it stay empty for even a few minutes,' he said. And he told me to scatter crumbs all around on the ground too, so there would be enough for them all. I had to hang a bottle of syrup on a bush for the hummingbirds because they didn't like crumbs. 'They must always find plenty of everything here, or they'll go somewhere else to get their food,' my father said.

So I spent nearly all my time tending to the birds, and the more I tended to them, the more they came until in a few weeks the back yard was full from morning till night.

They sat on the fence and in the trees, and they hopped all over the ground. All the time they were singing and squawking, until my mother said it made her head ache. 'You can't even walk without stepping on a bird,' my mother said. 'And it's not safe to sit under a tree any more for them. Nasty little things!' She was taking in some clothes that had been hanging on the line, and the birds had ruined them and they had to be washed over.

'Disgusting little things,' my mother said. 'I will certainly be glad when your father gets birds out of his system.'

But my father only got more interested in them instead of being tired of them. We did not have to hide behind the bushes any more to watch them. They had got so tame that they would not fly away even if you got up close. They would sit on my father's deck chair and hop around his feet. They would fly

so low over his head that they would almost touch it. This got him very excited. 'I believe I could tame them so they would sit on my shoulders and eat out of my hand,' he said. 'There's no limit to what patience will do with birds.'

'You would look a perfect fool with birds sitting all over you,' my mother said.

'Never mind,' my father told her. 'You always discourage me in my hobbies, but it's things like that that keep a man young. And look what this summer has done for Helen. She has been out in the open air all day, and that has been good for her health, and besides she can name any bird on sight. I suppose you'll admit that's a useful accomplishment for anybody.'

'I don't see why,' my mother said. 'The child's a nervous wreck. She's associated with birds too much. It's not natural.'

My father didn't like to argue, so he wouldn't say any more. He went outside and started practising holding a piece of bread in his hand, and at first the birds would only snatch it in their bills and fly away, but in a few days the robins would sit on his arm for just a minute at a time, long enough to get the bread, and finally they got so tame that two or three would sit on his shoulders and even his head. Sometimes he would have as many as ten birds sitting all over him even if he didn't have any bread for them.

He got out the camera that he had had when he was interested in taking pictures, and he told me to take his picture.

'I want it to show the men at the store,' he said. 'When I tell them about it they don't believe me. Besides, it would be a very novel thing to put on our Christmas cards this year.'

The pictures turned out to have a white streak across them, but they were pretty good. My father sent one to a magazine called *Nature*, but they didn't put it in.

IV

So the summer went on by and it was late in August and it was almost time for school to start. I could hardly believe it, the time seemed so short. It didn't seem as if I had had any vacation, with tending to the birds. It seemed as if I had done nothing but work.

'It's about time for your father to start something new,' my mother said. 'And I hope to goodness it will be pretty soon now. Every time I look out the window and see him out there like that it makes my flesh creep.'

One afternoon my father came home from work and he had a little package in his hand. 'I was going through the ten-cent store,' he said. 'They had a lot of seeds thrown out on a table for only five cents a package. So I thought I would plant a little patch of mustard greens in the back yard. There's all that ground going to waste, and besides if we grow our own mustard greens it will save on the grocery bill.'

'It certainly will,' my mother said. 'I think that's a good idea.'

My father looked surprised and pleased too. 'Do you?' he said. 'I'll go out and dig up the ground before it gets dark and sow the seeds tomorrow. Helen can help me.'

'I guess I better practise my music lesson now,' I said.

When I got through practising my father was still digging and I watched him from the window because if I went out there he might let me help him.

He could hardly dig because the birds kept flying around and sitting all over him. 'Get away now,' he would tell them, but they didn't seem to understand him. They were flying around his head and singing and squawking, and even when he raised the hoe to dig they would just go off a little piece to keep from being hit, and then come right back again.

I saw my father look around to see if anyone was watching, and then he

pushed the birds away with his hand. 'Shoo,' he said. But they came right back and settled down on the dirt. So he went on trying to dig, but it was no use. After a while he threw the hoe down and came on in the house. He sat down in the living room and seemed to be thinking. Finally he said, 'Helen, it's about time for the birds to go south anyway, so you don't need to put so many crumbs out for them after this. They can find their own food for a while now.'

'Ha, ha,' my mother said under her breath.

So the next day I didn't put any crumbs out and I didn't fill the bird-bath, but the birds came anyway, and sat on the grass and in the trees, and all over the ground my father had dug, and pulled worms out of it. And when my father came home they all flew to him singing and squawking and perched all over him again, and every time he tried to dig they got in front of him and started looking for worms until he couldn't do anything for them.

'I could throw some rocks at them,' Joe told my father.

My father looked at Joe a minute. Then he said in a loud voice, 'Of course not. Don't you ever let me catch you throwing rocks at harmless birds. That's about as cruel and inhuman a thing as you could possibly do. I don't ever want to hear tell of a boy of mine doing a thing like that. Shoo,' he said to the birds.

My mother was on the back porch getting something out of the refrigerator. 'Ha, ha,' she said, this time out loud.

But finally by dark he got the ground dug up and the seeds planted. 'Now in a week or two we will see some little green leaves peeping above the ground,' he told Joe and me, 'and pretty soon they will be ready to eat. A dish of mustard greens, and vinegar — that's a dish fit for a king. That's what I was raised on when I was a boy. I wish I had thought of it earlier, and we could have some tomatoes and things.'

I did as my father said, and did not feed the birds any more, but they kept on coming, and they hopped on the garden and pecked in it. 'Look, Joe, they're eating up the seeds,' I said. 'We ought to do something to stop them.'

'I could set a trap for them,' he told me, but I knew my father wouldn't like that, so I said we'd better leave them alone.

Every night my father would come home and water the garden with the hose, and once he squirted a little water at the birds, but they seemed to think it was a shower bath and they sat down in the puddles and squawked and fluttered their wings.

'Get away from there!' my father told them; then he said something under his breath that I couldn't hear.

But they kept on splashing and paying no attention.

So two or three weeks went by, and the garden didn't come up; then it was time for school to start.

And every day my father would look more disgusted when he came in from the garden, and finally he stopped digging, and he stopped looking to see if the plants were coming up. He tore down the feeding station to use for kindling, and the birdbath fell down by itself, and my father would hardly go into the back yard at all any more.

He bought himself a lot of wires and things and started to build a radio broadcasting station in the basement.

I took the bird notebook to school once to show Miss Adkins when we were having nature study and she said, 'That is very nice, but we are going to work on a unit on Fall Flowers now.'

And my father finished the radio station by Christmas and tried every night to get Panama, but all he could get was a college boy in Maryville named John Slitz.

'It would be cheaper and quicker to call him on the telephone,' my mother said when we were listening to him talking. 'It's only twelve miles away.'

AMERICA CAN BUILD

BY THOMAS S. HOLDEN

I

'Of course, the finest job of city planning being done anywhere in the world is in Westchester County, New York.' The speaker was M. Jacques Greber, and this remark was made to me in the course of an informal conversation on the progress of city planning which we had in his Paris office about eight years ago. Naturally, I accepted M. Greber's statement as authoritative; he has been a consultant on city-plan projects in four continents. Another European authority of equal international renown is M. Henri Vandervelde, a Belgian architect recognized as one of the pioneer leaders in modern design, who was in this country last year to supervise erection of the Belgian Pavilion at the New York World's Fair. He told me that he ranks Rockefeller Center as one of the outstanding architectural achievements of all time.

Just a few weeks ago, a contractor friend of mine, W. J. Barney of the W. J. Barney Corporation, was telling me how his organization built a factory in England in less than six months, when the best time schedule any British builder could promise for the job was approximately a year. Having previously completed in this country, in the space of twelve weeks, a seven-story factory for the same British client, Mr. Barney was commissioned to build the London plant on his promise of six months or better, because every month was of vital importance in fulfilling orders arising from the Abyssinian war. Mr. Barney stated

that not only his client but also a number of London builders showed the keenest interest in his demonstration of American construction methods and ways of speeding work.

It may be that foreign recognition of American architectural and construction achievements is needed to counterbalance our own matter-of-fact acceptance of miracles wrought almost daily with steam shovels, derricks, and hoisting engines on the sites and by fabricators in hundreds of plants throughout this country. Perhaps foreign recognition may leaven the somewhat glib, unrealistic criticisms which characterize the construction industry as America's most backward enterprise. So continuous has been the progress of architectural design and construction technique in the United States since the development of steel and concrete construction and the invention of the safety elevator that we Americans take as a matter of course such triumphs of engineering as Rockefeller Center, the Westchester County Parkway System, the Panama Canal, the Golden Gate Bridge, Boulder Dam, Chatham Village, the Empire State Building, the Chicago Merchandise Mart, the Bankers Life Building in Des Moines, and scores of others far too numerous to list.

The stigma of backward industry comes from two principal sources. Social welfare workers and public-housing enthusiasts, both in and out of government, have charged the industry with failure to solve the housing problem.

Since they usually consider the housing problem as consisting exclusively of the problem of the 'underprivileged, underfed, and underhoused,' this indictment practically means that the industry cannot provide model housing for people who cannot pay. Since no industry is expected to sell its product below cost, this phase of the problem is social rather than industrial. The other criticism is to the effect that the industry (sheer stupidity or crookedness, or both, being frequently implied as the basic reason) has failed to organize itself for mass-production methods like those of the automotive industry. This criticism comes frequently from imaginative journalists or from stock-market statisticians who want a speculative boom to exploit; it has been repeated so often that it has gained wide acceptance, even in the business world.

II

The men who have brought our great modern structures into being have all been technicians of the highest competence: architects, engineers, general contractors, who have been most ably abetted by the producers of materials and equipment. All are essentially professional men; general contractors and some sub-contractors belong in this category, since they must combine engineering skill and industrial organization technique with the functions of business management. They have always had to achieve results in the face of legal regulations and complicated labor conditions such as other industries have only recently encountered. While professional status is officially and generally accorded to architects and engineers, it is not so generally recognized as belonging to those general contractors who erect large modern industrial and urban-type buildings and the more complicated engineering structures. Contractors rarely initiate or finance projects, or produce buildings to sell or to operate for income. The volume of operations of architects, engi-

neers, and contractors is subject very little to their own control; they do as well as they can in the matter of maintaining permanent skeleton staffs, hoping for reasonable continuity of work. Many contractors also have considerable capital invested in construction equipment, much of which may lie idle a good part of the time.

Large general-contracting organizations employ specialists called expeditors, whose job it is to schedule the ordering and delivery of all materials and prefabricated parts and the rotation of the various trades employed on the projects. Very often representatives are sent to factories and fabricating plants in order to guard against any unnecessary delays; time is money on a construction project. Here is a modern assembly-line process, more complicated than Mr. Chrysler's, which must be organized anew for each job, and which rivals in efficiency any modern industrial process when extraneous factors, such as financial, legal, or labor difficulties, do not interfere with its proper functioning. During the first World War, when army cantonments, industrial housing, and other construction requiring speed were required, the government called upon the services of executive heads of a number of the big private contracting organizations to do these jobs.

Mechanization of processes has gone fairly far with respect to excavation and material handling, and there has been an increase in shop prefabrication. Low unit costs have always been a factor in large-scale buildings, probably counting most in factory and warehouse projects; most other classes of large-scale building projects have in the past been quality jobs, planned for fairly high-cost uses, and involving a number of skilled handicraft trades.

This modern professionalized large-scale construction industry has not, as yet, functioned to any great extent in the production of moderate and low-cost housing facilities. The principal reason

for this has been the fact that most of the large contracting organizations have wage agreements with the unions which prevent their entering into competition with open-shop operators who have, up to now, dominated the housing field. However, when favorable opportunities have arisen, such contractors have amply demonstrated their capacity to reduce costs. To this we may attribute the notable progress that has been made in reducing unit costs of public housing projects in New York City, to cite one example. It has been reported that the room cost, including land, of the Williamsburg project, built under the Housing Division of PWA, was \$2296.50. The more recent Red Hook project, built under the USHA program, was constructed at a room cost of \$1223. This was produced by the New York City Housing Authority, under the chairmanship of Alfred M. Rheinstein, a general contractor of high reputation. While simplification of design and elimination of unessential luxuries contributed greatly to the lowered cost, a big contribution was made by the successful bidders on the job, the George A. Fuller Company, whose technical staff spent months of research in cost-cutting methods before placing their bid. The Cauldwell-Wingate Company of New York built the Queensbridge project at a per-room cost of \$1128.

III

According to the census of 1930, 76 per cent of the family dwelling units occupied by American families were single-family houses, 12 per cent two-family houses, and 12 per cent multiple dwellings. Only a small fraction of the multiple dwellings were very large buildings, the average number of family units per building in 1930 being slightly under six. While many operative builders have produced quantities of small houses for sale, most of their building operations have not involved any really large number of new buildings in any particular year, nor

any great degree of continuity of operations. In the year 1938, fewer than 350 builders or building companies in the entire United States produced thirty or more houses each. Considerable numbers of the single-family houses that are produced for sale or rent are erected on the basis of one house per operation.

Consequently, most housing facilities have been produced by the small-scale construction industry, which dates back to the beginnings of man-made shelter and, in respect to construction methods, has changed but little until quite recently, although for some years progress has been made in such accessories as plumbing, heating and lighting equipment, and other conveniences and comforts. Since the industry consists to such a large extent of small individualized operations, material and equipment purchases are generally on a retail basis. Even where stock plans are used, variety is often sought in external appearance, aiming at the effect of a custom job. The small-house builder has frequently been a boss carpenter or graduate from one of the other handicraft trades; he may have been highly competent within the range of handicraft production of small houses, but only rarely had he anything approximating the professional technique of the architect, the engineer, or the large-project contractor. Even in this field, there is at present a great striving toward improved technique, and some real advances have been made; builders are giving measurably greater values for less money in small houses than they were able to do ten or fifteen years ago.

The operative builder who produces small-house developments for sale has been, for the most part, a land speculator, a small-lot subdivider. As, during the evolution of urban communities, it became increasingly difficult to sell building lots, the addition of houses was made in order to sell the lots at a profit. This speculative technique was carried into the apartment field. Few builders

of apartment houses have produced them with the intention of owning and operating them for income over an extended period of time, although they have frequently held them until they were fully occupied with paying tenants before selling the properties to investors, such sales usually being made in flush times when rental rates are high and current income seems to justify a high valuation of the project.

While the restricted residential development of the higher valuation has existed for a long time, the essential economic value of planned community developments in the moderate-price class, providing housing accommodations with a preconceived relationship to school, transportation, and social facilities and employment opportunities, has received general recognition only in recent years. With knowledge of such examples as Radburn in New Jersey, Chatham Village in Pittsburgh, Colonial Village and Buckingham Community in the suburbs of Washington, operative builders in our metropolitan centres today advertise community features just as emphatically as they advertised brass pipe, copper gutters and downspouts, and similar improvements fifteen years ago.

Thus far, large-scale production of single-family houses for sale has not developed to a degree comparable with what has taken place in England. Perhaps it is a question of giving this kind of business more time to develop; some housing students even consider it unsuited to our economic setup. We have expected it to come about through some spectacular invention of a patentable house to be rolled off an assembly line. When this happens, if it ever does, it will be in response to a market demand and the possibility of quantity orders from the field.

While large-scale production of small houses has not been the ruling procedure, it has existed for a long time. To cite only one example, Mr. John H. McClatchy of Philadelphia was an appren-

tice in a company that was building six hundred houses a year as early as 1894; he has been continuously in the house-building business for himself since 1900, having built and sold approximately ten thousand houses. About 80 per cent of his houses have been of the Philadelphia row type, and most of them have been in the range of what sells today for five to six thousand dollars. Along with his ten thousand houses, he has built up in his own community an exceptional reputation for integrity and honest value in his houses. There are today numbers of companies in the business of producing single-family houses for sale. Up to the present time, however, the cyclical swings of building demand and the fluctuations of costs have been so great that it has not been possible to regularize production programs or to operate on other than a hazardously speculative basis.

The small-scale building industry has not generally commanded any considerable amount of working capital, has had no opportunity to develop modern research, no real bargaining power in the material or labor market. It is not yet in any important sense a modern business; in certain important respects it is an archaic survival of ancient and mediæval construction techniques and nineteenth-century small-business management concepts. However, the concentration of population in metropolitan areas, population decentralization within these areas, lowered interest rates, and improved financing methods—all are tending to eliminate speculative factors and to create more concentrated and more stable housing markets in the lower price ranges. These conditions favor development of small-house production on a regularized business basis and invite men of high technical competence into the field.

IV

While real-estate speculation has been conspicuously present as a motivating force in the large-scale construction in-

dustry, it has not so dominated it as to exclude business considerations. Factories, office buildings, department-store buildings, hotels, large apartment projects, and the like, have had to proceed from careful analyses of their potential earning power as business enterprises.

There have been noteworthy examples of large-scale enterprise in the housing field. The Fred F. French group of companies has produced more than \$100,000,000 worth of rental housing accommodations in the City of New York. The affiliated companies of this organization have included a holding company, a financing company, an architectural planning organization, a construction organization, and a management company to operate the properties. The Queensboro Corporation, also of New York, has produced more than \$50,000,000 worth of rental housing accommodations, although it has, in contrast to the French organization, let out its construction on contract. The J. C. Nichols Development Company of Kansas City, the River Oaks Company of Houston, and the Roland Park Company of Baltimore are examples of well-capitalized companies which have produced planned communities of high quality as a matter of continuous operation over a considerable period of years; their projects have consisted principally of single-family residence properties. These outstanding exemplars of housing conducted as a regularized business have until quite recently operated in the luxury housing field, where they found their greatest potential market. They have all recently engaged in lower-priced operations, consisting both of rental projects with FHA-insured mortgages and of individual houses for sale.

In addition, there are such familiar examples of rental housing for middle-income families, undertaken on a strictly investment basis, as the projects of the City and Suburban Homes Company of New York, the Washington Sanitary

Improvement Company, the Washington Sanitary Housing Company, Chatham Village in Pittsburgh, and some of the limited-dividend projects under the program of the New York State Board of Housing. These projects have, to a considerable extent, provided the pattern for the large-scale rental projects that have been and are being currently undertaken with FHA-insured mortgages.

The essence of investment housing is that it is undertaken for the sake of operating profits and equity appreciation over the years, rather than with the aim of a speculative profit from a quick sale. The management of housing enterprises for rental income is a continuing business, entirely different from housing construction which, for a particular project, is a one-time operation. Consequently, there is no fundamental necessity for the same business organization to play the dual rôle of housing constructor and housing operator. The incentive to develop such a dual business would come from a desire to provide continuous construction opportunities through setting up financing and operating companies as affiliates to a construction company. It is very interesting in this connection to note that the demand for housing construction must come from the real-estate field, as it always has. The basic difference in the situation is that investment and property management considerations have begun to outweigh speculative considerations in the formulation of building demand.

Earlier investment housing projects were mostly financed with the conventional 60 per cent mortgages, though two important ones, Chatham Village in Pittsburgh and the earlier Metropolitan Life Insurance Company project, were wholly owned by 100 per cent investment of institutional funds. The new Metropolitan project, Parkchester, now under construction in the Bronx, New York City, also wholly owned, will be the

largest single-rental housing project in the country. It will cover 129 acres; will contain 51 apartment houses with garages, five theatres, two store buildings, and a central heating plant, a total of 59 buildings; is roughly estimated to cost \$65,000,000; and is planned to accommodate 12,269 families in suites of varying sizes. It is perhaps significant that this project has engaged the talents and services of the architects, engineers, and builders of the Empire State Building. The story of its cost economies and how they will be reflected in rent scales has not yet been made public.

The Federal Housing Administration's plan for insuring mortgages on large-scale private-enterprise rental projects thus found already in existence a pattern of investment housing, a construction industry entirely competent to build on as large a scale as needed, and a ready supply of mortgage money. Although the life insurance companies were a little slow in taking up these loans at first, they are now ready to make almost any rental-housing loan that meets the requirements for FHA approval. As of December 9, 1939, mortgages on 293 rental housing projects, amounting to \$133,217,250, had been insured by the Federal Housing Administration.

One of the earliest of these projects, Colonial Village in Arlington, Virginia, has proved so sound and profitable that it was refinanced in 1939 without mortgage insurance, the new mortgage being taken by the New York Life Insurance Company, which was the original mortgagee. The principal obstacle to more rapid progress in large-scale rental housing, therefore, has not been absence of mortgage financing; there is as yet a dearth of men and money willing to go into the business of selling shelter service on a long-term basis, making a reasonable income return over the years, and earning an appreciation of equity values. The big need in this field is equity financing and education as to the character of investment opportunities offered.

V

The speculative urge to real-estate and construction activities was in the past largely activated by rapid population growth, urbanization, railroad and highway construction, industrialization generally and the evolution of the automotive industry particularly, and the other factors that produced the phenomenal rate of economic expansion this country has enjoyed. Fundamental changes in the rate and character of economic expansion have taken place in recent years which reduce very materially the opportunities for speculative exploitation of real estate. In addition to a diminished population pressure, the automobile and the hard-surfaced highway have effected revolutionary changes. The daily cruising radius of the average man has been increased manyfold and the potential profits of congested land occupancy have been greatly diminished.

As a consequence of these changes, which are the phenomena of a maturing industrial economy, real-estate concepts have undergone very considerable alteration. Generally speaking, the period of speculative exploitation is over and we have moved into the management period. Large real-estate firms and companies which have done well during the depression years are the ones which have developed highly competent management departments. I am sure that in many local real-estate boards the management groups are today stronger than the broker groups. There are also changed attitudes toward appraisals and mortgages. Appraisals on the basis of capitalized income rather than anticipated sale price have come to the front. Real-estate men are saying generally that practically all mortgage contracts should provide for periodic amortization. This last is highly significant; it recognizes that the once-popular process of renewing mortgages indefinitely so that transfers may consist only in swapping equities is no longer sound or desirable, and

that continuous reduction of indebtedness out of property earnings is essential.

In the mortgage-lending field, changes in concepts and practices are notable. The emergency refunding operations of the HOLC effectively put a bottom to real-estate deflation and a ceiling to the volume of foreclosures. The FHA has popularized the long-term high-percentage amortized mortgage, has tended to make interest rates and lending procedure uniform throughout the country, and has already made a large contribution to reduction of the cost of financing housing properties. These agencies have assisted greatly in transforming the home-mortgage system from a pawn-broking to a long-term credit system. FHA mortgage insurance on large-scale rental projects is, in addition, promoting investment housing.

If we view all these trends in construction, real estate, and mortgage financing in the proper relationships to each other and to their economic background, we get a picture of a basic economic activity going through a highly significant evolutionary process, its very important changes taking place in a comparatively orderly manner, and progressing at a rate that is, viewed in proper perspective, quite satisfactory. There can be little doubt of continued technical progress, if legal, financial, and economic obstacles to cost reduction can be overcome. The problem of producing better houses for less money is principally the problem of

- (1) Perfecting financing mechanisms;
- (2) Promoting investment housing;
- (3) Broadening opportunities for large-scale projects;
- (4) Gradual removal of such legal impediments as high foreclosure costs, high costs of title search and registration, obsolete building codes, inequitable taxes, and the like;
- (5) Improving labor relations in the building industry along such lines as the uniform work week, simplified labor organization with possible amalgamation of related craft unions, elimination of jurisdictional disputes, and, possibly, preferential wage scales on low- and medium-priced housing.

Establishment of continuous employment and an annual wage in the building industry is not included in this list. Such a development would be highly desirable, but I believe consideration of it is premature at this time. It may eventuate as the evolutionary process develops large-scale housing companies with reasonable continuity of operations.

One very important means of creating new opportunities for large-scale housing projects can be adopted by state legislatures. They could enact laws permitting the chartering of special franchise corporations which could use powers of eminent domain in assembling property in blighted urban areas, in order to rehabilitate and reconstruct those areas. Thus would private capital and private enterprise be invited into the field of slum clearance, which should be projected separately from programs of providing subsidized housing for low-income families, but coordinated with such programs. Bills to effect these purposes were introduced last winter in Illinois and Michigan; one is being prepared for introduction in New York at the next regular legislative session.

Consolidation of federal financing agencies, as effected in last summer's reorganization plan, is a logical step to be taken in perfecting a national mortgage banking system. In the course of consolidating the actual functions of the several lending agencies, doubtless some legislation will be needed for defining and clarifying functions and, possibly, for broadening their scope. Thus far, provision has been made for facilitating mortgage lending in the housing field; many people believe there is a need for similar improvement in financing non-residential property.

There is another whole field of construction activity to which the Federal Government has given enormous financial assistance in recent years, entirely on the emergency basis — the field of public building and engineering works. Great confusion exists in the public mind as to

the soundness of the public-works financing we have had. There is reason to suspect that state and local governments have been all too willing to unload an undue portion of the financial burden on the Federal Treasury and to keep it there as long as possible. I do not know of any recent survey that would indicate the possibility of revival of the municipal bond market to a point where all needed public improvements can be properly financed. Now that there is also in effect a consolidated plan for works agencies, there should be a comprehensive objective inquiry into the tax and credit resources of state and local governments to determine a proper long-range public-works policy for the Federal Government.

Another field of capital financing indirectly related to construction, said by many people to be inadequately served today, is the financing of small and medium-sized businesses. Improved machinery for such financing might result in some increased construction of small and medium-sized commercial and industrial buildings. If it is true, as some people have claimed, that there is today no adequate provision in our financial machinery to cover this field, the fact should be made clear by an impartial study and the problem met by carefully considered recommendations. I do not profess to know whether this need can be met best by relaxing present restrictions on investment or by creating new financial machinery, or both.

In view of these needs, in view of the fact that the depression was characterized principally by a breakdown in the mechanisms of long-term finance and also of the fact that there is today an inadequate flow of money into capital investment, I am inclined to think that further adjustments are called for in the field of long-term finance. It does seem to me, however, that the time is past for piecemeal emergency jobs or for major legislative enactments in the field of banking, or in finance, based merely on

proposals of public administrative officials or governmental advisers, without the fullest possible consideration of the points of view of private finance and private business. Perhaps the survey being made by the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency will be of the comprehensive and objective nature that this situation calls for. It seems to me that such a survey should include analysis of the workings of regulatory agencies, as well as of lending and investment banking agencies and of the municipal bond market. To accomplish this purpose, for some time there has been advocated the setting up of a joint Congressional committee patterned directly after the National Monetary Commission of 1908, generally remembered as the Aldrich Committee. It was this commission whose studies resulted in the creation of the Federal Reserve System. The proposed National Long-Term Credit Commission, — or, in lieu of it, the Senate Committee's survey, — paralleling the deliberations of a similar commission to study federal, state, and local taxes, could accomplish tremendous results in completing necessary adjustments, supplying any new instrumentalities of finance whose need is fully demonstrated, and removing such obstacles to further recovery as may exist by reason of governmental restrictions or inertia of banking institutions.

VI

Governmental policies that look to establishment of general confidence in the future and to encouragement of long-range commitments by private capital are, at the present stage, of primary importance. If I had anything to do with framing policies for the Federal Government, I should recommend: —

- (1) Removing obstacles that hamper expansion of private productive enterprise and private investment, thus increasing employment and purchasing power for shelter;
- (2) Perfecting the consolidation of lending agencies that has been started;

(3) Studying objectively and comprehensively the long-term credit needs of the country;

(4) Setting up a commission to study federal, state, and local taxes and credit resources;

(5) Determining, as one result of the above, on a long-range public-works policy;

(6) Abandoning emergency measures and concentrating on furthering sound evolutionary trends in real estate, mortgage financing, and large-scale housing production;

(7) Developing a sound policy on public housing;

(8) Encouraging research and educational programs in the housing field, in both technological and economic aspects, an excellent start having been made in two new bureaus of the U. S. Department of Commerce;

(9) Using the good offices of the government in promoting better labor relationships in the building industry;

(10) Encouraging simplification of the state laws concerning real-estate taxes, transfers, foreclosures, mortgages, and removal of other legal obstacles to reduction of costs;

(11) Using every proper means for modernizing local building codes and removing onerous requirements and restrictions.

I firmly believe that the refunding operations of the HOLC, the improvement of the Home Loan Bank System, and the institution of the FHA accomplished more for a sustained recovery than most of the other activities of the government since the present Administration came into power. There has been a continuous increase in residential building since 1934; the volume of residential expenditures in 1939 was more than five times the 1934 volume, and the prospect for further increase in 1940 seems good.

The construction industry has suffered from internal frictions and abuses; but it has achieved masterpieces of architectural and engineering skill through overcoming tremendous obstacles, most of them peculiar to this industry. Today's problem is to remove or ameliorate the many remaining obstacles, in order that the great technical and managerial skills of the industry can function to their utmost capacity and make their fullest possible contribution to national prosperity and social well-being.

EDUCATION AND LITERATURE

BY ERNEST DIMNET

MAY I begin my comparison by adverting first to education and literature in my own country? And may I ask the reader to have a little patience with some introductory bragging announcing later criticism?

Secondary education in France is, and has long been considered, exceptionally good. We have heard of changing methods towards the middle of the nineteenth century, and again at the beginning of the twentieth, but on the whole there has been as much stability in our *lycées* as in

the English public schools, and we do not see in France the excitement over methods, the feverish agitation about tests, which surprised me during my first visits to America.

An American report on secondary education in Europe — prepared, if I remember rightly, by Princeton — seemed to take for granted the superiority of teaching in our secondary schools. The same report adds a striking remark to the effect that, if some accident should bring about the disappearance in one

day of all the professors in the French universities, their chairs could be filled the next day by professors chosen from the *lycées*. This is in praise of the *lycée* professors and not in disparagement of French universities. A long list of brilliant specialists now teaching in the *lycées* could be given. The reason for this satisfactory state of affairs is well known: it was the institution by Cousin, a hundred years ago, of the competitive examination called *agrégation*. There is no future in France for a teacher who is not an *agrégé*, and in my time the number of candidates competing for five chairs was seldom less than a hundred. Such a selection could not but produce favorable results.

But its drawbacks are as obvious as its advantages. Secondary education in France is resolutely and narrowly intellectual, and, in most cases, predominantly literary. In England as in America, a man chooses a teaching career because he likes the young, in their games perhaps even more than at their studies. He gladly signs the engagement frequently stipulated in scholastic advertisements that the new master is expected to share in the life of the school — that is to say, play football with the boys when he is not teaching them Latin. In France such a requirement would put to flight nineteen in twenty of our teachers, probably more. A Frenchman — most of what I say about France applies only to men — does not want to teach because he likes boys, but because he likes books. Many Frenchmen still alive were taught and admirably taught by teachers who barely knew the names of their students, never said a word to them except in class, and did not dream of looking at their written work unless it was adorned with the insistent formula '*lege, quæso.*' The *lycée* was only a reduction of the Sorbonne.

This state of things does not exist any more. There were at least two of my colleagues at Collège Stanislas, in Paris, who took an active interest in intercol-

legiate sports and often played with the students, but these were two out of a hundred. Intellectual young Frenchmen, practical enough not to embark at twenty-five on a purely literary career, still seek the *École Normale Supérieure* to be as close as possible to literature; they never live inside the *lycée*, and the occupation they prefer is not their teaching proper but the work they can do apart from it. Their twelve to sixteen weekly hours of regular presence leave them a vast leisure which goes to books. They read if they do not wish to run the gauntlet of criticism by writing, but a strong proportion of them shows no such timidity. Most French teachers are writing, have written, or are planning to write a book. The list of those who do so, from M. Jules Romains down, would be endless. Books are the teacher's passion as they are his *raison d'être*. Indeed, he is the priest of literature.

Men possessed of such a faith in the written word can hardly fail to be magnetic. Many of them are so, and their students often follow them enthusiastically. Our schools are full of eager boys to whom a poet-professor is nothing short of a hero, and who are trained to regard the poet's inspiration as the supreme experience. You will see them instinctively fumbling for their *History of Literature* from among their other books when they have a few odd minutes to themselves, and all their lives they will preserve the same cult for men who write.

What does this mean? That secondary education in France succeeds in producing a *public* as distinguished from a market. It is a fine result, no doubt. The *élite* in France are independent enough of the commercial success of a novel or a play to grade such literary works by confronting them with masterpieces. That they believe in literature as such can be gathered indirectly from the reviews they read even in their daily newspapers. French critics will not satisfy their readers with a more or less readable summary

of the book or play they deal with, and I am glad to say that smart-aleckism is entirely foreign to them. Their public would not tolerate it. Indeed, the tone of criticism in Paris and in many provincial newspapers remains an aspect of what the Europe of yore used to call *la politesse française*, which I believe meant French polish much more than French courtesy. All this we owe to *agrégés* whom their boys love and admire in spite of their indifference to sports.

American readers will jibe on reading such blasphemy. Not only is this general tendency of our secondary teaching remote from the ideal embodied in *mens sana in corpore sano*, but it is illogical, for it defeats its own object, which ostensibly is to encourage literature. How? Because it develops a receptive rather than an aggressive mental attitude, the critical, much more than the creative, capacity. Most of our secondary teachers are critics, for those among them who develop a gift for poetry, fiction, or the drama soon resign. Now, the inevitable reaction of a critic in the presence of a work of art is not that of a creator, whose instantaneous impulse is to do something as good as what he admires or better than what has left him cold. Hence the absence from the French syllabus of compositions destined to reveal their own originality to the young. Never a brief scenario, or a monologue; hardly ever a copy of French verse—in my own school Latin verse was encouraged, but you ran the risk of being rusticated if you were caught writing French verse; hardly ever an imitation, although the pastiche is the most accessible form of criticism; never even the outline of a novel of adventure; in short, next to no appeal to imagination. No proof of imaginativeness is required for graduation or suggested in official directions. Boys under sixteen are almost entirely trained to become critics, especially dramatic critics. Even students reading for the priesthood are no exception: they are expected to have an opinion about the

differences in the treatment of love in Corneille's and Racine's plays.

The reader may feel inclined to question this, for there is in France a gigantic literary output, proportionately larger than in the rest of the world. This is true, but can we say of all the makers of books that they are creators, and is not our La Bruyère right when he says that you can learn how to write a book as you learn how to make a clock? If we leave aside erudition, which has its own rules and its rights, is it not true that much of that production adds indeed to quantity but not to literature, because imitation and not creation is its parent? I have been sacrilegious enough, once or twice, to take stock even of what comes out of the French Academy. How much of it is really creative literature? To tell the truth, French literature worth the name is often the work of men who remember resentfully the overintellectualism I am describing and, as the phrase goes, kick their nurse like lusty babies. As a matter of fact, the habit of criticism hinders them more than the craving after perfection stimulates their faculties.

But enough about professional writers. After all, they are only a small fraction of the graduates turned out of our schools or colleges. What must now be admitted is that, compared with English or American people who often read merely for amusement, the French are apt to be awed by books. Frankly, books can be an obsession to them. Books browbeat us into condoning the moral weaknesses of authors like Musset or Hugo. They are responsible, since Diderot's day, for the strange habit we have of listening to novelists or playwrights (Hugo, Dumas, Anatole France, Bourget, Barrès) as if they were the legitimate guides of our national morals. To crown all, they induce us to think it a natural state of affairs when writers govern the country. The Chambers, the Embassies, the Governmental Departments are full of writers. Plato would frown and rightly, for the fact that we are thus often governed

by literary men only strengthens the great French illusion — born of the French Revolution — that ideas need not be helped to be translated into facts, but forge ahead unaided, and, the moment they are given expression, secure the services of mysterious influences which transform them into actualities.

The contrast between this tyranny of literature and what is the rule in the United States is striking. Here, education is one thing, literature is another quite apart from it. The schools are in no wise intended to train Americans to write books — the notion would seem laughable; they are not even intended to produce intellectuality: the ideal — a splendid one — is to form character, and gaps in information mean nothing, or next to nothing.

European visitors notice this with surprise, for they cannot fail to be impressed by the magnificence of American scholastic buildings as well as by the statistics concerning the students frequenting them. No other country can boast of one person in every hundred's being a student in college, so that in a town of three thousand there will be thirty undergraduates and many more graduates. But, when one has marveled at such figures, conversation with those same graduates, especially the men, will cause another sort of astonishment.

The everyday talk of nine in ten graduates runs on politics, business, sports, sometimes morals, but not on culture. And it is not, as in England, because it is bad form to put one's goods in the window, or because boring banality is preferred to even a suspicion of affectation, for there is no such pre-occupation in the United States. The real cause is indifference to literary quality. No American journalist ever tells you whether the speech he reports was good or indifferent: I had to discover for myself that Mr. Borah was a real orator.

People come out of theatres without a word about the construction of the

plays: the actors alone are discussed. It is true that Julia Marlowe is remembered as the most fascinating Juliet, or that a new Hamlet always attracts attention, but this seems a sort of tradition in American conversation, nothing like the battle about Hugo's *Hernani*. Ignorance of the national history is almost universal, and disconcerts the foreigner who has read where it only a textbook on the boat bringing him from Europe. When his American interlocutors notice his surprise, they laugh good-humoredly and merely say that Europeans always know those things better than they do themselves. The admission has no importance.

Another cause of astonishment is the total inconspicuousness of American writers in the life of the nation: Mr. Sinclair Lewis, whose powerful satire ought to be a positive influence, is not even a minor George Bernard Shaw. He is and will remain — although *It Can't Happen Here* is sometimes mentioned by politicians — just an amusing writer.

The causes of this separation between books and a nation which spends billions on education are now well known: they are to be found in a peculiar weakness in secondary teaching which became noticeable only when America went young sixty or seventy years ago, and in a conception of the school which is part of the American philosophy of life.

The elementary grades are extremely well taught by women devoted to their work and mindful of Emerson's very modern injunction: 'Keep off that child's mind.' On the other hand, half a dozen universities are great centres not only of learning but of research and discovery. Harvard seems at present to have no rival on the whole planet. I said so in a lecture in San Francisco. A lady, youthful, pretty, and a little flustered, came up to me after the lecture and said: 'Did I understand correctly what you said, that Harvard is the best university in the world? Because my boy is there and he does not know it.' The reason why

undergraduates may be, even at Harvard, without a notion of what a university really stands for, is because the teachers they had in high school neither equipped them for making the most of the chances which would be theirs in Cambridge nor told them of the difference between secondary and university teaching. The ladies who teach in the American high schools are first-rate educators in their way, and some of them give proofs of evident superiority, but an average M. A. is not to be compared with *agrégation*.

Nor is graduation from high school to be compared with the French *bachot*, for it is practically refused to no one, although it automatically opens the doors of every state university. Indeed, it seems to be little else than a dress rehearsal of impending debut, with the emotion of the ceremony meaning much more than the roll of parchment. This inadequate introduction to university status is responsible for the consequent woes deplored in Mr. Flexner's well-known book. Foreign visitors stare when they see elementary courses listed on the catalogues of most colleges, but to the students this is a matter of course. It takes them two years to rise to the level of university mentality, and during that time they take the habit of regarding college as little else than a superior high school. One is led to the suspicion that only postgraduates regard the university as something above a mere teaching institution.

Local reactions here and there leave the general situation unchanged. Even St. John's, in Annapolis, is avowedly a college. I have been arrested many times by a simple fact. When an American says 'college' or 'university' he thinks primarily of the student body and of what is called college life. When a Frenchman says *université* he sees professors and mentally grades their scholarly or scientific reputation: students appear only vaguely in the background as the necessary raw material on which the faculty works. In the same way, if I say 'school'

I see beautiful buildings on a green campus where young people disport themselves. If I say *école* or *lycée* I see a hardly softened form of the barracks or the monastery, with study from 5.30 A.M. till 8 P.M. and two shabby hours of recreation in between. Youths are in 'school' to be happy, make friends, and learn whatever is taught there; they are in a French *école* to learn and be happy learning, unhappy if they dislike learning.

Underneath this American conception of education I find the great American dogma, that right to happiness which appears in the Declaration of Independence and is, much more than the ancestral puritanism, the active element in American psychology. The school, as well as the family, or the commonwealth, is an institution dedicated to the pursuit of happiness. Hence sport, which is the happiness of the muscles and nerves; hence also the endemic kindliness, the aptitude for coöperation, the genius for charity, thanks to which Americans are the most naturally Christian people on earth; hence finally the *esprit de corps*, the collective pride frequently revealed, even in elderly Americans, in their delight in uniforms or insignia. In everything, in place of the alert but lean intellectuality of the French, I find an encouragement to all that is instinctive, a universal liberation of vitality.

Every week, in all French schools, a morning is devoted to a competition on a variety of subjects — *la composition* — and every Sunday the results of this competition are solemnly read aloud to the assembly. The boy whose work has had the highest marks is proclaimed first, the boy who has had the poorest marks is no less publicly proclaimed last. In the United States this would be regarded as a piece of demoralizing cruelty instead of as part of a youth's apprenticeship to life. The American boy knows no inhibition; he feels or thinks himself capable of doing anything 'if he had to or were shown how to.' None of his teachers will ever conclude the reading of

a classical passage, as is frequent in France, with the admonition: 'In the presence of such beauty and of such evident genius, we can only endeavor to appreciate without ever hoping to emulate.'

On the contrary, every effort is made in America to remove every vestige of inhibition. The student is turned loose in the field of literature as in the woods or meadowland surrounding his school. Here we come to the fundamental difference I have pointed out from the first: a French student is trained to criticism, but he may be hampered by it ever after; an American student is not trained to anything in particular, but his gift, if he has any, is given free rein and a full scope. The startling conclusion is that creativeness has a much better chance in America than in our schools, admirably staffed as they are.

That this is so may appear even in the grades, where children are not restricted by any rules in their compositions. I was here, in 1938, when a prize of a hundred dollars was given to a boy of thirteen for his answer to the question: 'Who is your favorite hero?' 'My favorite hero,' this young genius answered, 'is Robin Hood; he used to rob the rich to give to the poor; so does President Roosevelt.' In France this gem would have been replaced by six hundred words, eloquent perhaps, but six hundred. The same freedom is visible in the essays, satires, or lyrical poems printed in the innumerable school magazines of America. Vitality disports itself in those compositions as if nobody had ever written a line before.

Students with the literary gift — and there are thousands in the United States — leave school with a wonderfully healthy belief in their own talent and the certainty that talent is enough. This accounts for the unbelievable number of novels or short stories printed, or, as the phrase goes, sold every month in America. It also helps us to under-

stand the exploits narrated of many writers who can type three or four thousand words in a day, or will jauntily destroy a hundred thousand words knocked off in a few weeks but unexpectedly found not to fit into the original idea. It also accounts for one of the traits I admire the most in the United States — a poetic production vaster than that of any other country. When inspiration comes it is obeyed at once without any restriction or any misgiving. We are far here from Anatole France's anxious question to the representative of an American publisher who wanted 'five or six hundred words' from the fastidious pen: 'Is it five hundred words or is it six hundred?'

To conclude, French writers attain excellence only when they are robust enough to throw off the obsession of criticism while retaining the passion for literary perfection inoculated in them in childhood. American literature may soon know its golden age: it will come whenever writers can succeed in bridling their prodigious vitality by that restraint of which we are conscious when reading Nathaniel Hawthorne or Edgar Allan Poe. *Gone with the Wind* should have been edited by Mr. Thornton Wilder, or written by a person of Miss Mitchell's bubbling inventiveness who had had Mr. Wilder's classical formation. Or it should have been read in the publisher's office by somebody more sensitive to its obvious faults than to its overwhelming marketable possibilities. There is still in America too much of a Market and not enough of a Public. The public can only be created by critics worthy of the name. And such critics can only be trained in sufficient numbers in schools like those of New England before the great foreign invasion of the sixties, or like emendated versions of the French schools. Once more one is reminded that California wine plants have long produced excellent French wine.

THE RUSSO-GERMAN PARTNERSHIP

BY WALTER DURANTY

I

IT is twenty years since John Reed wrote his book, *Ten Days That Shook the World*. Its reception was conditioned by the social and political standing of its readers, but critics agreed that the title, which referred to the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917, was justified and apt. Time passed and Russia rose from chaos. Hitler rose also, leading Germany from its wilderness of despair and degradation, and, so he said and so Germans believed, to an end of accomplished power. Then came last August, which, virtually beyond cavil, shook every Foreign Office in the world from the roof to the foundation; it was then that Soviet Russia and Germany 'made their agreement.'

In Paris and London especially the effect was stupefaction, and the story goes that the Soviet Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, Mr. Maisky, told a newspaper which telephoned the first tidings of this event that it was not and could not be true. Believe that story or not, — in London they do believe it, — it gives at least some measure of the greatness of the shock.

From that day to this, every eminent minister in every Foreign Office outside Russia and Germany (and perhaps — who knows? — there too) has been asking himself and everyone he met: What exactly are the degree, scope, and purpose of the German-Soviet pact in its three predominant phases, political, military, and economic? — with the somewhat paradoxical corollary that most of these 'eminences' see the answer as black or

white, according to their preconceived notions and prejudices. In fact, it is neither black nor white, but gray, and cannot be fitted to any simplified formula.

Before I begin to appraise the case I want to make clear my conviction that the Russo-German 'partnership' must inevitably be affected by time and circumstance, and no less inevitably fall into three categories — political, military, and economic.

In the spring and summer of 1939, France and England took it for granted that the rulers of Germany and Russia meant precisely what they said when they called each other names. (As recent history has now shown, the alternately friendly and hostile relations of Alexander I and Napoleon might teach a lesson to modern statesmen.) England, if not France, was at that time somewhat preoccupied by the rather hasty guarantee given to Poland. I mean, it was hard to make valid that pledge with real effectiveness unless the USSR would implement it too. It therefore seemed useful and wise to bring the Russians into the anti-Nazi pool, which then seemed easy enough to do. But the English had not understood the true purpose of Stalin's pledge to the Communist Party Congress on March 10. Stalin inveighed strongly against 'aggressors' — which the outside world naturally and perhaps rightly then interpreted as meaning Nazi Germany of the 'axis.' But Stalin also said that the USSR was opposed to all 'firebugs

of war' — an unlovely phrase which is current in Soviet Russia. What the English and French failed to understand was that when Stalin talked about war he meant not only war in general, which might or might not be discordant with Soviet views, but specifically war in which the USSR would be engaged to fight another great power. For that kind of war the Kremlin had little use.

When negotiations began between Russia, England, and France, the Russians seemed to believe that the aim of those talks was a pact which might serve as a countersignal to Hitler, to warn him that three nations — France, Britain, and the USSR — would join to resist aggression in any place or form. I believe that the Kremlin then thought such a warning would be sufficient, and with this thought in mind it sent to London, in the third week of April, a reply to the Franco-British proposal which was tantamount to acceptance. To the Kremlin's surprise and to the ruin of the Soviet Foreign Minister, Litvinov, who had assured the Kremlin that the pact was now as good as signed, London made new and different proposals, from which the Kremlin drew the unwelcome deduction that Britain and France no longer wanted to prevent war, but wished rather to coerce the USSR into the war against Germany which the Russians had already suspected was one of the aims of Munich.

From that moment I should say there was little hope of a pact between the USSR and France or Britain, because the Russians had acute suspicions of France, believed that Poland could not hold out against Germany, and saw themselves in consequence as the father-mother victim of the German wolf after the Polish baby had been devoured. It is true that in the subsequent conversations with France and England, both civil and military, — and one can say it in all sincerity, — the Russians took on themselves a guarantee against Germany in the shape of the right to bring

troops under their own command into Poland and, if necessary, to vote 'measures of protection' against a possible German aggression in the Baltic States. Whether the Russians honestly wanted this arrangement, or whether, as the Franco-British believe, their purpose was obstructive, has little importance now, although it is interesting to remember that the Kremlin at that time was still uncertain about Germany and to all appearances nailed its flag to the anti-Nazi mast.

It may also be true that France and Britain missed their pact with the USSR by slighting the Soviet *amour-propre*, already thoroughly wounded by Munich, in sending a competent but lowly functionary to conduct a transaction with Stalin. At any rate, proceedings dragged on in an atmosphere of mutual doubt and suspicion until that sudden and startling day in August when Hitler's necessity proved Stalin's opportunity.

II

It may reasonably be argued that Hitler's system of government by easy triumphs, — the Rhineland, Austria, Munich, Memel, Prague, — which in a sense corresponds to the Roman maxim of 'bread and circuses,' made it *necessary* for him to regain Danzig and the former German territory in West Poland. As previously, he attempted to attain his ends without fighting. But by the middle of August he saw that Poland was standing firm and that France and Britain seemed equally determined. Italy showed no great signs of eagerness to engage in war for Danzig; indeed, it is clear that the Italo-German diplomatic conversations at that time expressed Italy's desire to restrain any violent action on the part of Germany. Hitler thereupon extricated himself from what might have proved an awkward position by playing his Russian card. The result for twenty-four hours was stupefaction in France and England.

If Hitler had meant from the first to fight, that was the time to attack. Instead he waited, hoping no doubt that his *coup de théâtre* would modify the situation in his favor either by terrifying Poland or by inducing France and England to bring pressure on Poland to yield. The event proved otherwise, and, as a device to avoid war by causing his opponents to back down, the treaty with Russia failed Hitler. Yet once more he let time pass while his propaganda department used every means in its power to convince the world and the German people that the Russo-German agreement was far more than it appeared: an alliance, to say the least, which aimed not merely at the partition of Poland and the division of Eastern Europe between the two 'allies,' but at a union of the Red and Brown autocracies to dominate Europe and Asia. On the side of the Russians there was a serious delay in ratifying the treaty, and it seemed that they, like Hitler, were waiting for a last day's weakening in the camps of France and England and Poland. No such weakness occurred; the supreme chance of Russia passed, and the next morning Hitler struck.

At this point certain deductions can be made: first, that the treaty was what it purported to be on paper — that is, an agreement by which Germany obtained the benevolent neutrality of the USSR in war. In that case it is not difficult to estimate what Germany wanted and received. To begin with, the USSR was to move from the ranks of potential enemies; and the danger of obstruction no longer existed, or at least it was lessened. This point alone might to Hitler warrant any sacrifice in personnel or any loss of prestige and moral standing in Japan, Spain, and Italy. Because, however much the offensive power of the Red Army might have been discounted on the side of the Allies, it not only would have facilitated Allied aid to Poland, thereby diminishing the chances of success of a *Blitzkrieg*, but would have

established an eastern front of wide and increasing extent.

One must not forget, moreover, that the agreement was initially sent to and hailed by the German people as a step to ensure peace. The Moscow press and Communist newspapers abroad advanced the same thesis. This must have been done on the assumption that France, England, and Poland would be bluffed into acceptance of Hitler's demands; and it was only later, when Hitler saw that the Allies did not accept, that the German masses were told they would henceforth be able to receive Russian food and raw materials. This is surely important, because, although foreign observers in Germany are inclined to agree that the recent and present restrictions on the sale of food and commodities have not yet greatly affected the health and morale of the German people, the fact remains that the memory of the 'hunger years' — 1917-1919 — is still vivid in Germany. It is therefore most encouraging to Germans to think that the treaty with Russia has not only removed the danger of military encirclement and long-drawn hostilities on two fronts but also provided and effected a permanent breach in any hunger blockade.

One may say, then, that a Russo-German agreement which involved no more than Soviet neutrality has served Hitler's purpose admirably. If one supposes that he really did not want war, — or rather that he hoped, as before, to attain his immediate objective, in this case Danzig, without war, — the agreement was a valuable card in his game of nerves and bluff. As the event proved, his adversaries refused to be bluffed, and war resulted; but the agreement lessened the military danger and strengthened the German morale.

There exists, however, the possibility of a second deduction, that the Russo-German treaty was not merely a pact of neutrality, however benevolent on the part of the USSR, but a far-reaching

scheme of coöperation in which the USSR should take an active part and receive a share of the spoils. This thesis is undoubtedly supported by the Soviet occupation of East Poland, by Soviet action in the Baltic States, and by the Soviet attempt to make Finland accept similar terms. From the outset the Germans did their utmost to make the world believe that this is the true purpose and inward meaning of the agreement. The day after it was signed the French and British press was sprayed with messages from its Berlin correspondents about the projected partition of Poland, the Soviet plans to dominate the Baltic, and the Soviet threat to Bessarabia.

We have seen that the USSR went forward on these lines, and therefore it is natural to suggest that Russia and Germany are indeed to all intents and purposes allies. Nevertheless, I am reluctant to believe it, if only for the reason that it is the view which the German Propaganda Bureau has been so eager to advance.

III

It still is asked why Germany should wish to make a treaty with the USSR, but it is less easy to determine Stalin's motives. Before going any further, one must understand that the USSR considers solely the interests of the USSR and nothing else. The great English statesman, Lord Palmerston, once remarked: 'In the final instance the policy of England is dictated by English interests.' The same may be said of the Soviet Union today, except that in its case there is still a question whether the interests of the USSR are purely Russian interests or the interests of the Bolshevik Revolution and the Third International, and the destruction of capitalism throughout the world. Stalin's conduct of policies has given support to the view that he is concerned chiefly with the interests of Russia as such. In other words, Lenin's dream of Russia as the nucleus and

fatherland of a world socialist state has been supplanted by the Stalinist reality of Russia as one world power among others. That means the replacement of internationalism by nationalism, and implies that the only difference between Hitler's Germany and Stalin's Russia is that one is national-socialist and the other socialist-national.

To all outward seeming this is true, but although the idea of world revolution and internationalism may for the moment be thrust into the background of Stalin's mind and policy, it nevertheless is still there and may at any moment be brought forward. Lenin, Stalin's master, was an opportunist. In 1921 he threw overboard the practice of Communism in Russia by establishing the economic policy — the NEP — which restored private production and ownership. Lenin said this was only a temporary retreat. It is possible that Stalin, Lenin's disciple, may also be making no more than a temporary concession to nationalism as Lenin did to economic individualism.

The Russians pride themselves upon their realistic and objective view of policies. To suggest to them that they acted unbecomingly in making a deal with Hitler at the time they were negotiating with his adversaries would only provoke them to laughter. They did not like England and France. They suspected what Stalin had said in his program speech at the party conference on March 10: that France and England would attempt to use them as cat's-paws against Germany. But they also thought Hitler had based his whole philosophy and policy upon opposition to them, and therefore must be their enemy. They thought that Hitler's conduct was provocative of war; and war they wished to avoid because they wanted and needed peace to develop their own resources.

Then Hitler changed his mind and offered a deal to Russia. As I see it, Hitler found himself in a difficult position and made his offer for the combined pur-

poses of bluff and business, as explained earlier in this article. The Russians accepted because it not only kept them out of western war but renewed their friendship with Germany. Secondly, the treaty gave them a much freer hand in the Far East, where the Soviet interest is great. Thirdly, Hitler's conduct of negotiation showed an understanding of Soviet psychology and put balm on the pride of Russia which had been wounded by Munich. It is significant that the Soviet press and radio maliciously stressed Anglo-French discomfiture in their first comments on the treaty.

There remains a more sinister explanation which is widely accepted in Europe. When, at about the end of April, the Russians became convinced that France and Britain meant war, there emerged, so to speak, from the back of the Soviet mind a dormant and 'cold storage' idea of world revolution. It has been a Soviet tenet that the next world war would produce a Soviet revolution in Eastern Europe. Accordingly, it is suggested, the Russians conceived a Machiavellian plan to precipitate war and keep out of it themselves.

At this point there is some divergence about Russia's ultimate purpose, even in the minds of the most convinced anti-Russians. Some argue that the Stalinists and the Hitlerian régime are practically indistinguishable, and that the dictators started a general alliance for the conquest of Europe and Asia. They admit, however, that the Russians have double-crossed the Germans just as they double-crossed the French and British. Anyhow, it is agreed that the partnership began about May, and its fruits were the dismissal of Litvinov, who represented the Franco-British tendency and an obstacle to the Kremlin's rapprochement with Hitler. Henceforward the French and British served simply as bait to lead on the Germans, because, according to this theory, it was Russia and not Germany which initiated the conspiracy.

The French and British were fooled into considering the hope of Russian support and committing themselves, beyond withdrawal, to aid Poland. At the psychological moment the Russians threw off the mask and accepted Hitler's terms, thus assuring war in Europe, which not only eliminated their old bogey of a European combination against the USSR, but made it certain that a victorious Germany — or victorious Allies — would be so weakened in comparison with the USSR as to leave the latter master of Europe for revolution or conquest. Meanwhile, the USSR would swallow the Baltic States, East Poland, and Bessarabia with relative ease, and through its augmented support to China, or by actual war with Japan, become the master of Asia also.

I think this is too far-fetched in cunning. It savors more of Radek than of Stalin, although Radek may still be alive and Stalin has shown himself crafty on occasion. At any rate it remains as an interesting and possible hypothesis which gains, I am forced to allow, some support from the Soviet action in forcing war upon Finland, in the alleged instance of the 'Finnish legal government' — that is to say, a Bolshevik revolutionary group or movement. And no matter what one thinks about the motives and possible scope of the German-Soviet agreement, whether it was loose or tight, general or specific, sincere or false, the paramount question today is how it can be, is being, and will be carried out politically, economically, and militarily.

IV

As matters now stand between Germany and the USSR, political collaboration is felt to be, and in all probability is, mutually useful. Quite recently we have seen that, while Russia was blaming Sweden for its wish to give aid to Finland, the German official press began a campaign of threats against any Swedish attempt to 'overstep the balance of

neutrality.' In their attitude toward France and England, the German and Russian spokesmen talked the same language. Both Allied countries are accused of having provoked the war in the first place 'by inciting Poland to fight' and now of trying to expand the war by similar incitations of neutrals — Holland, Belgium, and the Scandinavian countries. In this case, however, it is rather Russia who calls the tune while Germany joins in harmony, whereas earlier it was Germany who voiced the claims of the 'partnership' while the Russians acquiesced.

Even here one may ask, moreover, whether sometimes the tune does not sound false. For instance, when the German war against Poland was drawing to a victorious conclusion, the Soviet press was full of warnings to the Allies that they had better make peace with Germany or else . . . And almost simultaneously the USSR was affirming its position as a neutral and its right to conduct trade negotiations with England. In short, the 'or else' was little more than bluff. Similarly, when Germany threatened Sweden about the infringement of neutrality in aid to Finland, there was reason to believe that the Swedes were given assurances from Berlin that they could do pretty much what they wanted, provided they did it in a decorous and not too overt manner.

In the rôle of economic collaboration, one can only see that there has been a lot more talk of plans and projects than results. In the Baltic States, indeed, there is greater evidence of competition than of coöperation. The Russians have taken from the Baltic commodities like foodstuffs, cellulose, and lumber, which Germany clearly needs. They are importing into the Baltic cotton and oil products, which Germany also needs; and, to make matters worse, they are paying for some of their purchases in the Baltic States with *valuta*, — to be exact, American dollars, — which can only mean that the Baltic States are thus

in a measure relieved from the limitations imposed upon them by the German blockade of their commerce with England, which formerly was their principal support of 'free' money.

That Russia is a great potential source of the things Germany most needs — grain, oil, cotton, manganese, and arms — is obvious enough. But that Germany has received any great quantity of these goods has yet to be proved. Russia needs them all herself, and that need will not be diminished by the Russo-Finnish conflict. There arises, too, the question of transport, which foreign observers are unanimous in believing to be the weakest link in the somewhat overstrung chain of the Soviet system. Last but not least, one may ask how collaboration in any field can be rapidly and successfully established between Germany and the Russians, who have demonstrated to the world in recent years a singular lack of ability to collaborate with one another. What I say is harsh, I admit, but how else can one interpret the 'purge' and its effects?

In military matters there are two sides to any collaboration. The USSR gave Germany no help during the German campaign in Poland, and the Soviets in Finland have found no aid or solace from Germany. One cannot but feel that this lack or omission is one of the most significant factors in any attempt to appraise Russo-German relations and is almost sufficient by itself to negative the view that the two countries are united by anything more tangible than a temporary community of interests and a joint dislike of others, which is surely a slender foundation on which to build a permanent edifice.

To conclude, then, it can be said that the German-Soviet agreement may be everything or nothing, as fate or circumstances provide, but it is much more reasonable to say that it is neither everything nor nothing, but something in between. In other words, not black or white, but gray.

ALDOUS HUXLEY: THE LATEST PHASE

BY THEODORE SPENCER

I

SINCE his first novel, *Crome Yellow*, was published in 1921, Aldous Huxley has been not only one of the most interesting novelists of our time but also a spokesman for his generation. He has not spoken for his generation as a whole, — his writing has been too intellectual for that, — but he has spoken for an important part of it, the part that consists of those people who are at the same time the intellectually emancipated heirs of nineteenth-century liberalism and the victims of emotional confusion combined with moral sterility. Huxley has presented, with growing seriousness and skill, the chief dilemmas about the human situation which confront most thinking people of our time, and it is a tribute to his success that his readers look forward to each of his books as they appear with an excited curiosity which they feel about few other writers.

They will not be disappointed in Mr. Huxley's latest novel. *After Many a Summer* is on the whole the best he has written, and a rereading only confirms the first impression of economy, force, and subtlety. The situation in the book is as follows. A middle-aged half-epicene Englishman arrives in California to edit the famous Hauberk papers which, along with other priceless objects, have been bought by a childlike millionaire named Mr. Stoyte. Mr. Stoyte lives in a fantastically elaborate castle, where — surrounded by numerous and invaluable possessions — he shudders in fear of death. He is, among other things, the

owner of a highly profitable cemetery. To protect him against his fear he has hired two specialists: one a doctor named Obispo, whose specialty is the study of longevity; the other a 'Baby' — virtually nameless — whose specialty may be left to the imagination. In addition there is Mr. Propter (read Gerald Heard?), whose preachings represent the point of view against which the rest of the action is judged: that 'the nature of things is such that, on the strictly human level of time and craving, you can't achieve anything but evil,' and that one must be either an animal or an intelligence divorced from the senses, but not a mixture of the two, for the mixture can only lead to chaos. There is also Pete, on his way to being Mr. Propter's disciple, an inarticulate and not quite convincing young American who is mistakenly murdered by Mr. Stoyte in a fit of jealous rage.

There is, finally, the Fifth Earl of Goniston.

The Fifth Earl, who was born in the eighteenth century, is in a sense the hero, or villain, of the book. Jeremy Pordage, the middle-aged literary expert, reads about him in the Hauberk papers; he learns of the Earl's speculations concerning the longevity of carp; the Earl's eighteenth-century speculations are paralleled by Dr. Obispo's scientific speculations about carp; and when it becomes clear that the eighteenth-century Earl, as a result of eating the entrails of carp, is still alive, the

millionaire Mr. Stoyte and his two specialists, the doctor and the 'Baby' (who have joined forces in more ways than one), rush over to England to find him. What they find is awful. Apparently immortal, an anthropoid and vital Struldrug, the Earl, 201 years old, is a red-haired naked beast, his forehead jutting out like a shelf. Like the house-keeper he has preserved as his beastly companion, he is capable only of bestial acts; he is the hideous goal toward which the ambition and the power of the millionaire have led him. The book ends with these words; they are as effective and terrible as anything that Huxley has written:—

Mr. Stoyte broke his silence. 'How long do you figure it would take before a person went like that?' he said in a slow hesitating voice. 'I mean, it wouldn't happen at once . . . there'd be a long time while a person . . . well, you know; while he wouldn't change any. And once you get over the first shock—well, they look like they were having a pretty good time. I mean in their own way of course. Don't you think so, Obispo?' he insisted.

Dr. Obispo went on looking at him in silence; then threw back his head and started to laugh again.

II

There are usually three characteristics present in a first-class satirist: a sense of comedy that is largely intellectual, a bitter sense of human evil, and a strong, if frequently concealed, sense of good. As one looks back over Huxley's eighteen years of novel writing, the development in his use of all three characteristics is very striking. *Crome Yellow*, delightful as it is, is a slight book; the contrasting individuals brought together in a country house are seen with an ironic eye that hardly goes below their surface peculiarities. *Antic Hay*, the next novel, is deeper; under the comic surface it presents problems of a wider emotional and social range; there is for the first time an occasional concentration on evil which at times in the later books, especially

Eyeless in Gaza, burns with a morbid and nervous violence. But though *Antic Hay* is a much richer book than *Crome Yellow*, and the intellectual comedy and the sense of evil are strongly presented, there is as yet no attempt to describe the third aspect of satire: a sense of good—or, more accurately, a sense of values which makes evil what it is.

To find that sense of values is the main problem of contemporary civilization, and Huxley's realization of the fact is perhaps the chief reason for his importance as an interpreter of our age. In *Those Barren Leaves* he discusses it for the first time in his fiction, though not with much assurance. At the end of the book one of the characters retires to solitary contemplation, seeking for something superior to the 'level of time and craving' of which the other people in the book are the pathetic or despicable slaves. Calamy's conclusions are very tentative, but they are an interesting foretaste of the views that Mr. Propter, in *After Many a Summer*, expounds at length and with much greater certainty.

Point Counter Point makes another statement of the problem. In the person of Mark Rampion (D. H. Lawrence thinly disguised) we have an individual whose way of life is completely human—whole, fused, and complete—a sharp contrast to the incompleteness and insufficiency of the other characters. But though Huxley seems obviously to have been attracted to Lawrence, to the sureness of those remarkable intuitions which came with such force from an emotional core, nevertheless Lawrence and Lawrence's ideas must have been at bottom antipathetic to his more intellectual view of things, to his satirist's partial detachment from the objects wriggling on pins which are his case histories and his victims. Another solution, one on a less human level, was necessary; and though nothing is directly said about it in *Brave New World*, it is clearly enough stated in *Eyeless in Gaza* and its companion book, *Ends and Means*. It is the

doctrine of non-attachment, of removal from the 'level of time and craving,' which finds its present, somewhat altered, expression in *After Many a Summer*.

It is not necessary, though it may be natural, to ask whether or not this positive doctrine is Huxley's own belief. The critic's business is with its place and its value in the specific work in which it is stated. And here, in this latest novel, there are certain real difficulties. For Huxley's positive views about human life (if they are Huxley's), those stated by Mr. Propter at a length of about eighty pages, are private views; they are not shared by most of his audience; he has had to dig them out himself. This puts him at a considerable, if unavoidable, disadvantage as a satirist. Compared with Swift, he has a much harder task, the difficulty of which is caused by the state of contemporary thought. For Swift's positive views did not have to be expounded; they were what everybody in Swift's time accepted. It was one of the platitudes of his age, for example, to believe that man was superior to animals; hence when he reversed the situation in the last section of *Gulliver's Travels* the shock was easier to produce than it would be today when that superiority is open to question.

Huxley's less fortunate position — that of having to work through to a sense of values which has to be described instead of being able to accept one ready-made that can be taken for granted — makes his new book less satisfactory as a novel than it would be otherwise. About a fifth of it is devoted to the exposition of Mr. Propter's views, and though in the long run this exposition is an essential part of the structure, a reader anxious to get on with the highly entertaining story is likely to resent it, and more likely to skip it.

In addition to this major difficulty, there are certain minor weaknesses in

the book. For example the pattern of contrasts, which from the beginning of his career has been Huxley's chief structural device, is here presented with great skill, but the skill is a little too mechanical, too much what we expect; we see the wires that move the puppets, and hence are too conscious that what we are watching is, after all, an abstraction from life itself; vivid and even violent though it may be, it tends to be less an organism than an arrangement. It is what we often feel when we read Ben Jonson, and what we rarely feel when we read Shakespeare. And some of the characters are themselves not very plausible. Pete, for instance, is rather a dummy, and one or two of the others are merely the necessary pawns in the game.

These minor weaknesses may be related to the major one: Mr. Propter's positive point of view presents not only an artistic problem, but a problem that affects life as well. For if existence on the human level of time and craving can only produce evil, the human level can hardly be worth notice; and therefore character — the human life of Shakespeare and Balzac — is not worth creating. The satirist, brilliant as he may be, gives only a part of life, and the particular angle from which Huxley satirically views experience does not widen, it restricts, the satirist's congenital limitations. Mr. Propter (or Huxley) may be right, but he is right from a point of view which transcends any concern with the traditional subject matter of the novel.

To say this, however, does not take away from the force and brilliance of Huxley's book. When we read it we feel, as I mentioned at the beginning, that we are dealing with one of the most honest and fascinating of contemporary minds — a mind that has rarely before worked with such clarity and success.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

Essayists, old and young, are invited to compete for membership in the Club. A prize of \$250 will be awarded each month for the most distinguished essay of a thousand words. The award for March goes to Mrs. Dorothy G. Wayman of Boston, who is making her first appearance in the pages of the *Atlantic*.

COMMUNISM: AMERICAN BRAND

OF course, it annoys the Communists to have me class myself as a 'fellow traveler.' That, primarily, is what is wrong with American Communists. They have divorced themselves from the rest of us Americans. They have adopted a pathological 'escape-mechanism' of ignoring things in America to fight or finance the civil liberties, if that's what you call them, in Spain and China and other romantic far countries.

Now if we could harness this intelligence, fervor, and these funds, for application to American problems, it would seem to me a real conservation of national resources. That was my motive for engaging in argument when the Boston Communist dropped in yesterday and said Conant ought to be returned to his chlorophyll because Earl Browder could not speak at Harvard. When I apologized for Harvard that this time it was not an issue of free speech, but a question of perjury and false passports, my friend assured me that the higher ethics of Communism had obliged Browder to outwit the law of this capitalistic land.

All of a sudden, I found I was having a rush of Americanism to the head. Like a cornered mouse baring its teeth, I took the floor and told him that he was a parasite and a puppet, supported, financed, and educated by me and a million other Massachusetts workers. Our votes created his job, built the school he teaches in, elected the School Committee that sets his curriculum.

'You work six hours a day for 180 days a year; I work eight hours a day for 299 days a year,' I told him. 'I am not only supporting you, but two more unidentified persons.'

'While you go around prating about how nice Communism would be for this country, you are ignoring the fact that we Americans ought to be suing the Communist Party for infringement of title. If Communism means sharing the product of labor for the benefit of

the community, then we invented Communism in America years and years ago, and are practising it today.

'Consider these figures,' I exhorted him, and brought out the United States Census for 1930 and the departmental reports of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for 1938.

'In the Commonwealth of Massachusetts (and please note the communal touch in the corporate name of our State) live 4,426,000 persons. Deduct from this total 1,491,879 children under twenty years of age, and 276,195 men and women over sixty-five years. These two groups, legally and generally, if not supported by their families are entitled to public funds for livelihood.

'Moreover, there are in Massachusetts 898,390 married women who are not engaged in paid labor.

'Drawing support from tax funds assessed on me and my work-fellows are such groups as 30,610 inmates of insane hospitals; 233,852 orphans, cripples, aged persons, and tuberculous patients in state institutions. Living in prisons are 10,238 convicted criminals. Deriving the necessities of life from public-welfare funds are 79,135 men and women on the WPA payroll and 248,484 unemployed men and women.

'In addition to these persons debarred from earning their own living by circumstance, the roster of Massachusetts citizens supported by me and my co-laborers includes you and 25,000 more schoolteachers, 50,001 policemen, firemen, and other Civil Service employees, and an unspecified number of city and county and state employees not on the Civil Service list.'

'Wait!' he shouted. 'You can't count me in those figures; I work for my salary.'

'Yes, I can count you in,' I went on. 'And it makes a total of 3,343,784 non-productive individuals in our Commonwealth who are being supported by the joint endeavors of me and 1,082,215 other producers.'

'We provide you all with excellent police

and fire protection, with cruiser cars to keep burglars out of your home and fire engines to quench conflagrations you may start negligently. We afford you thousands of miles of delightful boulevards and highways for your motoring; we pay you salaries that provide motorcars; we furnish free swimming beaches with bathhouses, parks with golf courses, tennis courts, rose gardens; we maintain free public gymnasia, and we encourage art, literature, and music at public expense.

'We build mile upon mile of pipe line to bring pure water into your house and more miles of sewers to take it away again. We remove your garbage and ashes and rubbish to help your housekeeping.

'We have free hospitals in our cities and sanatoria in our counties. We maintain public libraries in every community and pay the deficit on transportation to let you have a ten-cent fare. I hardly need to remind a schoolteacher that every child in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts has access to free schools from kindergarten to university.

'A million Massachusetts workers like me are affording 3,343,784 non-productive souls like you all this luxury, comfort, and convenience.'

'Luxury?' sneered the schoolteacher, whose salary of \$2400 is not enough for his wants.

'Luxury,' said I firmly. 'Brother, you just travel around the world and see if you can find any other place where you can get as much sanitation, service, protection, and civil liberty for the money as here in Massachusetts.

'This is our conception of how a community has to be maintained. It is our democratic system, our American way. We and our likes have been doing it for three hundred years. The first "communitistic" doctrine in history was signed at Provincetown, Massachusetts, in 1620. Do you teach that in your school?'

'You're a reactionary, and it is hopeless to argue with you,' said the schoolteacher. 'Under the Communitistic system, there can be no progress until you and the class you represent are eliminated.'

So, as in all arguments, we came out where we started, and, since I am very fond of the schoolteacher, we changed the subject to his baby's first tooth; and I was even democratic enough not to emphasize that probably his wife and baby are the other two unidentified Massachusetts individuals I am supporting.

DOROTHY G. WAYMAN

THE ANIMAL THAT PRAYS TO HEAVEN

SOMETHING kept rocking between me and the light — back-forth, back-forth, in measured time. I parted the thin leaves of the privet bush cautiously; my thumb sank into foam — and I saw that human figure: a tiny woman in woman's attire, clear-cut against the green, clinging to nothing except the yellow foam her tiered skirt touched. She was four inches tall, a Grecian goddess turned to statue. A green gossamer tunic clasped her hips; two thin black veils hung from her head; wrapped headgear touched her waist. Slender-waisted, with uplifted arms, dangling hands, long-stretched throat, a three-cornered pinched-up face perched above green shoulders — she was a praying mantis in Grecian posture, building her egg case.

All that went into her nest came from herself, except the air. For an hour, two hours, she held her body tense with dignity as she marked time with her pendulum, pouring and packing the future into her nest. Then she drew that egg case to a tip along the top of the branch, and sealed it with her withdrawal.

Sun was brilliant, the May morning sparkled with freshness and warmth, when those two hundred babies were born. I had transferred the case to a fishbowl for frequent scrutinizing, held it under the faucet occasionally for good imitation of outdoor weather. Now the babies wriggled out in endless confusion. First a little fellow squirmed a fish-like length through the hallway his mother had placed near his cradle door. Then he wriggled free of his fish-clothes, a kind of white sac that swathed him completely. Out came head, antennæ, limbs, body — but his head wore an enormous brown bubble. This vanished. He climbed on to his nursery sponge, stretched one little leg, another; explored the world of that bowl — and watched other babies wriggle, struggle, and stretch.

By two hours all were out, most of them naked, active. Each, a miniature grown-up, prayed as his mother had done, turned his head to watch movements. A few, only halfway out of the nursery, blocked exits and died. Next morning a full hundred lay on the floor of the bowl, feet up, dead. By the second morning, the rest wanted food. I dropped in whole stems of aphids and watched the babies reach up, grab aphids, sit

on hind legs, and nibble at their pale breakfasts, turning the transparent creatures over and over in their tiny hands. I had to separate mantids from biting each other. Each night a few more died. By the end of two weeks, a scant thirty survived.

Then happened that bewildering thing, the first skin-cast. A small fellow pulled his head slowly from a ghostly head. He hung motionless, antennæ bowed to his breast, arms folded, bulging; then he swayed in terrific effort, became an arc, pulling his thin arms, his thinner legs from their sheathing, each tiny arm-spike from its spike-covering, each claw from its claw-glove. He rested for strength before freeing his long wriggling body; bent his legs at the knees in slipping them out; drew out a remaining leg, and then moved away from that full ghost of himself — a bright new mantis in new clothing.

The ghost hung behind him, its legs twisted tippy-fashion. Other mantids left upright ghosts. Every fifteen days they went through similar sheddings; but always a few more died. The new ghosts stood on tippy legs and gazed down at the first ghosts, which had not shrunk in the least. Those ghosts were measuring sticks, telling how much the mantids had grown, the second set half again taller than the first, the third half again taller than the second. Ghosts kept multiplying, but mantids thinned out. When the mantids refused food, acted sick, paid no attention to mosquitoes or flies, I knew that soon they would be arrayed in bright coral, lavender, emerald tints — with new assortments of feeble ghosts in ludicrous postures.

One goddess came out all lavender, pink, and mauve. This would be her next-to-last skin-cast: she was almost full-grown. I kept her alone in a tall glass jar — a pale woman-figure in pale evening dress, floating lightly up the iris blades in the jar, or standing with arms lifted like a girl in the act of drawing aside a curtain. Only she and two others survived of the original hundreds; but she was my favorite, staying sickly, keeping her beautiful fragile colors.

But one morning she lay on her side in the sand, her knees drawn up, her cheek on her folded arm — and she never moved again.

Fabre, the French naturalist, said he could never rear mantids from infants to maturity because he lacked a certain pap-food. But with aphid breakfasts, graduating to grass-

hopper dinners, my three reached wing growth, but were small, a scant three inches tall. They lacked space to run around in, lacked freedom and appetite.

Fields were tawny when I gathered from goldenrod a vast Winged Victory. She roamed my workshop at will, tattled about among the flowers, spent hours at the windows, peering out, not understanding about glass. She summoned food by a sort of mesmerism. If a live fly sailed into sight, she would take firm hold of the branch she was perched on, sharpen her claws against her mouth, sway her abdomen in readiness to spring — and almost invariably the intended prey sailed straight into her arms. With a quick outthrust, she had him. Grasping the window sill with arms and legs, she would reach out a free arm, take cautiously a beetle from my fingers, carry him under her arm for a half hour, at last hold him like a squirrel nibbling at an ear of corn, enjoy the better parts, and discard the rest. She liked to trail across my desk, her wings drooping, her head turned over her shoulders, watching me type.

Usually she slept on marigolds inside the bowl, her head pillowed on one arm. The minute she heard or saw me in the morning — what a clawing on glass, what a begging out!

At last the urge to mate was upon her; I carried the bowl to sunny grass. Leaves trembled in the haze; light waves quivered over the blades. I put in my hand to lift her out — and she crouched down and prayed; backed against the glass, her hands clasped before her, her face bent to her hands, afraid I would not let her go. I let her climb to my hand and out, too weightless to be felt. She turned her head sidewise, glanced up in a full 'Good-bye,' spread those lovely green wings, and sailed with astonishing slowness to a far-off dogwood branch.

She too would build an egg case, having mated first. Her mate would die soon; she herself would live till she had cradled her eggs in foam. But during those few days or less of freedom she and the male mantis would earn their welcome in any garden, and feast on undisturbed while tomatoes fell into a basket or paper bags were snipped from clusters of grapes — aware, these important personages, that they benefit roses, cabbages, and kings.

JENNIE E. HARRIS

ROOM, BOARD, CARE OF CHILD

DURING my so-called tender years, my mother and I boarded in homes which 'took' employed mothers with small children. Mother was a widow — grass — and worked downtown in an office. We seldom stayed long in any one place, for reasons as bizarre as our landladies. Once — this was during the presidential campaign of 1928 — my mother was shot through the coat sleeve with an arrow because she came home wearing a Smith button.

Looking back, my memory relishes the Myerses above the rest. There were four of us children and three mothers at the Myerses' in addition to Mrs. Myers and *her* three, and every night we'd sit cozily around the cluttered dinner table while Mrs. Myers and the other two mothers panned their ex-husbands. Most of the conversation revolved around alimony (twenty dollars a month per head for children was the customary dole) and the difficulties of collection. My own mother never joined this anvil chorus, and I still feel she overlooked a golden opportunity to add both to her prestige and to mine, because a \$3.00 money order from Fresno had been my insouciant father's sole contribution to our maintenance.

Sometimes Mrs. Myers, plump and cheerful, would lift her house dress above her still shapely knees and dance for us. We all knew the story of how she'd breezed into our Western city twenty years before in the chorus of *The Time, the Place, and the Girl*, met and married a high-ranking Elk right after the Saturday matinee, and left the show flat. We knew, too, that Mr. Myers rose to become Grand Exalted Ruler of his lodge, largest in our state, but that Mrs. Myers never shared his throne because, as she put it, by the time she'd had three kids, and this and that, she was fed up with Elks.

I liked the youngest Myers child best, a girl of ten or eleven named Muriel, who 'wasn't quite bright.' Muriel, a passionate cinematomaniac, did imitations which made her the star of the neighborhood. Her idol was Al Jolson, and, as those were the days of *The Jazz Singer*, her admirers came from blocks around to see and hear her sing 'Sonny Boy' à la Jolson. Muriel would flop down on her knees, stiff-arm the ether, clasp her grubby hands, roll her eyes, contort

her features horribly, and burst into the nasal howling which is as uniquely Jolson's own as the coyote's ululation is *his* own.

Mrs. Myers gave herself credit for Muriel's theatrical gifts, the Grand Exalted Ruler for her unfortunate I. Q.

Next to the Myerses my memory dotes on the O'Hares, as genial a crew as ever sat down to prunes for breakfast. The delightful behavior of the O'Hares was dictated solely by the stars and visiting swami. Soon after we arrived (in midwinter) my mother complained because there was no heat in the radiators, and Mrs. O'Hare explained that Swami Rami had demonstrated oh, so beautifully, how heat and cold, and even food, are not physical at all, but wholly mental. She offered to teach my mother how to control her thought processes, and she wasn't ruffled when an older, sourer boarder recalled that the house had been warm as chili the night Swami Rami came to a bang-up dinner.

The O'Hares belonged to an organization known as the Astrology Foundation, which once a month held an open meeting in a dilapidated office building downtown. The high spot of those meetings was the casting, by the Foundation's learned chairman, of a problem horoscope, usually that of some celebrity, dead or alive, whose identity remained a secret until the stellar diagnosis was completed. The chairman, a Mr. Cusak, was a close friend of the O'Hares and often came to our house to dinner.

Well, on one such occasion it was arranged that *my* horoscope should be the subject of the very next meeting. Inasmuch as Rudolph Valentino, Queen Victoria, Mary Baker Eddy, and others of the same high kidney had been singled out for previous demonstrations, it is plain to me now that the O'Hares felt I should one day make my mark, and it worries me a little that I haven't done so.

We all attended the meeting and sat in the front row. Mr. Cusak projected my chart on to a big sheet, using an old-fashioned magic lantern. I've forgotten the details of the tremendous future the stars held — perhaps still hold — for me. The point is, I need yield the palm to no one in my chosen field of pure mathematics. Mr. Cusak wouldn't promise, but it looked very much as if I should bring about a radical alteration of the cosmos. (On one minor point he was explicit: I positively would marry money.)

The astonishment of the audience when Mr. Cusak held me up in front of it must have served the chairman as well as red wine; it seems most of them figured the chart was Einstein's. They practically stampeded my mother, crowding around to offer congratulations and shake her hand. From the events of that evening I trace my almost psychopathic incapacity to grasp even the elementary principles of mathematics.

One Saturday afternoon, the stars being favorable, Mrs. O'Hare's brother, an unemployed inventor-aviator, decided to try out the plane which he had designed and built during the long winter months in our basement.

The kind O'Hares took me with them to witness the plane's trial ascent. For some reason — connected, I presume, with planetary influences — we repaired not to the airport but to a cousin's alfalfa field outside the city limits. There the generous O'Hares made me the gift of a magnificent experience. They permitted me to occupy the passenger's seat on the plane's maiden trip aloft.

It should of course be clearly understood that, without a stellar guarantee of safety, conscientious Mrs. O'Hare would not have permitted me off the ground. As it was, we took full advantage of the prevailing celestial humor, pirouetting first on one wing and then the other, diving playfully at the admiring group huddled below in the alfalfa, whooshing upward in stomach-wrenching spirals. A robin doing his first solo puts on about the same show.

Viewed from above, alfalfa presents a deceptively smooth and velvety appearance. As an understandable consequence, we made what might be termed a one and a half point landing, and all the work of those long winter months went virtually for naught. Neither Mrs. O'Hare's brother nor I was scratched. The motor, too, remained intact, and I often saw it afterward in front of movie theatres where flight pictures were being shown. It was always labeled a 'relic of an actual plane flown in the World War.'

My mother, meanwhile, had become increasingly high-strung. Such intimate communion with the stars proved too much for her nerves, and we moved.

Then there were the Carrs, an expatriate Confederate family from Roanoke, and I'm sure I don't know why the memory of that middle-aged couple and their homely adopted daughter should be so sinister. The girl's name was Virginia Lee, after Mrs. Carr, and we didn't get along worth a cent. She had a large family of soiled and ruffled female dolls, and every one of those dolls was named Virginia Lee, too.

Mrs. Carr said, 'Although Virginia Lee is adopted, the gentlest blood in the South flows in her veins. When General Washington was but sixteen years of age, he requested her great-great-grandaunt's hand in marriage, Virginia Lee's great-great-grandmother had the smallest foot in the entire state of Georgia; it's a matter of family record that from the age of twelve on she never set foot to the ground; her carriage used to drive right up to the front steps.'

Mrs. Carr warned us, when my mother answered her ad, that we should get nothing in her home but real Southern cookin', and to this day I can see and hear threadly little Mr. Carr gallantly praising every limp green, every soggy square of corn bread, every charred snippet of ham that she set on the table.

Our stay with the Carrs was brief; in fact, we moved when our month was up. I've always believed that Mother felt as uneasy as I in that quietly passionate atmosphere of dropped r's and resolutely beaten biscuit. The Carrs treated us with perfect courtesy, however, and there can be no doubt that we, as guests, — even Yankee guests, — were quite safe under their roof.

After five years of boarding, my mother married again. I never complained, but boarding had ruined me for the sedate life. Not even a warm bathroom, piping hot water, or real cream reconciled me to the stark lonesomeness of sitting down to a table bleakly set for three.

THE STATE OF THE LANGUAGE

'For the ear trieth words, as the mouth tasteth meat'

ON DEAR-SIRRING

MR. CHARLES A. EMLEY, who is an executive of a hook-and-eye company, contributes to *Printers' Ink* a ringing plea for the omission of conventional salutations and complimentary closings from all business letters except those between intimates. *Dear Sir* and *Yours truly* are to him 'outmoded, useless appendages' and 'hoary, decrepit practices that neither increase a letter's effectiveness nor contribute a whit to the amenities of business intercourse.' His own company, he reports, has for several years regularly omitted these 'dusty, meaningless' salutations and 'stiff, formal, anachronistic' closings without having incurred a single charge of discourtesy or bad manners. He bases his argument chiefly on the ground of sincerity, supporting it with such examples as Mr. Winchell's anecdote of the embezzling treasurer who concluded his letter of resignation with *Faithfully yours*. Says Mr. Emley: —

Dear Mr. Jones begins a letter crackling with criticism of the atrocious service Mr. Jones gives his customers. Mr. Jones is anything but *Dear* to the writer of the letter. . . . *Gentlemen* begins a simple routine letter acknowledging an order. This might be a fitting beginning for an attorney's address to a jury, but it is woefully out of place at the head of a simple business letter. . . . Let's quit squandering time on such inconsequentials and devote our best in time and effort to the message. It is the message alone that interests the other man.

The change of fashion advocated by Mr. Emley may, for all I know, presently prevail; but, prevailing, it will still be just that and no more: a change of fashion. In other words, it is hard to feel much leverage in the argument from sincerity. No practice, whether in language or elsewhere, is either sincere or insincere unless it raises a question of sincerity. No one but a lover is tormented by doubts whether the *Dear Mr. Jones* of a salutation is a term of endearment or not. That inexhaustible merchant of horse sense, G. K. Chesterton, once pointed out that the only rational way to get the good of a uniform is to wear it in a uniform manner. He was speaking — of course, on his way to more important matters — of the emancipated souls who can think of no better way to express their contempt for formality than by wearing Jaeger shirts with evening dress. I don't urge anyone to submit to a ritual that repels him, but I do think there is much to be said for the idea that in dress, letter writing, and many another province, the best way for practical purposes is the way that calls the least attention to itself. Most of us, if we were to follow Mr. Emley's recommendations, would feel chargeable with gratuitous eccentricity.

An interesting and radical change of fashion has overtaken the forms *Dear Sir* and *Dear Madam* within my own memory. A generation ago *Dear Mr. Jones* at the beginning of a letter was a tacit assertion of previous acquaintance. It is now nothing of the kind, and an overwhelming majority of cultivated persons find it natural to address a total stranger by his surname. In fact, the more formal salutations now strike most of us as having a decidedly old-school flavor. Ninety in every hundred of the letters addressed to this department begin *Dear Mr. Follett* or *My dear Mr. Follett*. A good half of the exceptions come from Great Britain, Ireland, and Canada. In the United States *Dear Sir* is fast becoming unusual except in the most severely mechanical sort of business letter and the professional communications of lawyers, many of whom are still perfectly capable of going back to the office and Dear-Sirring a man with whom they have just had luncheon.

We can readily enough agree with Mr. Emley that, salutation or no salutation, the message is the thing, but even our more formal habits provide leeway for the ingenious to make the routine parts of letters contribute to the message as in the day of humble obedient servants. ('Henceforth you are my enemy, and I am/Yours,/B. Franklin.') One rough-and-ready old gentleman with whom I had business dealings used to salute me *Dear Mr. Follett* on normal occasions, but plain *Mr. Follett* when he was feeling disgruntled; and I once received a letter of expostulation from a prolific popular novelist, the late Robert W. Chambers, written throughout in the third person: 'Mr. Chambers wishes to suggest to Mr. Follett . . .'

I wish something could be done — but doubtless nothing can — about the spreading practice of closing letters with the mere adverb *Truly*, *Sincerely*, *Cordially*, or what not, without the *yours* that convention has established as the nuclear and indispensable part of the formula. The objection to this habit is not that the adverb does not quite parse. It is, rather, the simple pragmatic objection governing many alternatives of like unimportance: to wit, that judicious persons are irritated by the one practice, whereas no one — except, of course, Mr. Emley — can imaginably be irritated by the other.

THE DRAGNET

SHAMBLES. This word has become, at least in the United States, slightly archaic in its primary and literal meaning of *abattoir*, *slaughterhouse*. Meanwhile it has been revived and popularized as a quasi-slangy word for any scene of confusion — in despite of the fact that really good butchering is a delicate and orderly operation. In the new use *shambles* is annoying to purists, as witness this protest: —

Now that you have so justly put the word *flair* in its proper place, will you not do the same for *shambles*? I am annoyed by its frequent use as a synonym for disorder, chaos. This editorial from the *New York Times* is an illustration. I have believed that *shambles* required blood, slaughtering, corpses. Possibly the editorial means that, but I have seen the word used recently to describe the room after a riotous bridge party. — EARNEST ELMO CALKINS, *New York City*

The editorial to which Mr. Calkins refers says: 'It is behind the battle-line that Russian planes are reducing vital communication centres to *shambles*,' a context in which the word may easily partake of both the old primary meaning and the new secondary one.

I do not know how to put the word 'in its proper place,' but here is an anecdote for my correspondent. Mr. William Spencer, who used to teach English at the Huntington School and is now a near neighbor of mine, shares Mr. Calkins's detestation. When a young woman remarked to him that the 1938 hurricane had reduced her stretch of roadside to a *shambles* he reproached her for the word and enlightened her as to its accepted meaning, with which she was obviously unfamiliar. She hesitated a moment and retorted: 'Well, that is just what I mean — a bloody mess.' That exactly hits off the mood of the word in its typical latter-day use.

Why is this not a natural, legitimate, and even good extension of meaning? *Shambles* for *abattoir* is no longer useful to very many of us; young persons, unless they read widely, may never encounter that use at all; and the language has always claimed *carte blanche* in the definition of the rare or obsolete words it resurrects for new applications. *Shambles* for a spectacle of disorder, with or without bloodshed, has now been widely current for at least fifteen years, and I for one find it easier to renounce it as tiresomely overworked than to resist it as inaccurate.

WILSON FOLLETT

More Truth Than Poetry

The Atlantic serial

By HANS ZINSSER



CHAPTERS XIV—XX



MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

The Biography of R. S.

By **HANS ZINSSER**

'More Truth Than Poetry' is the story of an American who all his life followed two careers — the scientific career of a doctor, fighting to avert plagues, and the career of a scholar and poet.

In the first installment of his biography of his *alter ego*, R. S., he describes his German parents, his early religious experiences, his school and college life, his calf love. At Columbia he fell under the spell of poetry and philosophy, as illuminated by George Edward Woodberry, and of biology as defined by Edmund B. Wilson and Bashford Dean. Graduating from the laboratory, he went out to the Western plains, where he had his initial experience of anthropology.

Then came an enriching study in Paris, which benefited him all his life. Afterwards he returned to Manhattan and plunged into hospital training. He tells of his career as an ardent young interne, ranging through the city with the ambulance and in spare hours plugging at his research. The biography is peppered with anecdotes of the poor, of the old New York slums, and of the great doctors he served under. In the chapters to come he discusses the campaign he waged against typhus in the plague spots of the world.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

BY HANS ZINSSER

XIV

YOU know, said R.S., I can write with the greatest enjoyment about Rickettsiæ, leprosy, allergy, syphilis, the foibles of the ladies who have contributed to my education, the seats of the trousers of college presidents, and my religious convictions. But when it comes to writing about truly dramatic episodes like war, epidemics, revolutions and riots, bombs bursting in air, and so forth, I become pen-tied, and what I write reads like a railway travel folder.

I envy that recently developed type of foreign newspaper correspondent whose acquaintance I first made during the war, — the 'Touring Club de France,' we called them, — who flitted in and out of combat areas, measured out for themselves, like stiff shots of cognac, stimulating but safe doses of excitement, and then drove back to the Continental or the Meurice to take hot baths and write their thrilling dispatches. Of course they must have served a useful purpose; otherwise they could not have borne the strain of making copy of wholesale murder. Somebody has to do it — like many other things one wouldn't care to do oneself. If I resented them at all, when on rare occasions I ran into them, it was largely from envy for their comfortable transportation, which contrasted with the superannuated Fords, sidecars, mules, and — most often — wet boots on which we others pursued our humbler duties. And in any event I have long forgiven them, since out of their stock sprang

such men as Vincent Sheean and John Gunther.

But, apart from sheer literary ineptitude, my inability to write vividly of dramatic happenings is partly attributable to the fact that I have rarely been in the position of observer, and in the most exciting situations I have had detailed tasks to perform which limited both my vision and my sensibilities. Thus, while the most historically decisive events were going on about me, I was occupied with what that splendid officer, Colonel Grissinger, called the 'toilette of the battlefield,' with water supplies, with diarrhoea and diphtheria in active zones, or with delousing and similar this-and-thats as directed.

I find, therefore, that my reminiscences of the Serbian typhus epidemic of 1915, as terrifying and tragic an episode as has occurred since the Middle Ages, are on the whole rather prosaic and completely — try as I may — unconvincing of that heroism which the Arrowsmith type has made so familiar in prose and cinema, and which, despite de Kruif and others, I have never — thank God! — observed in any of my numerous professional colleagues in action. I was working in my laboratory in New York, chiefly on theoretical problems of immunity, when war was declared, and into the winter of 1914–1915 I was growing increasingly restless — partly from temperament, partly because, as a German-American, the war seemed to me to offer the prospect

that a defeated Germany might, at last, be transformed into the free republican state for which so many of our stock had hoped. I felt I ought to get into the war in some capacity, and my chance came in March, when Richard P. Strong organized the Red Cross Typhus Commission for Serbia.

This epidemic had started with the cold weather among the troops on the Belgrade front. The disease is always endemically lurking in that part of the world, and the conditions prevailing during that unhappy winter gave it an opening it had not had for a century. It spread from the army to the villagers, and, when the Austrians had been pushed back beyond Belgrade in a heroic and ferocious counterattack, infection traveled rapidly southward with the peasants and townspeople who streamed out of the zones of combat. The southern areas became crowded; there was shortage of shelter, clothing, food, and fuel. Large numbers of Austrian prisoners aggravated the situation. About 35,000 of these died of the disease. By February and early March, there were easily 150,000 cases, with a mortality of between 60 and 70 per cent. The Serbs lost 126 of their total of 350 doctors. British and a few American medical units came to help. Our own group started late, arriving in early April, but the epidemic was still going strong, and there was plenty to do.

Yet the work accomplished was largely in the way of salvage. One cannot 'arrest' epidemics of this sort when they are in full cry. Epidemics can be prevented, when energetic, well-organized counterattacks are made at the very beginning under reasonably normal conditions and with more information than — at that time — we possessed about typhus fever. With things as they were in Serbia, one could reduce suffering and improve the care of the sick, but actually stopping the epidemic at that point, or even modifying its natural course, was like trying to put out a fire

with a nose spray. Our director, Dr. Strong, made vigorous efforts to delouse entire villages, and if courage and energy alone could have done it, he would have succeeded. But to delouse the Serbs, at that time, was as hopeless as exterminating the ticks on Cape Cod — which, incidentally, may become a real problem in itself before long, since during the last two years we have isolated spotted-fever virus from that region. So the epidemic followed its sinister course until the hot weather stopped it. Nevertheless, in consistence with our national character, there was much beating of drums about the 'saviors of Serbia' when we got back. It made me feel a little shoddy.

We crossed from Brindisi to Santi Quaranta and thence sailed down the coast, passing Corfu, where Ulysses in the form of a swine broke Calypso's heart (how Freudian!), through the Gulf of Corinth, and then to Athens. Without even seeing the Parthenon, or going to a night club, we passed on up the east coast to Salonica.

Except for the lower end of the Cannebière and the streets surrounding the old harbor in Marseilles, Salonica in 1915 was the toughest water front I had ever seen. It was the true melting pot of the West and the Near East. Along the quays were tied up the painted ships, reminiscent — with their colored sails — of the thousand that went to Troy. Size, build, and rigging have probably changed little through the centuries. On the streets were Greek mountaineers in native costumes; Bulgarians; Serbs; Turks; heavily veiled women, some of them with coal-black hands; and Jews still wearing the long talars and the headdresses they wore in the fifteenth century, when large numbers of them fled from Spain to find safety from that early Inquisition that is losing so much of its impressiveness now that we are having bigger and better ones. On the hill behind the town, below the ancient

walls, was the native Turkish quarter, with narrow, crooked streets — indescribably mysterious at night — and lovely with glimpses through Moorish arches, toward the harbor. Far to the south, Mt. Olympus towered high, its snow-capped peaks crested with clouds. The life in the water-front city was one of holiday and drinking, with women of all colors, races, and varieties of chastity. There appear to be recognized degrees of this virtue in the Near East. If I am rightly informed, an exalted American lady who nursed the Turkish wounded was decorated by the Sultan with the 'Order of Chastity of the Second Class.'

Greece had not yet entered the war, the opinions of the population were said to be divided, and it was even rumored that there was serious internal dissension in the royal family, since the Queen was the Kaiser's sister and the King inclined to worry about the British battleships concentrated at Malta. Salonica, still a neutral port in a strategic position on the very edge of the whirlpool, was full of military agents, propagandists, and observers of all the combatant nations, and was beginning to develop that irresponsible and reckless gayety that characterized noncombatant areas throughout the war and, extending over the world after the armistice of Versailles, contributed materially to the earth-encircling hangover.

The town of Salonica itself was relatively free of disease. While epidemics of typhus and relapsing fever were devastating Serbia, not so many miles north, the Greek sanitarian Dr. Kopanaris — German-trained, a pupil of Loeffler — had established an extraordinarily efficient supervision of all border communications. It was through the kindness of this wise and able colleague that I obtained a few cages full of guinea pigs from Athens, most of my own animals having died on the trip over. Kopanaris showed me a small concentration camp near Salonica, where I saw my first cases of bubonic plague.

The money of Salonica was largely in Jewish hands. The bankers were Jews, and most of the important business was under their control. From what I saw of the Greeks, I have no doubt that by this time the Jews are lucky if they haven't lost their shirts.

The train that took our unit north crossed the border into Serbia at Gevgeli, and there I had my first glimpses of war. The bridge across the river had been destroyed within the week. In the town were the fresh graves of two hundred people who had been killed in a Bulgarian raid. Others had been wounded and mutilated — cutting off the ears was a favorite witticism. Bulgaria was not at war with Serbia at that time, but the situation had Balkan traditions behind it. The *comitadji* system is as old as the Turkish Conquest. In all these Balkan states there were organized bands of raiders, safe in the mountain fastnesses, well armed, — probably with the connivance of their own governments, — who made a habit, even in times of official peace, of crossing borders, attacking villages, killing and robbing peasants, burning houses, and then slipping back into the mountains when reinforcements arrived. Their own governments took no responsibility, since they were theoretically outlaws. It was not a Bulgarian specialty, however. Later, in a little border town in Montenegro, an affable old fellow of sixty, who drank with me in the local *han*, boasted that he had been the leader of a *comitadji* band for thirty years and, having sustained innumerable wounds, was now an honored veteran, living on a Serbian pension.

XV

The hospital at Uskub, now known as Skoplje, was established in a former military barracks in the river valley, about three miles from town. We were lodged for a few days in an elegant mansion facing the Vardar, the most palatial residence in the main street,

said to have been the pride of the town and its most elegant bawdyhouse — the requisitioning of which, an act of extreme patriotism, indicated how desperately the Serbs were sacrificing all for resistance.

After a short period our group was broken up, three of us being assigned to the typhus hospital known as the '6th Reserve' and run by a British unit founded by Lady Paget. The roads around the buildings, reaching down to the river, were ruts of mud; and on slight rises to the east there were at least twenty acres of little wooden crosses over the graves of the typhus dead of the last few months. As many as eighty cases a day were still arriving. It was heart-rending to see them carried in, stumbling between supporting relatives, or lying on straw in oxcarts, then laid out on the hospital grounds for preliminary cleaning and delousing before disposal in the wards.

My first concern was to establish a laboratory and autopsy room, which I did by reconstructing a barrack shed that had been used for the storage of odds and ends. Fortunately, for this work I had the assistance of Austrian prisoners. There was a prisoners' camp behind the hospital which held some five to six hundred, most of them typhus convalescents. The hospital and the camp were under British supervision, and in consequence these prisoners were well treated and given a great deal of liberty, escape across the mountains being quite impossible. These Austrians were now out of the war — and therefore relatively happy. At night they sang, and played on improvised fiddles and guitars. I often sat with them, because their parties were much more amusing than the solemn conversations at the British mess table. Among them, two good masons, a carpenter, and a plumber soon converted my shed into an autopsy room and a serviceable laboratory. Two of the prisoners — Otto, an ex-clerk from Vienna, and Wilhelm, a former

bank cashier — I trained as laboratory technicians.

I noticed at the '6th Reserve' what I confirmed by later observations in France: the British have, more than any other nation with which I have worked, the sporting spirit toward a defeated enemy. Their kindness to these prisoners and their lack of any dislike or hatred were natural reactions. They are brutal only in their propaganda and when money is involved. Austrians became trusted orderlies, and all of them felt that — in British hands — they were completely protected from reprisal and abuse. I have often been irritated by the English, and I have often laughed at their insular conceits. But I'd rather be captured by them in war than by any other nation.

My work at this hospital led to little immediate discovery. I gathered a great deal of information about the clinical aspects of the disease, did a great many autopsies, and learned the things that one can learn about typhus by living in an epidemic region. But scientific studies were hampered, not by any lack of opportunity or equipment, but rather by the fact that in typhus investigations at that time there was much underbrush to be cleared away. Before the true causes of the disease were uncovered, almost every known microorganism had, at some time or other, been implicated. An American bacteriologist, ballyhooed by an important hospital in New York, had, a short time before, described a 'bacillus' of typhus fever which had been much advertised. It required much of my time in Serbia to eliminate this error, and since the methods demanded by such work were quite at variance with any of the approaches later found to be significant, it was a lesson in the incalculable waste of time and money that can result from false observations backed by institutional propaganda. Nevertheless, this time was not entirely lost, since it set me definitely on the right path and con-

vinced me, once and for all, that the solution lay in another direction. I drew on my Serbian experience and the thorough knowledge of the disease it had given me when, some years later, I resumed my typhus studies. I was then able to work with a sound knowledge of pathology and clinical manifestations which I should not have had without the Serbian observations.

The work was trying on the nerves, since often, while I was doing an autopsy on a case still warm (it was desirable to perform these operations before secondary post-mortem invasion of bacteria had occurred), I could hear the families of other recent dead keening over the bodies on the farther side of a thin partition. Also, some of the burials were painful. I remember one dark, rainy day when we buried a Russian doctor. A ragged band of Serbian reservists stood in the mud and played the Russian and Serbian anthems out of tune. The horses on the truck slipped as it was being loaded, and the coffin fell off. When the chanting procession finally disappeared over the hill, I was glad that the rain on my face obscured the tears that I could not hold back. I felt in my heart, then, that I never could or would be an observer, and that, whatever Fate had in store for me, I should always wish to be in the ranks, however humbly or obscurely; and it came upon me suddenly that I was profoundly happy in my profession, in which I would never aspire to administrative power or prominence so long as I could remain close, heart and hands, to the problems of disease.

XVI

As August approached and the epidemic relaxed, the work at the hospital became less strenuous, and I decided that I should like to see for myself what the conditions were in the outlying districts. I took, as an excuse, the wish to look after a younger colleague, Grinnell, who had been assigned to sanitary

'cleaning up' of an area in and around the village of Ipek across the Montenegrin border, and from whom we had had little news. To reach his station it was necessary to take a one-track spur railway to its terminal at Mitrovitza, where I arrived late one afternoon.

I made inquiries about getting to Ipek, and established communications with the local woiwode, an affable sergeant who fortunately spoke a little German. He said the only way to get to this place was on foot or on horseback; that it was some forty kilometres away, and that the entire distance would have to be covered by daylight, because the Albanian mountaineers were playful at night. After much argument, he consented to my going on the following day, promising to send two mounted gendarmes with me.

Returning to the hotel, I took a room and — luckily, as will appear later — was given one of which the door was opposite and only a few feet away from the top of one of the staircases. I then proceeded to clean up.

The technique of traveling in epidemic countries — especially when the prevailing epidemics are carried by lice, bedbugs, and fleas — is a special one. On such journeys I never slept in a bed, however tempting. I carried a Red Cross blanket, an extra suit of underwear, a beer bottle full of kerosene, and another of chloroform. Also, a cake of soap. Upon arriving in places of this sort, the first thing to do was to strip to the skin. Outer clothes were hung on a hook or laid over a chair, away from the washing area. The discarded underwear was loosely packed into my boots, a tablespoonful of chloroform poured into each one, and a string tightly tied around the tops. This executed any vermin that happened to be in the underwear, and made the clothing safe for use the following day. Then came a thorough wash — especially of the hairy parts of the body — with soap and water. After this, I could put on the clean underwear. Before wrapping my-

self in the blanket for sleep on the floor, I would sprinkle it with kerosene. I used my stuffed boots as a pillow, and usually managed a fair night's rest.

My routine in this hostelry was rendered difficult by the fact that, according to local custom, in addition to being a wayside inn the place was also a bawdy-house. The landlady herself was a buxom Serbian woman full of loud laughter, who joked with the soldiers, especially with a young and pomaded Serbian field clerk. Her humor, I could guess without understanding a word, was not of the most delicate. There were also some handsome maidens of not more than eighteen or twenty — of the same type, but more timid. Following the hospitable traditions of the house, one of them — and she was really a very nice girl — attached herself to me, followed me into my room, sat on my bed, and proceeded to watch my preparations with interested anticipation. We could not speak to each other, and I tried in vain to intimate by gesture that I was about to take a bath. I ostentatiously opened the door. She gently closed it and returned to sit on the bed, smiling at me. I decided that if I stripped to the waist and started to wash she would eventually get tired and leave of her own accord, but my ablutions intrigued her enormously. Such exaggerated cleanliness appeared fantastic. When I had finished with this part of the exercises, I had to take her by the arm and lead her out. She accepted this in good part, however — indeed, patted me on the back affectionately, assuming the hour had not yet arrived.

I finished my ablutions, had a meagre meal of boiled eggs, the inside of half a loaf of bread, tea, and an ample dosage of Slibovitz, in which not even the toughest germ could survive. To this I set up the crowd, thus establishing merry approval. Then, looking forward to an early start, I retired to my room.

I was wakened by a dreadful row just

outside my door. A struggle was going on; someone was evidently hanging on to my doorknob, and someone else trying to pull him or her away. If the door had looked less frail, my judgment would have been to sit tight; but it seemed that the couple were about to crash into my room at any moment. I arose and put my hands on the most obvious weapon, a chair. The kerosene bottle would no doubt have been better, but I couldn't see it in the obscurity. The door seemed to be giving, and I wondered how soon it would fly open.

Though I had not yet heard of Marshal Foch, I concluded that counter-attack would be the best defense. I silently drew the bolt and — since the door opened outward — pushed it with all the vigor I possessed. The effect was fortunate. It seemed that my girl friend had been intending to come into the room, and an enamored drunken soldier was trying forcibly to dissuade her. She must have been close to the door, and was merely pushed aside when it flew open; but he, standing just a little behind, with his head forward, received the full impact on his nose. His drunkenness was a great help — that, and the element of surprise. Whether he was actually laid out or not, I don't know; but he lost his balance, stumbled backwards, missed his footing, and described a curve into the mud of the court. Naturally, I was anxious. I looked about, but the girl had vanished. I peered over the balcony to see the soldier getting unsteadily to his feet, and rebolted my door.

Before dawn the next morning I made my way to the woiwode's office. My gendarmes were waiting for me. They seemed glad of the trip, and were very friendly. One of them had a black eye, but he was none the less amiable. He had probably been too drunk to remember. There were two horses for the three of us, which meant a walking pace, but they were generous in changing off, so that none of us walked more than a third of the way.

The road toward Montenegro, after five or six miles of cart track, degenerated into something more like a brook bed. It was hot going, but we maintained a fair pace, since it had been made quite clear that we must reach the town of Ipek before dark. In a little valley we came upon an isolated *han*, a little oblong building, the typical wayside rest. The interior consisted of a central passage, on either side of which ran raised platforms. The solitary old Turk proprietor boiled us some eggs and served us with thick, sweet coffee. My gendarmes, who were less fastidious than I and who had probably had every disease that the neighborhood afforded, filled up with bowls of pilaff, a confection of rice, butter, sugar, and bits of meat, which under safer circumstances I have learned to appreciate as far and away the least painful method of eating rice.

While we were inside we heard the sound of approaching horses. My companions ran out with me and we saw, riding down from the hills, a picturesque troop of a dozen horsemen. I half expected them to burst into song, for they looked like an *opéra bouffe* company. The horses were small and shaggy; the bridles gay with color; and the men themselves dressed in the tight white breeches of the Albanian highlander, with short embroidered white jackets bordered with black braid. In their broad sashes were stuck pistols and knives. Most of them carried rifles of various makes and periods. There was one Mauser. These were the first hillmen I had seen, and I was struck by the fact that their physical type was similar to my own. Their complexions, build, and hair were those of Anglo-Saxons.

I tried later to learn about the ethnology of the Albanians, but nothing much is known of them. They are called Pelasgians or Illyrians. It seemed quite likely to me that they might be descendants of the Greek gods who, one gathers from Swinburne, fled across the

Gulf of Corinth when Christianity moved too close to Olympus. Menelaos, one remembers, was *ξανθός*, light-haired. This idea recurred to me when, on my return to Mitrovitz, I had an interpreted chat in the town jail with an Albanian girl imprisoned for knifing a Serb who had tried to rape her. She looked exactly like the Venus of Milo — only, of course, she had capable arms. In the same jail, that day, I saw a German aviator — a charming young lad who had been on his way to Bulgaria and had had a *panne* on Serbian territory, where armed peasants gathered him in. I managed to get a good meal to him, and we drank a bottle of wine together. It was terribly bad wine.

I watched the approach of these mountain sportsmen with some apprehension, but, to judge from this crowd, their ferocity had been exaggerated. Here in broad daylight they were a friendly lot. They dismounted and gathered about us, examined me closely — and grinned. I held out my hand to the central figure, a red-headed, red-bearded patriarch who might have been Vulcan. He grasped it and seemed to know what I meant when I said, 'Delaware and Lackawanna!' He had a huge revolver — a muzzle loader — which, I was amused to find, had been made in the United States in 1859. We all went inside to have coffee together; after which we departed without interference.

My friend Grinnell, I found, had been down with dysentery, which, together with relapsing fever, malaria, and a growing enteric incidence, was increasing as typhus diminished. He was recovering when I arrived and later showed me his district. He had done a splendid job, and demonstrated how much could be accomplished for these miserable villagers with common sense, hard work, and the simplest equipment. If we had had a few thousand like Grinnell scattered through the country, we might have made more of an impression — possibly lasting — on the general condi-

tions. He had trained squads of the garrison to carry on his work, and he promised to follow me out as soon as he was strong enough to travel.

The bishop was a hospitable soul. I suspected, also, that he was overjoyed to have a little party. He had been sitting in this isolated spot for God knows how long, with a retinue of black-robed monks and some hundred or so Montenegrin militiamen — the former recruited from the less intelligent and less interesting of the lower middle class, the soldiers half-savage peasant lads. The bishop was thoroughly fed up with the whole show, for he was a cultivated man of the world and bored.

He was a fine-looking person — tall, black-bearded, his impressiveness increased by his long black robes and the high black headdress. He welcomed me in excellent French, and sent me to a clean, whitewashed room with a bed and real sheets, a washstand, and clean towels.

He had dined. But his monks served me an excellent meal while he sat in attendance and plied me with a not too terrible red wine. Then he took me to his study, where there was a bottle of marvelous cognac and a box of his own particular cigarette tobacco.

I might have learned a great deal from the bishop had I not gone to sleep on him several times. In compassion, he led me to my quarters and wished me a pleasant night. I had no doubt of this. Luxuriously, I undressed completely, with happy confidence in the safety of the whitewashed walls. It wasn't a bad night, as a matter of fact — except that toward morning I felt a bite on my neck, scratched a while, swung my boot at a bedbug crawling up the immaculate wall, and disfigured it with a red splotch of my own blood. I was too sleepy to worry, and became comatose again. When I finally awoke the sun was shining into my window and I was conscious of the fact that I had been waked

by a rifle shot. I thought the place was being attacked, and went to the window to look out. There in the garden the bishop was sitting at a little iron table, with coffee, cigarettes, and cognac before him, and a Mauser across his lap. Just after I caught sight of him he raised the rifle to his cheek and fired upward into the mountains.

'Good morning!' I shouted.

'Come down,' he said, 'and have some coffee. I amuse myself shooting at an old rabbit that feeds on the slope — but I won't let you shoot. You might hit him, and then my morning *plaisir* would be spoiled.'

I hated to leave him. But, after arranging for Grinnell's return journey to Uskub, I started back across the hills with my guards.

The little coastal steamer on which I left Salonica was delayed, and I missed connections with the direct boat for home, but my forced stop in Greece was fortunate for me. I saw the Parthenon, Corinth, and the lovely Achaian hillson which the daphne — Apollo's beloved — was in flower. I crossed to Patras in the vain hope of catching another steamer, and saw the shores of the Corinthian Gulf.

In a bookstore I picked up secondhand texts with translations of the *Odyssey* and of Thucydides. And with their help I renewed some of the adventures of my youth — remembering the resounding voice of the great schoolmaster, Julius Sachs, rolling forth the mighty vowels of Homeric periods with impressive wagging of his Olympian beard. And I felt glad that I had been a dishonest little boy. For while many of the good boys were conscientiously learning which verbs governed the dative or the ablative, and were detecting examples of synecdoche, anacoluthon, and pleonasm, I — in a back seat — was following the great classicist with a well-concealed 'trot,' getting a romantic kick out of the wanderings of Odysseus and of

Xenophon, and, incidentally, passing better examinations. And I pondered on the stupidity of most classical teaching, which smothers what might be the most thrilling intellectual adventure of youth under rubbish heaps of syntax and grammar. Why not read all these things with a good trot, for those who have a talent and a taste for it to pick up a reading knowledge, if they will? All this I thought as I gazed upon the Parthenon at night and, thinking it, I completely forgot to take a good look at those remaining relics of sculpture which Lord Elgin — though quite justly realizing that Phidias should have been an Englishman — generously left behind.

On the sands of the Phaleron I met an unfortunate young lady who proved to me that some things still *do* happen as the penny thrillers describe them. She was sitting with a couple that in themselves were something to remember. The man was small and fat, with a pince-nez and a little Hitler moustache. His wife was enormous, red-headed, deep-bosomed, and forbidding in spite of a labored smile. Her reddish moustache was bigger than his. Imagine Charlie Chaplin married to Brunhild. These people were Jews from Smyrna and were very rich, as her jeweled hands and ears bore witness. The young woman with them was slight and timid. She and I left for Athens together on the tram-cars, and her story was almost a perfect plot of old-fashioned melodrama. She was a minister's daughter from the north of England who had come to Athens as governess in a rich Greek family. She had been 'several times' betrayed, and now she was almost penniless and spots were coming out on her skin. The spots, which she insisted on showing me after she had begged me for medical advice, persuaded me that, however much of a cliché her story, she needed help. And she was truly a well-educated and charming young girl. Fortunately I had by this time plenty of extra money.

Through a Greek doctor with whom I had had professional correspondence I managed to have her admitted to a good hospital for the treatment she needed. She was utterly unwilling to go back to England, though I did my best to persuade her. I've often wondered what became of the poor thing eventually — cultivated, gently reared, penniless, luetic, and afraid to go home.

It was not easy to get home from Greece in those days. I used to row about in the harbor of the Piræus trying to find some tramp or freighter that would take me at least as far as Italy. Finally a small French Messageries steamer came in, and one of the engineers told me that they took a few passengers but were under government control and could not guarantee where they would go after they got to Malta. However, they took me as far as that, and from Malta I made my way to Marseilles; thence to Bordeaux, and home on the old *Touraine*. I had to sneak aboard the ship with the help of one of the officers, because I had not the necessary military permits to leave the country and no time to get them. The purser of this ship — Le Dantec was his name — was a poet of some repute. It turned out one of the jolliest voyages of my experience, except that the ship's doctor and I had to listen each evening to the good *commissaire's* daily harvest of dreadful imitations of Lamartine.

The next few years crowded me with other problems, and I did not get back to typhus until eight years later.

XVII

When, in March 1917, Kerensky established his provisional government in Russia, R. S. was thrilled with enthusiasm. A great representative democracy was about to take its place by the side of America, England, and France. The calamity of the war appeared to have achieved at least one magnificent result. Democracy, accepted so clearly at that

time as the ultimate goal of political evolution, seemed at last to have begun its march eastward — perhaps into Asia. It was indeed a brave and noble episode while it lasted. How fine it was the historians — except for isolated voices like that of Seton-Watson and a very few others — seem now to have forgotten. A Russian friend, who was in Kerensky's cabinet for a time, described to me how his chief, on a dramatic occasion, vowing that this was to be 'the one bloodless revolution of history,' harangued a turbulent Duma, declaring that the Czar would be executed only if they killed him (Kerensky) first. He told me too that, on the night when the extreme Left took control in Petrograd, Kerensky was within striking distance with two loyal regiments, but held his hand because he could not bring himself to give the signal for Russians to fire on Russians. It was a sad day for the world — indeed, for Germany herself, as she has since discovered — when she passed Lenin and Trotsky across the Russian borders and helped, in other ways, to smother the young democracy.

It was characteristic of R. S. that he wanted to express his enthusiasm by naming his newborn son 'Kerensky.' The common sense of his family prevented this, fortunately. What a calamity it would have been for the boy, had he been condemned to go through life in an Anglo-Saxon country with the given name of Kerensky!

A German name during the war was a source, if not of humiliation, at least of considerable annoyance to so-called 'hyphenated' Americans with family pride. Curiously enough, this situation was more difficult in the United States than in other Allied countries. A few there were who understood the feelings of people like R. S. and myself. But these were exceptions, and by most of the 'old' Americans their fellows of German stock were regarded as a sort of parthenogenetic breed who reproduced without ancestors until they learned

mitosis in America. It was only toward the end of the war, when troops — especially from Wisconsin and from other regions of German settlement — had re-established records comparable to those of the hundred thousand odd Germans who fought in the Civil War, that this offensive superciliousness of the Anglo-Saxon element partially subsided.

However, R. S. told me that as soon as he had left this country with orders to report in London on the way to France, all discrimination or even unpleasantness due to a German name ceased completely. There were two episodes which, far from annoying him, furnished evidence that both the British and the French were less provincial in these matters than the Americans.

The first of these experiences was at a luncheon given at the British Army Medical College, to which he had been invited by Sir Robert Bruce. During a lull in the conversation his neighbor, who had asked him his name, said in a loud voice: 'Major, tell me, just how German are you by blood?' It was a dreadful question to ask at that time, and at a military mess. Fortunately R. S. had one of those rare inspirations that usually come to one on the way home, or the next day. This time it flashed out at the right moment, and, while a tense table of officers gazed at him in the silent apology of gentlemen not knowing how to protect a guest, he replied: 'I believe, sir, that I am just about as German as the King of England.' The roar of relieved laughter that followed made him feel not only happy but — as I could see by the way he told the story — inordinately smart.

The second episode was a year or so later, in a dugout near Rougemont, on the Belfort front, whither he had been sent to look into an outbreak of diphtheria in the 32nd (Wisconsin) Division, which was holding this line. He had wandered in when the colonel in command was having a 'canned' luncheon with his French liaison officer. R. S. had

been roaming through the woods from company to company all morning, and was grateful when the colonel asked him to join them. In the course of the conversation this hearty officer said, with some pride, 'You know, these boys of mine are quite wonderful. Never have I seen a regiment that showed more enthusiasm, discipline, and guts. And yet they are fighting Germans, and the roster of my regiment might be that of a Saxon guard unit.'

R. S. was a little puzzled, wondering whether perhaps the colonel was feeling him out. But to bring things to a head he pretended to assume that the colonel hadn't heard his name.

'That doesn't surprise me, sir,' he said. 'My own first name is Rudolf.'

He had apparently guessed right. The colonel looked at him with an expression of kindly embarrassment, for their relations had been businesslike and cordial for a week or more. But the Frenchman was an unknown quantity. He was the typical middle-aged, still snappy, French reservist — a captain — with the ribbons of the Croix de Guerre and the Legion d'Honneur on his field-worn tunic, and he had probably served a strenuous year or two in the lines before he joined our forces. He gazed at R. S. thoughtfully and seriously. R. S. hadn't any idea what was coming, and was fully prepared to resent the probably offensive remark or the equally offensive silence. Gradually a thin smile spread over the Frenchman's tired face. Then his hand came across the board table and closed over that of R. S. with a gentle friendliness.

'You have nothing on me,' he said, in pure New Yorkese. 'My name is Gustav Ehrman.'

Some years later, after the turning back of the Russians from Warsaw by Weygand, when Lenin's Marxian empire had become diplomatically isolated from the rest of the western world, Russia became for R. S. an object of particular interest because it seemed to be passing through a sanitary period not unlike that

prevailing in Europe during and after the Thirty Years' War. Three million deaths from typhus (thirty million cases) is the estimate of Taraskevitch from 1917 to 1923. Cholera began in 1920. In the train of these two diseases came relapsing fever, tuberculosis, the enteric fevers, malaria, syphilis, and odds and ends — to say nothing of a famine, the most devastating since the Middle Ages.

And when R. S. was invited by the League of Nations to go to Russia as a Sanitary Commissioner, to report on the situation and to coöperate with the Russian Government in problems of vaccination and border protection, he jumped at the chance. The following notes on his journey I give as closely as I can in his own words.

In Warsaw I saw the prettiest girls I have ever seen. Of course I have also said this of New York, Paris, Vienna, Rouen, Tunis, Salonica, Peking, Tokyo, and Shrub Oak, New York. I must not omit one — the very prettiest, I believe — who was in a stagecoach that ran from near Rock Creek, Texas, to the railroad at Amarillo. She was so pretty that I have never forgotten her; but I had been in the desert for several months, had a very ragged, reddish beard, my hair was long, and I wore blue overalls, boots, and an old coat. She went forward to sit with the driver, and after that first look I saw nothing but the back of her pink neck for the rest of the day. Also, to be just, I shouldn't forget the harness maker's daughter, who lived at a cross-roads in Putnam County and stuck her head out of the window whenever I rode by. *She* was really the prettiest of all. Anyway, I did not say it of London or Boston, and the Warsaw ones are so vividly in my mind that they merit a few words.

The Warsawettes are something to remember — especially the blonde ones. A blonde Polonese, with that complete bloneness of hair which graces the best Slavic type — and the pink cheeks!

They have blonde complexions with brunette temperaments. Nothing of the washed-out sentimentality of the German blonde. The Polish blonde is like a sunny day with a heavy wind blowing — fair, but not calm; or like a fine, red apple that looks as though it could bounce like a rubber ball. There was one, the cousin of a friend — Wrobczynsky, the Professor. I saw her only a short time, at lunch, for she worked in a bank, but I have never quite forgotten her perfection of looks and manner. '*Polen ist noch nicht verloren*,' I said to myself, when I saw her.

And there were others. A wonderful people, the Poles. I did not like the men so much, but then, I never do. Moreover, the women — in the upper classes at least — are the most cultivated, taking them as a whole, that I have encountered in any nation. The wife of almost every professional man I met was either a doctress or a lawyerette or a musician or a government functionary, and that without any of the loss of charm, or the flat heels, flowerpot hats, and wild hair that one associates in most other countries with the bluestocking. I liked, also, the red beet soup and the *Starka*. The latter is a sort of distillate of the beauty of the ladies, and a thimbleful — trickled down the back of the tongue — warms the body with a comforting courage from the neck down. It is the concentrate of Polish patriotism, and an army fed on *Starka* should be invincible.

Yet, much as I admired the intelligence of the upper classes and the splendid energy and vigor of the young government, especially in those matters which I could judge, — educational and public-health efforts, — I could not help feeling that Poland had a long way to go before she could take any significant place in European civilization. The spirit was feudal, the poor in villages and cities indescribably miserable and abject, the peasants serfs in every actual sense, docilely subservient to an im-

mensely wealthy and arrogant class of landowners. Nothing had changed in regard to these matters in three hundred years, and to count Poland among the democratic states — whatever the form of government — was as absurd as to regard Russia as a haven of liberty. I began, at this time, to realize with amazement the unlimited capacity of men for self-deception — or, rather, for the ignoring of facts — in formulating the political or sociological conditions for which they are willing to let other people die. Later I learned that I had still underestimated it.

I left Warsaw with a heavy heart, especially since an English officer recently back from Odessa, who came to see me off, said, with the type of humor I associate with *Punch*, 'Well, good-bye, old man. I hope you get back. Remember that it's Friday, the thirteenth.'

The trains left for Moscow in those days on schedule, like ships, twice a week — Tuesdays and Fridays. Everyone on them had the holiday air of a convict train starting up the Hudson for Sing Sing. Gloom pervaded the bushy countenances of my entirely male fellow travelers. The train had hardly started when an anxious-looking Pole addressed me in poor French and begged me to change berths with him, because the second man in my compartment was a friend of his. Of course I complied, because his roommate didn't look any hairier than mine. But when I had changed my baggage over I found that I had been deceived — because now I found myself in berth number 13. So I traveled into Russia during that summer, when Lenin's illness was putting extra vigor into the bourgeois-hating, in berth number 13, on Friday the thirteenth. I am not superstitious, and always make a point of walking under ladders, insist on being the third to light a cigarette from the same match, and so forth. But I confess I was annoyed at that Pole.

Crossing the border was depressing.

One had the feeling of stepping behind a curtain which shut off the rest of the world and deprived one of that protection by law the sense of which — except in actual battle — the civilized man carries about with him. It was a strange feeling to be without it. And the lack of it was almost immediately brought home by the utter absence of any kind of courtesy — indeed, a sort of active contempt — with which the shabby train crew treated the passengers. Everyone aboard had some specific mission that made the journey necessary. Under ordinary circumstances, there would have been a lively interchange of purposes and ideas. There was almost no conversation after we crossed the frontier, and there was an atmosphere of strain when the customs officers, accompanied by a squad of Red soldiers, bayonets fixed, came aboard and took all passports, to disappear with them for an hour.

I had to get off the train to put several chests of cholera vaccine through the formalities. They were destined for the Red Army, and I was cynically pleased that the injections of this material were disagreeable to receive. That was a small satisfaction, however. I was spared nothing in respect to explaining myself, in spite of the quadruple history of my life, military activities, political views, and so forth, which I had had to write out for the Soviet Mission in Berlin. The Soviets at this time cared about as much for the League of Nations — which I represented — as the rest of the world does now.

In Moscow, I was received by a young Italian who was to act as my interpreter, and he led me to the officials with whom I was to deal. I had visions of getting to work promptly, but I had read *Oblomov* and was not wholly unprepared for what followed. Basically, the Revolution had not changed the Russian character. Procrastination and inefficiency remained, but now devoid of any of the formality and good-natured courtesy which pre-

vailed in other days. Also, the disorder and sloppiness that were everywhere obvious were being inexpertly disguised by a pretense of bustle and much talk.

It was difficult to get a place to sleep. My guide tried to install me in a former hotel now run by a shaven-headed ruffian and four or five frowzy women. But when I found that I should be likely to lose any clothing or other movables that I could not always carry on my body, I preferred to establish myself in a hallway in the house occupied by the Nansen Mission, having borrowed a military cot from the stores of the American Relief Association, which was just preparing to liquidate.

Incidentally, those who have forgotten everything about Mr. Hoover except that he was not smart politician enough to appeal to our sovereign people for a second term might profitably be reminded of what his American Relief did for the Russians. As far as I could judge, the Russians themselves had forgotten it before his organization had moved out. He was, of course, working against insuperable obstacles, for the governing mob cared little in those days about a hundred thousand lives more or less, starving children, suffering and sickness, if only they could attain the noble ideals of Marxian theory. But Hoover and his people *did* feed many thousands who would otherwise have starved, — and possibly did, later on, — vaccinated many millions against cholera and typhoid fever, and were, as far as I could ascertain, the only agency of mercy and compassion practically expressed in an empire where hatred and persecution were the official government policy.

But the Hoover Commission was moving out at the time I entered Russia, having spent some \$50,000,000 of American money for purely humane purposes, for which it was getting no local credit. Indeed, the Soviet Government was anxious to get rid of these people, since they were a disturbing factor, had been granted too many privileges, and, possi-

bly, were feeding and vaccinating occasional people who were not entirely convinced that a world ruled in the name of the 'workers' by fanatical Jacobin theorists was the Kingdom of Heaven. Also, the relief agents were in the position of contradicting from time to time the rosy accounts of the Socialist heaven which were being brought back by American radicals, gullible professors, and social workers. Even without Belgium, the Russian Relief work alone should give Hoover a high place in our history. He invaded Russia with the weapons of pity and mercy, and, though Russia rejected him with small thanks, he *did*, for a time, in a world inconceivably brutalized and debased, make the name of our country synonymous with kindness and humanity in the hearts of countless desperate people. It is too bad that he became only a President later on.

After my first night in Moscow, I asked my Italian friend to take me to the Ministry of Health.

'Don't be in a hurry,' he said. 'I will make an appointment for you for Tuesday morning, and then you may see him on Thursday afternoon. He will mean to see you on Tuesday, but he will most probably spend the preceding night conversing with his friends about his soul or some fine point of Marxian theory, and they will not go to bed until the next day at about the time for your appointment.'

'Ask a Russian,' he said, 'whether he is sitting down or standing up, and he will reply somewhat as follows: "Do you mean physically, spiritually, or intellectually? Physically? Physically, I am sitting down. Spiritually, I may be standing up. For my father was a minor official in Samara. I was born in Omsk. My mother was the daughter of a nobleman in the province of Ekaterinoslav. She was partly Jewish, but her hair was blonde," and so forth. It takes a long time, my friend, in this country, to come

down to what you Americans call "brass tacks."'

He was right. I finally got to see Dr. Siemashko, the Commissar of Health, on Friday. He was a pleasant, bearded gentleman, with the general allure of the country doctor which, I believe, he actually was before the Revolution. I asked for access to information concerning the prevalence of certain diseases, and a permit to go to regions where epidemics were prevailing or had been recently. He referred me to various subofficers. Everything looked fine, as described, but it took several other interviews before I found out that the health organization was, indeed, almost entirely on paper. There were still a few of the Samaritans and scientists of the old régime on hand — splendid and patriotic men like Tarashevitch, Barykin, Korschun, Zabolotny, and a few others. But the rank and file of the medical profession had been rooted out, being largely bourgeois, — as is the habit of our tribe, — and medical training had practically stopped. Personnel was lacking, the fine old laboratories were empty of supplies and apparatus, and the most important administrative posts were occupied by ignorant incompetents whose sole qualification was party loyalty, and who treated the men I have mentioned like lackeys, summoning them, letting them wait in anterooms, reprimanding them, and keeping them on starvation rations.

I did manage to obtain considerable information — largely by conversations with these older colleagues — and never have I encountered finer examples of courage, devotion, and patriotism. Some of these men later went to prison, two committed suicide. But while I was there they carried on against unbelievable odds from sheer desire to help their own people. I obtained permission to go to the Black Sea, where the tail of a cholera epidemic was trailing along.

The existence of cholera in Russia has always been a matter of the greatest

importance to epidemiologists, because practically all the great epidemics that have spread across Europe and occasionally traveled to America have swept across Russia from Asiatic origins.

XVIII

At this point R. S. indulged in a rambling account of the history of cholera, its origin in India, its description by Susruta and Charaka, and the successive pandemics in which it swept northward across Russia into Europe. At first, he wanted me to include all this in our book. He was especially interested in the effects of the cholera outbreaks on the British conquest of India — the decimation of the army of Coates in 1779 and of General Hastings's troops in the 1818 epidemic. When I had all this material in publishable shape, he suddenly changed his mind. 'All that stuff,' he said, 'has been written up. If we put it in here, we'll only be making another of those popular compilations of well-known things that are flooding the market and appeal to people who are too lazy to go to the sources.'

Nothing I could say — though I thought his historical outline of great interest — made any impression on him. So finally I was forced to leave it out. When I had consented to his view, he continued about his Russian experiences.

During the 1891 epidemic (R. S. speaking), there were over 800,000 cases of cholera in Russia alone. Eastern Europe, and particularly Russia, had now been thoroughly *durchseucht*, as the Germans say, and the general picture of the disease appears to have become modified to the extent that later outbreaks could no longer be so easily traced to slow invasion from Asiatic sources. There were repeated visitations of Russia in 1908, 1909, and 1910. Again, during the Balkan War of 1912, there were cases among Austrian troops in Galicia, in Bulgaria, Greece, Turkey, and Mesopotamia.

The problem in which I was particularly interested was, therefore, the following: Has cholera now become established in eastern Europe, where it remains smouldering in interepidemic foci and can blaze up in new epidemics without importation from India or intervening Asiatic sources?

For, as far as Russia was concerned, the disease had again become epidemically prevalent from 1920 on. The greatest incidence for these years occurred in 1921, but continued through 1922 into 1923, distributed over a wide region. Between January and June of 1922, something over 12,000 reported cases came from localities as widely separated as Siberia, Turkestan, Georgia, along the Black Sea to the Rumanian border, the Ukraine, and along the Polish border up to Lithuania.

It would take us too far into technical problems to discuss the fluctuations of virulence in bacteria. This question is particularly difficult with cholera because there is no laboratory animal available, except some of the higher monkeys, in which a cholera infection simulating that of man can be produced. The fundamental question even now, sixteen years after I was interested in it in Russia, is still unanswered. Yet I spent a good deal of my time there, with the full coöperation of Soviet health authorities, in making an extensive plan for the study of these matters along what may be called the 'cholera frontiers' of Europe. This plan was submitted to the League of Nations, but the only possible source of money — from America — was blocked by the fact that the United States had no diplomatic relations with Russia at that time. The plan therefore sleeps peacefully — if it hasn't been thrown into the waste-paper basket — in the Geneva archives. It was really nobody's fault that it got no further than paper.

In view of what I have said about the general inefficiency and confusion of the Russian health organization, it is only

fair to state that sensible suggestions, even for large-scale investigations, appealed to the authorities and found enthusiastic reception on the part of the poor, harassed, and overworked bacteriologists who remained. But undertakings of this kind require money and a type of organization which no country torn by a revolutionary cataclysm can command.

Nevertheless, the conception of this work was an inspiring experience. There is an epic appeal in the planning of a wide-flung campaign against a powerful and ancient scourge with the weapons that modern knowledge has placed in our hands. And it is in thinking of this problem, as well as the other times when I have been blessed with the chance of participating in antiepidemic campaigns, that I feel that I can — like Montaigne — *'me féliciter d'avoir vécu d'étranges aventures.'* And the best of this experience was that even in the hearts and minds of the otherwise hostile and cynical Soviet chiefs with whom this planning was done there arose a fellow feeling and warmth of zeal that swept away, in these matters, all political differences.

In this connection, the European world, especially Germany, owes an inestimable debt to Poland. If typhus and cholera did not sweep across the Russian borders into western countries during these years, it is to a large degree owing to the splendid sanitary organization by which the Poles guarded their frontiers. The accomplishment of this task by a young state, within a few years after being overrun by hostile armies, with little help except that given by the League of Nations, represents a feat of intelligence and energy that has rarely been exceeded. It is gratifying to know that active in this work were a number of young Poles trained in American laboratories.

Russia was my first experience — even considering the worst phases of the war, or any epidemics I have seen — of living

in an atmosphere of universal fear. It was as though the Kremlin were a great cave in the centre of the city from which a dragon might emerge at any moment to snatch people out of their houses or their beds. There is a picture by Boecklin in the Schack Gallery in Munich which symbolizes Russia of that time. It represents a mountain gorge through which, on a narrow road overhanging a precipice, a troop of tiny human beings are driving a pack horse. They are striving to hurry across a little bridge in the distance. High above them, a dragon is just emerging from his cave, and slowly uncoiling. And there is not the slightest chance of escape.

Suppressed panic was the state of mind of all the Russians I met, except those in official positions, and most of these — though not all — were cynically arrogant. The condition in Russia was analogous to that which for a time existed in France when, as Lenôtre says, there was a 'symphony of terror' affecting the hunters as well as the hunted. Those of whom the proscribed were most afraid were themselves so terrified that they dared not show mercy and concealed their own fears under an assumed brutality which they did not truly feel but which became a habit. The shaven-headed *seksot* or spy in the house in which I lived acted the sullen brute most of the time and was particularly harsh with a poor old gentlewoman — delicate and cultivated — who stood in daily terror of losing her job as charwoman. But in the evenings he often sat in the courtyard next door, singing sentimental ballads with the neighbor's children, and to me he spoke tearfully of his longing for the old happy days with his wife and children in his native village.

This association of ferocity with sentimentality has not been uncommon in history. Souberbielle, the doctor of the Conciergerie and one of the jury that condemned the widow Capet to death, was a tender family man; and the frightful Sergeant Marceau, one of the most

ferocious of the sans-culottes, lived a lifelong and gentle romance with Marie Desgraviere — an idyl that has been compared to that of Philemon and Baucis. The best example, of course, is Robespierre himself, who was as much a Puritan as Jonathan Edwards.

Lenin was sick. Trotsky was in command. I saw him several times driving across the Red Square, a dreaded and sinister figure, now free to put uncompromising theory to test on human beings, as we use guinea pigs and mice. All means of communication and all military and police power were in his hands, and not even in whispers behind closed doors was anything significant said. No day passed without platoons of troops or police guards moving through the streets (grass growing between the cobbles) with some ragged wretch led away to no one knew what fate. And always, for popular effect, the soldiers marched with a totally unnecessary show of violence, drawn revolvers or lowered bayonets. Often at night, usually toward morning, the tramp of marching files would awake me. I would hear them stopping at some house and banging at the door with the butt of a gun. I could imagine the people trembling in their beds, wondering which one it was to be, and knowing that there was neither justice nor succor. Six people in a room together after dark was 'counter-revolution,' and every other person was a spy.

As for foreigners, the Russian Government 'en-fiched' itself of foreign passports and citizenship. H. was a Czechoslovak electrical engineer who had been invited into Russia to make a report on the state of power plants. He was given all facilities and submitted a survey with recommendations. But he had learned too much for his own good. They paid him his fee and put him on a train to Warsaw. At the border they took him off, appropriated his money and passport, brought him back to Moscow, and turned him loose on the streets. He was

taken under the wing of a foreign mission and fed for a while. During this time I saw him often, and tried to work out some scheme to take him out of the country. Two nights before I left Moscow, at about 2 A.M., his Russian landlady, frightened and in tears, rushed into our house. H. had just been taken away by a squad of soldiers. As far as I know, he was *spurlos verschwunden*.

I was acquiring an education, here in Russia, which all my previous experience of death, misery, war, and mass disease had failed to give me. For the terror, cruelty, suppression of all principles of liberty of speech or action, and general perfidy of private and public policy, I was, of course, prepared. I did on entering Russia, however, cling to the hope that underneath these possibly transitional evils there might be a strong idealistic and eventually feasible humane purpose. I cherished this idea as long as I could. But I was not a tourist, and I had a chance to come into unsupervised contact with a large number of people, including ex-aristocrats, railway employees, minor Jewish bureaucrats, former professors, and a few experienced foreigners. And I had a necessarily thorough look-in on one of the government departments. After a month of this, I felt quite satisfied that there was no idealistic communism, either Marxian or Leninian, in Russia. Whatever may have been the high purposes of the founders, the present state of affairs was a savagely cynical and bloody autocracy maintained by espionage and brutality, utterly inefficient, and rapidly developing — in spite of its *internationales* — an extreme form of military nationalism. It seemed to me to be a sort of 'state capitalism,' with all the means of production in the hands of a ruling minority which controlled the army and the police, a 'capitalism' with all the faults of our own, none of its efficiency, and no hope of modification and control by popular pressure, trade-unionism, or competition. Indeed, a

railroad strike had just been suppressed with the killing of a thousand strikers.

This was my own reaction. I was so sure of its accuracy that I lost patience with many of my 'intellectual' friends, professors, writers, and so forth, among whom 'communism' had become a sort of snobbism, and who, comfortably uxorious and safe in the suburbs of New York, Chicago, or Boston, swallowed the rawest propaganda and condoned murder, perfidy, and the assassination of liberty because they innocently, or stupidly, thought there was really communism in Russia. As a matter of fact, a sincere communist in Russia in 1923 would have lasted just as long as necessary to get him into the nearest cellar.

Thinking these things, I walked one evening to the grave of John Reed, under the walls of the Kremlin, took off my hat, and considered affectionately that, after all, Shelley too had dreamed of the impossible. It is well, I thought, that they are both dead. If Reed had lived, he would have been 'purged' by this time. Typhus killed him more mercifully and without slandering his memory.

The amiable Dr. Siemashko gave me his private car to ride to Rostov. There were two hundred soldiers scattered among the crowded coaches, for the Ukrainians had not yet been entirely 'persuaded' that sovietization was the key to freedom. Bands of the beloved Makhno's disorganized forces were still roaming the prairies, and their favorite game was to tear up a hundred feet of track, attack the trains, and take what they could in the form of clothes and food.

In Kharkov, the train stopped for several hours and my two interpreter companions, getting off to visit friends while I stayed to take a nap, were left behind. Unable to speak a word of Russian, I wandered through the cars hoping that I might run into someone who spoke one of the languages familiar to me. My conductor, who, having received

a dollar bill, was ready to risk his neck for me (in spite of disdain for our bourgeois capitalism, a dollar bill or a paper pound was more valuable than a passport; how the poor devils got rid of them for useful purposes, I don't know), made inquiry in a loud voice, as we struggled over legs, bundles, and boxes in the dirty aisles. Finally we discovered a middle-aged Jew who spoke German.

It was an enlightening experience. As I first walked through the cars, I felt an atmosphere of hatred and dislike. Hostile eyes seemed to be boring through my back; disdainful laughter at my expense, and other grumblings that perhaps it was just as well I did not understand, followed my course. But now I sat on a box next to my gray-bearded and kind-eyed Jew. His son had just been banished to Siberia for asking an irrelevant question at a party meeting. Others joined our group, while my friend interpreted. More and more of the passengers became curious about me. They were all eager for information about America. I was again and again astonished by the unconcealed admiration which, in spite of political hatred, the Russians expressed for the institutions of our capitalistic country. While they pretended to detest us as the Hindenburg line of reaction, they appeared eager to build up an industrial system imitative of our own — believing, poor things, that in their hands avarice, greed, and exploitation could be eliminated, a sort of celestial system of Standard Oil Companies and steel trusts.

In half an hour of conversation, — not talking politics, of course, — I felt that I sat in a friendly crowd. An amiable grin appeared here and there. Somebody at the end of the car struck up one of those interminable sorrowful Russian ballads — endless narrative repetition of verses in minor tones, usually describing the life and career of some Cossack Robin Hood. I caught the tune and began to sing. My group was amused, and also joined in. My heart

went out to these frightened, ill-clad, and hungry people, so instinctively friendly and good-natured, yet bullied and propagandized until their poor minds were no more than confusions of uncomprehended slogans about bourgeoisie, capitalism, and other catch-words. Made to work for wages over which they had no control; deprived of the power to strike, of freedom of movement, domicile, speech, choice of occupation, and even jurisdiction over their own children; without chance of profiting legitimately by superior qualities of character, physique, or mind; terrorized into complete acquiescence — they believed their slavery a new form of liberty.

Truly, I reflected, the Soviet chiefs have succeeded in the principle expressed by Montaigne in another connection: *'Qu'il est besoing que le peuple ignore beaucoup de choses vraies, et en croye beaucoup de faulses.'* And these smiling and cheerful Muscovites, I knew, would not hesitate to denounce me or each other, and hand us over to the slit-eyed officer who commanded the escort, for a careless expression or a critical question. What makes people behave like this, I wondered. Fear, misery, and propaganda, which seem to be able to implant blind obedience and hatred into the most kindly human hearts. Add to this Russian formula the factor of nationalism, and you have the situation of Germany. The slogans are a bit differently conceived, but the only real difference is that instead of shooting dissenters behind the ear, or hitting them on the head with a mallet, in Germany they stand them before a firing squad.

In Rostov, I saw some of the survivors of the famine. Hundreds of ragged souls — men, women, and children — camped around the railroad station, begging for food, cooking what they could get in tin kettles, their wretched belongings piled around them, exposed to sun and rain, waiting for a chance to steal rides on freight cars in the direction of possible

food supplies. It was a new experience of human misery, and more dreadful to see than battlefields or death from disease.

The rest of my task in Russia was purely observational and advisory, as far as my suggestions were welcome; and a few weeks longer gave me all the information that I could reasonably expect to obtain for transmission to Geneva. It took me two weeks to get permission to leave Russia, however, and that it took no longer than that was due to the kind offices of Mischa Rosenbaum, a young New York Jew who had once studied at Columbia and now held down a desk in the Foreign Office. It was necessary to get a permit to board a given train on a specified date at a certain place. They were wise to make it so difficult to get out; for I truly believe that if the border valve had been freely opened all the Russians, with the exception of the inner circles and possibly the eastern Tartars and Kirghizes, who knew no geography, would have streamed across to the at least unknown horrors of 'bourgeois' countries. If the ordinary Russian could get a chance to leave, there would be a *Völkerwanderung* into the democratic countries which would dislocate the world more than when the Ostrogoths came down the Danube.

XIX

After his return from Russia, R. S. was content to settle down in his laboratory. He now spent some of the happiest years of his career reorganizing his teaching and picking up the threads of his investigations. While the experiences in the field had been sterile in the sense of scientific production, they had taught him a great deal about the manifestations of 'herd' infections or epidemics and had stored his mind with unanswered questions that he was now eager to formulate in terms of experiment. He worked hard and steadily, but it was not easy to induce him to dis-

cuss the technicalities of his scientific interests. He believed that these belonged in the professional journals in which he published them, and that he could not tell about them in a popular way without appearing either to exaggerate his own professional importance or to make capital of the sensational interest which medical details appear to arouse in the public.

I happen to know, however, that during these years he was engaged in theoretical studies on antibodies, on allergy in tuberculosis, began his work on typhus, and felt about for clues to the nature of the invisible virus agents. These were relatively tranquil years, as tranquil as he could live them—for his temperament was such that he never knew he was happy until later, and the past always looked better to him than the present. He loved his work, he enjoyed his students, he spent his spare time and money on horses, and he wrote a great deal about all kinds of things both in prose and in verse. But something was always irritating or exciting him. He was not a comfortable man to live with. He was either *himmelhoch jauchzend* or *zum Tode betrübt*. His state of mind depended a good deal on the success or failure of his experiments; and whenever, as often happened, a hopeful idea blew up in smoke and a lot of effort seemed to have been wasted, he became insufferable.

At such times he drank a lot more than was good for him and spent his evenings writing sonnets—some of which were published and thought good by others, though never quite as good as he thought them himself. He always said that his poetry was best when he was able to attain just the right degree of intoxication. A sonnet usually cost him a quart of Scotch, and, since he favored the Shakespearean form, he never got the last two lines on the first quart. After he had worked himself to the second or third quatrain, he usually miscalculated, was too fuddled for the perfect ending, and

put it off until the following evening. For prose, scientific or otherwise, as for riding horses, he believed one should be stark sober; when he was writing essays on educational subjects, he felt that a spot of beer put him into the solemn ass mood and thus a little closer to the state of mind of the professional pedagogue.

He was really a very happy man during these years, and rather stupid in not realizing it. People were much better to him than he deserved, and those most intimately associated with him made allowances for his peculiarities and his failings. There were lucid intervals when he gratefully realized this. And as his life approached its end he often spoke to me with *Wehmuth* (there is no English word that exactly expresses it) of the chances he had missed of making others happy.

I have jotted down in his own language some of the things he talked to me about in our many evenings together during these middle years, when—for a time—he uninterruptedly led the life of a university professor.

We medical men never really think of ourselves as professors because we look upon university connections as opportunities for doing our own work. As for our teaching obligations, as we grow wiser we learn that the relatively small fraction of our time which we spend with well-trained, intelligent young men is more of a privilege than an obligation. For these groups are highly selected, each year more thoroughly prepared, and they force the teacher continually to renew the fundamental premises of the sciences from which his speciality takes off. It keeps us as keen as we are individually able to be, for, in a rapidly moving subject, there is a *vis a tergo* that keeps pushing one up, and we profit from it most directly through the fresh young blood that is pumped into our brains each year by the eager youngsters who won't stand for pedantic nonsense.

So while we are, technically speaking,

professors, we are actually older colleagues of our students, from whom we often learn as much as we teach them. This, and the sense of humility that is constantly forced upon honest investigators by the incompleteness of their own small victories over the secrets of nature, keep us from developing that sense of sacred superiority that is shared by some academicians only with the monkeys of Benares.

In America the professor never held the respected position occupied by his European colleagues. The title was too often shared in our country by cornet players, boxing instructors, and dog trainers. Also, the American professor suffered from the fact that in many smaller colleges the teacher was a sort of underpaid employee of a president and lay board of trustees, who regarded him as something more than the janitor and a little less than the football coach. This condition was never strongly prevalent in the better universities, yet it was not until quite recently that the public in general had any respect for men who worked for small pay on matters that seemed to have no obvious economic value. All this is rapidly changing, and the professor was figuring much less in the comic literature as the absent-minded imbecile who times his boiling watch while holding an egg in his hand, until he began again to lose some of his hard-earned prestige by the record of the recent professorial advisory boards in Washington.

By and large, however, professors have gained immensely, as they deserve, in the public esteem. Yet they remain, and always will remain, a peculiar group by reason of the very qualities that induce them to enter careers of scholarship. Moreover, the lives they lead, in concentration on highly specialized disciplines, are apt to bring out traits that differentiate them from their run-of-the-mill contemporaries. There are all kinds of professors: the inordinately vain type most common in literature (particularly

'appreciation of poetry'); the Jehovah-complex type (philosophy); the very much man-of-the-world type (government, economics); the women's lunch club and general after-dinner type (education and psychology); the notoriety-hunter type (almost any department); the recluse type (classicists, English philosophy, Norse, Icelandic, and the like); the we-are-the-really-important-ones type (almost any science); and so forth. Of course I specify departments only as far as, in those named, I have met most of each variety. And then there are the mathematicians, who, like the dodo, belong in a class by themselves. But even so, the types named are, for each department, the exceptions. By and large, professors are a dignified, learned, and superior class of human beings, differentiated from the herd by hard, intellectual discipline; frugal, cultivated, and possessing the mental poise that comes with the sound mastery of some branch of important knowledge. I speak, of course, of professors in the central structures of universities, not including the bay windows that have been added in the form of schools of education, journalism, business, and so forth. Yet, as a complement to the specified virtues, there are among professors more than the normal proportion of eccentrics. And as a class, it seems not unjust to say that the practical-common-sense index is relatively low.

There was a friend of mine, a physiologist. When he came home one night his wife reminded him that they were to dine with the president, and said that she'd laid out his dress shirt. He went up to dress, but got thinking of conditioned reflexes, and when he had his day clothes off he fell victim to one and went to bed. After she'd waited for half an hour, his wife went upstairs and found him asleep. She roused him, helped him with his shirt, and then — poor woman — went downstairs again. He resumed his ponderings on conditioned reflexes and again fell victim to one. This time, realizing

that he was going out to dinner, he took off the shirt she had just put on him, put the studs into another one, put that one on, stopped to think again, took the second shirt off, looked for a third, and shouted down to his wife that there wasn't any dress shirt.

But stories about professors are endless. They were once a stock witticism like mother-in-law jokes. There was even a time, in the Roosevelt-Wilson campaign, when the *New York Times* editorially reproached Mr. Roosevelt for having unfairly ridiculed Mr. Wilson in speaking of him publicly as a 'professor.' However, the times are changing, as academic scholars are emerging more into public life. Perhaps it is a pity. For there was, in spite of the harmless ridicule, a real advantage in academic seclusion, and great scholars, like other productive talents, develop best in quasi-loneliness. Today many a gifted youngster is lost to his true career by premature pressure toward the practical and the worldly. There should be an element of the devotional in the pursuit of scholarship, and this cannot survive the glare of publicity or the feeling that approval depends upon uninterrupted production.

The academic life should be and often is among the happiest lots of man. The unhappy ones are those who, in mid-career, discover that they have mistaken their talents and inclinations, lose interest in their work, and regard teaching as an onerous routine. Without gifts or training for other pursuits, they remain the permanent underpaid instructors and assistant professors. There are unfortunate individuals of this kind in every occupation, but they are particularly numerous in the academic world because young men, before they have mentally matured, often enter the university career on the impulse of an early but thin enthusiasm, or even because, after a graduate education, it seems the *locus minoris resistentiae*. They drift into it because, after ten or more years in the cloistered security of

teaching institutions, they are afraid of the world. The situation cannot be entirely avoided. Teachers' unions will not cure it, for scholarship cannot be made democratic in that sense. It is already democratic in the truer significance — namely, that wealth, influence, and other extraneous circumstances actually play no appreciable rôle in academic advancement. I assert this on the basis of twenty-five years of observation.

The provision of scholarships for the unusual student and the active search for talent by most enlightened institutions are constantly strengthening the democracy of scholarship. But, in another sense, by this same process scholarship develops an aristocracy of intellect uninfluenced by mass opinion or the pressure of an organized intellectual proletariat. If this sounds a paradox, I reply that I believe no democracy can maintain itself for any length of time without building up an aristocracy of ability and integrity to protect it from deterioration and eventual chaos. The responsibility of the university problem falls on the older scholars. It is their task to appraise and select, and not, out of laziness and the comfort of having their chores done by willing wheel horses, to permit men fundamentally unsuited to involve themselves until they are inextricably committed. This is not easy — but there is no other solution.

We have been living in an era of science. And it is not unnatural that our university administrators should have given the scientific departments a disproportionate degree of encouragement and support to the neglect of the humanities. Yet there are growing indications that the tide is turning; and men in leading positions are beginning to realize that the backbone of intellectual training lies in liberal education and in the adjustment of the content of the humanities to modern conditions. In this maturing of our hard-pressed democratic civilization the classicist, the historian, the philosopher, and all those other de-

THE MOST COMMON FORM OF CANCER

—and what you should know about it

GASTRIC CANCER — STOMACH CANCER — is the most common form that cancer takes. And it causes the largest number of cancer fatalities.

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There's the crux of the matter — catch stomach cancer early. For, when cases are recognized early enough for proper treatment, the chances of cure are distinctly increased.

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Persistent lack of appetite; unexplained, persistent indigestion, coming on rather abruptly and aggravated by meals, particularly meat; feeling of pain or soreness after eating.

These signs may not mean that you *have* stomach cancer. But they *do* mean you should see your doctor right away. And if he has reason to suspect cancer, he may recommend a systematic search for the disease by X-ray, the flexible gastro-scope (a modern telescopic instrument that "looks around corners" of the stomach), and other up-to-date methods. The experienced X-ray specialist usually can recognize cancer of the stomach with accuracy and dispatch.

Remember, there are few diseases in which early diagnosis and proper treatment are of such vital importance as in gastric cancer. Your chances of cure are much better when you act promptly. And when today's improved, expert gastric surgery comes to your aid, it is remarkable how quick and complete recovery may be, provided the disease has not had time to spread.



For further information about cancer, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "A Message of Hope." Write to Dept. 340-T.

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voted disciples of the learning called useless in this era of national adolescence, will come into their own again. And when this happens, and the mass of high-school and college graduates go back into industrial and political life in ever-increasing numbers as educated people, there will be hope of the eventual triumph of humane civilization.

XX

Boston is a much maligned town, said R. S. I've lived here for some eighteen years, off and on, and, being a rank outsider, have been let into secrets that hereditary members of the various clans take the greatest pains to hide from each other. No, Mr. O'Neill, though I hate to contradict a man to whose genius I do homage, I've not run into a single case of incest in all this time. And I cannot agree, my dear Benny DeVoto, whose gifted pen arouses unenvious admiration, that Beacon Hill is a rabbit warren of love nests. Upton Sinclair was too bitter to require refutation — his passion is its own answer. John Marquand, with consummate art, aroused in me a liking for George Apley — and of course he liked him himself. I wish the species were not dying out. And in *Wickford Point*, after all, he was painting portraits of his own friends — that is, special cases — so well done that, in spite of his restrained satire, everyone seemed to recognize them and, except for those related to his models, to be much amused. But his characters might have been from the Chicago lake front, or the banks of the Monongahela, had it been Mr. Marquand's misfortune to be born in Pittsburgh. Current rumor to the contrary, our lunatic asylums are not more crowded than those of other states, and unincarcerated morons are not more plentiful than elsewhere.

I have often asked myself just what is the actual source of this persistent literary virulence against the town I live in. It is aimed, of course, not at the half

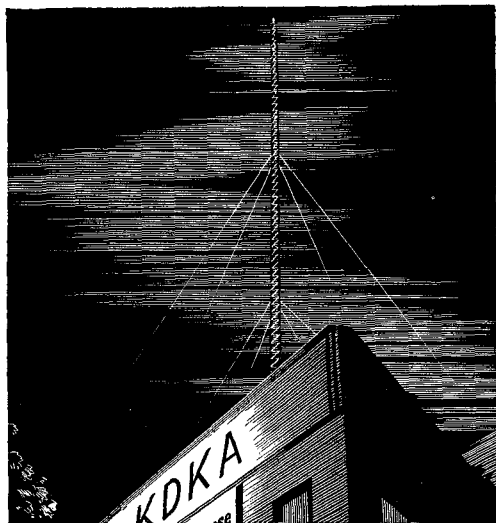
million or so Irish-Americans, nor the sixty or seventy thousand Jews, nor the odds and ends of recent arrivals like myself, but at the survivors of the stock that made much of the early history of our country, and whose reservations or habitats, like those of the Ainus or the Ogallala Sioux, grow narrower and narrower in a strip stretching from the State House to Massachusetts Avenue, along the basin. Like the tribes mentioned, they are disappearing, but there the parallel ends. They are not disappearing for the same reasons. As a physical stock, they survive all over the nation and are multiplying numerically quite as fast as other sections of the population. Their fertility, once prodigious, has not diminished much below the old theological standards. But as a so-called Brahmin class they are going, because all but a few of the older ones are abandoning the time-honored tribal customs. The young men have followed the buffalo to New York and elsewhere, or are adopting the habits of the foreign pale-faces who are gradually infiltrating the remaining clans by intermarriage and business pressure.

For my part, I am glad I came here while there were still representative, unmiscegenated specimens left. They held out a little longer than their kind elsewhere, because more deeply rooted. They once were a patrician merchant class much like the Buddenbrooks of Lübeck, or of Bremen, Lyons, London, and so forth. And they have the defects and virtues almost of an aristocracy. A few of them linger in their traditions partly because their individual fortunes hold out, partly because some of them still draw a thin sap from the deep roots that once made New England flower. And they must disappear, because at this stage of the world's — and especially America's — history there is no survival value in the cult of manners or in the old-fashioned 'reactionary' or 'rightist' scruples against the minor and perfectly legal infringements of integrity, or

MONUMENT

to an Engineer's Hobby

by Westinghouse



- *Just a few weeks back* a small crowd gathered on a hilltop in the Alleghenies to pay their respects to the station that had pioneered all radio broadcasting. The station they were honoring was KDKA; the occasion, the dedication of a new 50,000 watt transmitter located at Allison Park, near Pittsburgh.

- *Present* at this ceremony were many people who nineteen years before had heard and participated in the first official broadcast ever made—the announcement of the Harding-Cox election returns on November 2, 1920. Since that historic day radio broadcasting has developed so rapidly, extended its sphere of influence so far, that not many are aware of its humble beginning.

- *It all started* in the garage of a young Westinghouse engineer. He was such a stickler for accuracy that he couldn't even tolerate a few seconds variation in his vest-pocket watch. To satisfy this whim, he rig-

ged himself up a crude radio receiving set of the type that was then known as a "cat's whisker", so he could pick up the time signals sent out at regular intervals by the Naval Radio Station at Arlington.

- *Out of this hobby* came a prodding urge to make radio something more than a signalling device for the benefit of ships at sea. With the help of others, this young engineer eventually established station KDKA and immediately a new voice was heard in the land.

- *For the first time* a church service was broadcast over the air; the first broadcast of a presidential inauguration was heard; radio announcements of baseball scores, time signals and market reports became a daily feature of this new public service.

- *When we remember* the flaming speed of radio broadcast development since 1920, it is amazing to find the pages of history attributing so much pioneering to a single station. And so the installation of this new equipment is consistent with Westinghouse's desire from the very beginning to extend radio's usefulness and improve the quality of both programs and reception.

- *All this means* a great deal to you who are within the sound of KDKA's new voice. That takes in about everybody, for in addition to the standard KDKA broadcasts, short wave programs from the same studios over station WPIT (formerly W8XK) are heard around the world.

- *In addition* to KDKA, the familiar call letters of Westinghouse stations WBZ, KYW, WOWO and WGL are further indication of our association and interest in this important and exciting industry.

in the prejudice of reserve against going out and 'getting' things. So they will disappear, and when they are completely gone something irrecoverable will have gone out of American life — not the least the material they furnish for radical derision.

They have been a great consolation and comfort to me. They are often rich, but carry their wealth with simplicity. It is possible to be relatively poor among them without the self-ostracism that one practises among parvenus. They are all related, of course, and are inclined to be a bit boring about this. They are a little like the English in that they are inclined to be nasty to each other but kindly to those strangers whom they accept as equals. The insides of their houses are often littered with terrible art objects, — large naked marble ladies sitting on tigers' backs, dreadful pictures, glass apples, and ivory elephants, — but these are mostly inherited from cruder days. There is a lot one can say about them in derision and criticism, but they are not in the true sense of the word snobs. Snobbery is usually a defense-reaction by which a consciously inferior individual takes refuge behind the accidental advantages of birth, money, or unearned position. There are snobs even among animals. At a dog show, you can see how the blue-ribboned useless Pomeranian has his nose turned up at the fox terrier; or consider the offensive snobbery of those purely ornamental Afghan hounds, as they call them, that look, with their tasseled ears, like homosexual English setters. Snobbery means usually some kind of decadence that needs to conceal itself under arrogance.

These Boston people are not snobs, nor are they decadent. The rushing world of America has grown away from their kind more rapidly than in other nations, and sometimes they overreact and appear amusing anachronisms. You will find their types in all old cities of the world, and if you come of a European family that belonged to the solidier bour-

geoisie they will remind you of your own people. A good many of them are provincial, and too many of them live in the past. The rich ones have many of the weaknesses that are fostered by hereditary wealth. And, like all the 'haves' in the world, they are conservative; the 'haver,' the more reactionary. Yet they still take a more vigorous part in the political, educational, and other public activities of their region than the well-to-do take in most other parts of the United States. They may not be artistic or æsthetically sensitive. But remember, they are of English stock. Yet even if they don't enjoy art and music themselves, they value it platonically, and support it; and you can see more old ladies with ear trumpets at the Friday afternoon Symphony than anywhere else in the world.

But you can get all this out of Marquand and Santayana, who start to satirize but end by making you like the people they deride. They may be funny on the surface, and some of them are funny all through. But in most of them there's a fine, solid core that makes me wish they could breed true. For I like them a lot better than I do their children and the relatives who have gone to other places and have become simonized till you can't tell them from the catalogue stock.

Boston is a well-sanitised city. This is entirely praiseworthy; but at times it made my own work a little difficult, particularly when I needed insects.

My insect hunting has been concerned mainly with bedbugs, lice, ticks, and fleas, though lately also with mosquitoes. But the lice and fleas have furnished the most satisfaction. Bedbugs are a vulgar game. They are dull beasts and offer little play for skill or intelligence; are easily sneaked up on, and docile when caught. Fleas are the noblest game of all. They have speed and elusiveness, and, despite the evidence of flea circuses, are not easily domesticated.

Many a smale...

WE HAVE always concurred with Chaucer that "many a smale maketh a grate." Few other phrases express as succinctly the polyp-like activities of the steel industry in building up an atoll of products for modern living. Steel-making today is not concerned exclusively with the production of tremendous tonnages of structural shapes for construction; of rails; of sheets for automobile builders.

Far from it. Steel is now the most widely used of all metals and is useful in the greatest diversity of forms. In rather unexpected forms, too, like the steel wool that cleans pots and pans, the metal around the tip of your shoelaces, the doctor's hypodermic needle and the tin toy a little boy plays with.

And it is these unconsidered trifles that account for a surprisingly large percentage of all steel production. The housewife, for example, is an important customer of the steel industry. She buys the canned goods that are protected and kept fresh in containers of thin steel coated with tin. She is the determining factor in the purchase of a stove, a refrigerator, or a kitchen cabinet. She carries around with her an amazing array of steel impedimenta, from her compact and lipstick case to her hairpins.

Her clamor for a more comfortable climate leads to the installation of air-conditioning and heating ducts in her new home, which may well have a framework of steel. She campaigns mightily for roads made smoother and more stable by a network of reinforcing steel so that her children may go more easily to school. She selects the furniture and mattresses made more comfortable and durable with springs of resilient steel.

Individually, her purchases represent only a microscopic proportion of the total tonnage of steel annually consumed in this country. Collectively, however, they do much to make up the ton and a half of steel each American family consumes each year.

As a manufacturer of virtually every form of steel used today, Bethlehem Steel Company is pleased to produce the smale that they may become the grate.

ALTHOUGH "bosh" is apparently the mildest form of expletive, in steel mill parlance it refers to the water trough used for cooling semi-finished steel.

"WORK - HARDNESS" has nothing to do with muscular development or excessive labor. In steel making the term is used to describe the hardness resulting from mechanical working, particularly cold-working.

THERE is an ever-increasing demand by modern industry for high-tensile steel because its use permits great savings in deadweight without sacrifice of strength.

This advertisement of BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY was set up in 10 point Janson type

If they ever get loose, as a thousand or so once got loose in my laboratory, it is worse than escaped monkeys, and it's *saue qui peut*. With fleas it is a matter of *toujours de l'audace*. They attack by the formula of Marshal Foch: 'If you are driven back on the right flank, and repulsed on the left, attack in the centre.' When they attack in number, nothing helps except wing shooting with a Flit pump.

The louse is not so active, but by far wilier. In a manner, it is the most thrilling game — especially if dangerously infected. It demands unflagging vigilance. One summer I was feeding Arab lice — three hundred of them — on monkeys. The idea was to find out whether one could keep a louse from a human alive on monkey blood, because that would have facilitated a number of important experimental projects. I picked these lice originally out of the beards of Arabs, caged them, and now — day after hot day, in the Tunisian summer — I sat over equally uncomfortable fettered monkeys, picking up my lice with forceps, setting them, twenty or so at a time, on a monkey's belly, and, when they were red and swollen, counting them one by one back into the boxes. To lose one would have been a calamity. And how they can scam when they start for the underbrush! It takes steady nerves; and three or four of the men engaged in similar occupations in the course of ten years or so were caught off their guard and got typhus in consequence. In this case, my scheme did not work. My lice didn't do well on monkey blood, and the plan had to be abandoned.

Now I don't want to be sensational about this. I wish merely to make the point that it has sporting advantages over the big-game business.

But to come back to catching lice in Boston. I needed a supply of local lice in which all possibility of previous typhus infection could be excluded. I knew where I could get the animals in New

York — in a clinic in the Broom and Essex Street district, where, years before, I had picked them up often without wishing to. But the New York lice could not be regarded as reliably unimpeachable. I needed the Caesar's-wife kind of lice, and Boston was the place — if any — to find them. I tried out bedbug preserves, lodging houses, and so forth. No luck. I sent my scouts into those quarters of the city where the cover and exposure indicated possible pasturage. Not a spoor was uncovered. There are imaginable difficulties. One cannot accost likely groups of people, even in clinics, and say: 'Do you mind if I examine your head, to see whether you are lousy?' There is a social implication in this which is resented. As a last resort, I sent out my most persistent and skillful associate, Dr. Maximiliano. He followed many a false trail. Finally, exhausted and without hope, he was almost ready to give up.

Maximiliano was standing on the corner of Washington and Summer Streets, trying to make up his mind what to do next. There was always a tragic air about him, for he was small and dark, with an intense look in his eyes, — partly because he suffered from chronic gastritis, due to putting chili sauce on all his food, even soup and oatmeal, — and believed that he was incubating a cancer of the stomach. He stood in one place so long and looked so *désolé* that he attracted the attention of a policeman, who we found out later was Officer Clancy of the Joy Street Station. Just what he thought it is impossible to tell, but he approached Maximiliano and said: —

'Have ye lost yer way, young feller?'

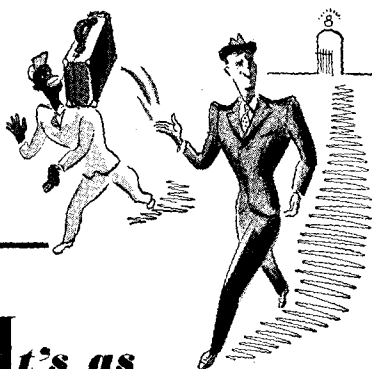
Maximiliano, in his Latin despair, reacted with passion.

'In all Boston, Mr. Officer,' he said, 'I cannot discover a louse.'

'A what?' asked Clancy.

'A louse,' replied Maximiliano.

'Look here,' thought Clancy, 'this guy is nuts.' But he was a conscientious



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soul. He asked: 'An' what do ye want with a louse, me lad?'

Maximiliano explained. He said that he was a 'scientific.' He described the epic magnitude of the typhus problem. He told of the work upon which he was engaged at the Harvard Medical School. He expounded the need of normal lice; how he would breed them on his leg; how he would lay them on little cakes of ice to anæsthetize them, and inject them into the rectum with typhus virus.

Clancy scratched his head. Maximiliano sounded crazy, but there was a convincing enthusiasm about him. Gently Clancy suggested that they go to the Station and consult the Captain. To the Captain the whole matter was recapitulated. He had conveyed many sufferers of hallucinations to the Psychopathic, but this was a new one.

'If you will come to the Harvard Medical School, I should consider it a distinguished honor to demonstrate to you our procedure,' declaimed Maximiliano.

The Captain was captivated by 'the cause of science' to which Maximiliano recurred repeatedly. 'Are there any lousy guys on your beat, Clancy?' he asked.

'Well, there's an old fellow,' said Clancy, 'that sells pencils down near the South Station, who I think might fill the bill. We might give him the once-over.'

With the Captain's blessing, Maximiliano and Clancy wandered the streets leading to the South Station. On Essex Street they came upon the pencil vender. He looked promising, but Maximiliano could not get close enough. Mr. Collins was shy of policemen. Clancy engaged him in conversation. Maximiliano edged

closer. Eureka! There were nits in the crinkly hair. Maximiliano got excited. He took out his little pillbox and a small scissors. Mr. Collins backed away. 'I ain't done nothin',' he exclaimed. 'What you-all tryin' to do?'

'You ain't done nothin',' said Clancy, 'but you'd better come to the Station. The Captain wants to talk to you.'

Mr. Collins was frightened. But Clancy was determined. Together they all three made their way to the Joy Street Station. By the time they got there, Mr. Collins was in a state of resentful jitters.

'Now, Collins,' said the Captain, 'there ain't no charge against you. But we've got to look at your head in the cause o' science.'

'I ain't done nothin',' repeated Collins. 'I'm an American citizen and I got my rights. I dunno what youse all talkin' 'bout de cause o' science.'

'Collins,' replied the Captain, 'be a sport and let this Spanish professor look at your head.'

'You tell dat man to keep off o' me with dem scissors.'

'Collins!' The Captain was now stern. 'I place you under arrest in the cause o' science.'

As he was being led away to a cell, Collins weakened. Maximiliano took him to the window and got his nits. Collins was discharged, and Maximiliano came back in triumph. He and Clancy became fast friends. The Captain had called up the college and I tried to assure him that Maximiliano was quite sane, but I don't know whether he believed me. I will pit the kindly intelligence of the Boston police force — always excepting traffic officers — against any in the world.

(To be concluded)

With each twelve months of the Atlantic
THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR
